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DON ORSINO.<sup>1</sup>

XXVII.

ORSINO was to all intents and purposes without a friend. How far circumstances had contributed to this result, and how far he himself was to blame for his lonely state, those may judge who have followed his history to this point. His grandfather had indeed offered him help, and in a way to make it acceptable, if he had felt that he could accept it at all. But the old prince did not in the least understand the business nor the situation. Moreover, a young fellow of two or three and twenty does not look for a friend in the person of a man sixty years older than himself. While maintaining the most uniformly good relations in his home, Orsino felt himself estranged from his father and mother. His brothers were too young, and were generally away from home, at school and college, and he had no sisters. Beyond the walls of the Palazzo Saracinesca, San Giacinto was the only man whom he would willingly have consulted; but San Giacinto was of all men the one least inclined to intimacy with his neighbors, and, after all, as Orsino reflected, he would probably repeat the advice he had already given, if he vouchsafed counsel of any kind.

He thought of all his acquaintance, and came to the conclusion that he was in reality on terms more closely approaching to friendship with Andrea Contini than with any man of his own class.

Yet he would have hesitated to call the architect his friend, as he would have found it impossible to confide in him concerning any detail of his own private life.

At a time when most young men are making friends, Orsino had been hindered from the formation of such ties by the two great interests which had absorbed his existence, — his attachment and subsequent love for Maria Consuelo, and the business at which he had worked so steadily. He had lost Maria Consuelo, in whom he would have confided, as he had often done before, and at the present important juncture he stood quite alone.

He felt that he was no match for Del Ferice. The keen banker was making use of him for his own purposes in a way which neither Orsino nor Contini had ever suspected. It could not be supposed that Ugo had foreseen from the first the advantage he might reap from the firm he had created, and which was so wholly dependent on him. Orsino might have turned out ignorant and incapable. Contini might have proved idle and even dishonest. But, instead of this, the experiment had succeeded admirably, and Ugo found himself possessed of an instrument, as it were, precisely adapted to his end, which was to make worthless property valuable at the smallest possible expense; in fact, at the lowest cost price. He had secured a first-rate architect and a first-rate accountant, both

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men of spotless integrity, both young, energetic, and unusually industrious. He paid nothing for their services, and he entirely controlled their expenditure. It was clear that he would do his utmost to maintain an arrangement so immensely profitable to himself. If Orsino had realized exactly how profitable it was, he might have forced Del Ferice to share the gain with him, and would have done so for the sake of Contini, if not for his own. He suspected, indeed, that Ugo was certain beforehand, in each case, of selling or letting the houses, but he had no proof of the fact. Ugo did not leave everything to his confidential clerk, and the secrets he kept to himself were well kept.

Orsino consulted Contini, as a matter of necessity, before accepting Del Ferice's last offer. The architect went into a tragi-comic rage, bit his cigar through several times, ground his teeth, drank several glasses of cold water, talked of the blood of Cola di Rienzo, vowed vengeance on Del Ferice, and finally submitted.

The signing of the new contract determined the course of Orsino's life for another year. It is surprising to see, in the existence of others, how periods of monotonous calm succeed seasons of storm and danger. In our own they do not astonish us so much, if at all. Orsino continued to work hard, to live regularly, and to do all those things which, under the circumstances, he ought to have done, and earned the reputation of being a model young man, a fact which surprised him on one or two occasions when it came to his ears. Yet, when he reflected upon it, he saw that he was in reality not like other young men, and that his conduct was undoubtedly abnormally good as viewed by those around him. His grandfather began to look upon him as something almost unnatural, and more than once hinted to Giovanni that the boy, as he still called him, ought to behave like other boys.

"He is more like San Giacinto than any of us," said Giovanni thoughtfully. "He has taken after that branch."

"If that is the case, he might have done worse," answered the old man. "I like San Giacinto. But you always judge superficially, Giovanni. You always did. And the worst of it is, you are always perfectly well satisfied with your own judgments."

"Possibly. I have certainly not accepted those of others."

"And the result is that you are turning into an oyster; and Orsino has begun to turn into an oyster, too; and the other boys will follow his example, — a perfect oyster-bed! Go and take Orsino by the throat and shake him!" —

"I regret to say that I am physically not equal to that feat," said Giovanni, with a laugh.

"I should be!" exclaimed the aged prince, doubling his hard hand and bringing it down on the table, while his bright eyes gleamed. "Go and shake him, and tell him to give up this dirty building business, — make him give it up; buy him out of it; put plenty of money into his pockets and send him off to amuse himself! You and Corona have made a prig of him, and business is making an oyster of him, and he will be a hopeless idiot before you realize it! Stir him, shake him, make him move! I hate your furniture-man, who is always in the right place, and always ready to be sat upon!"

"If you can persuade him to give up affairs, I have no objection."

"Persuade him! I never knew a man worth speaking to who could be persuaded to anything he did not like. Make him, — that is the way."

"But since he is behaving himself and is occupied, that is better than the lives all these young fellows are leading."

"Do not argue with me, Giovanni; I hate it. Besides, your reason is worth nothing at all. Did I spend my youth over accounts, in the society of an archi-



teet? Did I put water in my wine, and sit up like a model little boy at my papa's table, and spend my evenings in carrying my mamma's fan? Nonsense! And yet all that was expected in my day in a way it is not expected now. Look at yourself. You are bad enough, —dull enough, I mean. Did you waste the best years of your life in counting bricks and measuring mortar?"

"You say that you hate argument, and yet you are arguing. But Orsino shall please himself, as I did, and in his own way. I will certainly not interfere."

"Because you know you can do nothing with him!" retorted old Saracinesca contemptuously.

Giovanni laughed. Twenty years earlier he would have lost his temper to no purpose; but twenty years of unruffled existence had changed him.

"You are not the man you were," grumbled his father.

"No; I have been happy far too long to be much like what I was at thirty."

"And do you mean to say I am not happy, and have not been happy, and do not mean to be happy, and do not wish everybody to be happy, so long as this old machine hangs together? What nonsense you talk, my boy! Go and make love to your wife. That is all you are fit for!"

Discussions of this kind were not unfrequent, but of course led to nothing. As a matter of fact, Sant' Ilario was quite right in believing interference useless. It would have been impossible. He was no more able to change Orsino's determination than he was physically capable of shaking him. Not that Sant' Ilario was weak, physically or morally, nor ever had been; but his son had grown up to be stronger than he.

Twelve months passed away. During that time the young man worked, as he had worked before, regularly and untiringly. But his object now was to free himself, and he no longer hoped to make

a fortune, or to do anything beyond the strict execution of the contract he had in hand, determined, if possible, to avoid taking another. With a coolness and self-denial beyond his years, he systematically hoarded the allowance he received from his father, in order to put together a sum of money for poor Contini. He made economies everywhere, refused to go into society, and spent his evenings in reading. His acquired manner stood him in good stead, but he could not bear more than a limited amount of the daily talk in the family. Being witty rather than gay, if he could be said to be either, he found himself inclined rather to be bitter than amusing, when he was wearied by the monotonous conversation of others. He knew this to be a mistake and controlled himself, taking refuge in solitude and books when he could control himself no longer.

Whether he loved Maria Consuelo still or not, it was clear that he was not inclined to love any one else for the present. The tolerably harmless dissipation and wildness of the two or three years he had spent in England could not account for such a period of coldness as followed his separation from Maria Consuelo. He had by no means exhausted the pleasures of life, and his capacity for enjoyment could not even be said to have reached its height. But he avoided the society of women even more consistently than he shunned the club and the card-table.

More than a year had gone by since he had heard from Maria Consuelo. He met Spicca from time to time, looking now as though he had not a day to live, but neither of them mentioned past events. The Romans had talked a little of her sudden change of plans; for it had been known that she had begun to furnish a large apartment for the winter of the previous year, and had then very unaccountably changed her mind, and left the place in the hands of an agent to be sublet. People said she had lost

her fortune. Then she had been forgotten in the general disaster that followed, and no one had taken the trouble to remember her since then. Even Gouache, who had once been so enthusiastic over her portrait, did not seem to know or care what had become of her. Once only, and quite accidentally, Orsino had authentic information of her whereabouts. He took up an English society journal, one evening, and glanced idly over the paragraphs. Maria Consuelo's name arrested his attention. A certain very high and mighty old lady of royal lineage was about to travel in Egypt during the winter. "Her Royal Highness," said the paper, "will be accompanied by the Countess d'Aranjuez d'Aragona." Orsino's hand shook a little as he laid the sheet aside, and he was pale when he rose, a few moments later, and went to his own room. He could not help wondering why Maria Consuelo was styled by a title to which she certainly had a legal right, but which she had never before used, and he wondered still more why she traveled in Egypt with an old princess who was generally said to be anything but an agreeable companion, and was reported to be quite deaf. But on the whole he thought little of the information itself. It was the sight of Maria Consuelo's name which had moved him, and he was not altogether himself for several days. The impression wore off before long, and he followed the round of his monotonous life as before.

Early in the month of March, in the year 1890, he was seated alone in his room, one evening, before dinner. The great contract he had undertaken was almost finished, and he knew that within two months he would be placed in the same difficult position from which he had formerly so signally failed to extricate himself. That he and Contini had executed the terms of the contract with scrupulous and conscientious nicety did not better the position. That they had

made the most strenuous efforts to find purchasers for the property, as they had a right to do if they could, and had failed, made the position hopeless, or almost as bad as that. Whether they liked it or not, Del Ferice had so arranged that the great mass of their acceptances should fall due about the time when the work would be finished. To mortgage on the same terms, or anything approaching the same terms, with any other bank was out of the question, so that they had no hope of holding the property for the purpose of leasing it. Even if Orsino could have contemplated for a moment such an act of bad faith as willfully retarding the work in order to gain a renewal of the bills, such a course could have led to no actual improvement in the situation. The property was unsalable, and Del Ferice knew it, and had no intention of selling it. He meant to keep it for himself and let it, as a permanent source of income. It would not have cost him in the end one half of its actual value, and was exceptionally good property. Orsino saw how hopeless it was to attempt resistance, unless he would resign himself to making an appeal to his own people, and this, as of old, he was resolved not to do.

He was reflecting upon his life of bondage, when a servant brought him a letter. He tossed it aside without looking at it, but it chanced to slip from the polished table and fall to the ground. As he picked it up, his attention was arrested by the handwriting and by the stamp. The stamp was Egyptian, and the writing was that of Maria Consuelo. He started, tore open the envelope, and took out a letter of many pages, written on thin paper. At first he found it hard to follow the characters, and his heart beat at a rate which annoyed him. He rose, walked the length of the room and back again, sat down in another seat close to the lamp, and read the letter steadily from beginning to end.



MY DEAR FRIEND, — You may, perhaps, be surprised at hearing from me after so long a time. I received your last letter. How long ago was that? Twelve, fourteen, fifteen months? I do not know. It is as well to forget, since I, at least, would rather not remember what you wrote. And I write now — why? Simply because I have the impulse to do so. That is the best of all reasons. I wish to hear from you, which is selfish; and I wish to hear about you, which is not. Are you still working at that business in which you were so much interested? Or have you given it up and gone back to the life you used to hate so thoroughly? I should like to know. Do you remember how angry I was, long ago, because you agreed to meet Del Ferice in my drawing-room? I was very wrong, for the meeting led to many good results. I like to think that you are not quite like all the young men of your set, who do nothing, and cannot even do that gracefully. I think you used those very words about yourself, once upon a time. But you proved that you could live a very different life, if you chose. I hope you are living it still.

And so poor Donna Tullia is dead, — has been dead a year and a half! I wrote Del Ferice a long letter when I got the news. He answered me. He is not as bad as you used to think, for he was terribly pained by his loss. I could see that well enough in what he wrote, though there was nothing exaggerated or desperate in the phrases. In fact, there were no phrases at all. I wish I had kept the letter to send to you, but I never keep letters. Poor Donna Tullia! I cannot imagine Rome without her. It would certainly not be the same place to me, for she was uniformly kind and thoughtful where I was concerned, whatever she may have been to others.

Echoes reach me from time to time in different parts of the world, as I travel, and Rome seems to be changed

in many ways. They say the ruin was dreadful when the crash came. I suppose you gave up business then, as was natural, since they say there is no more business to do. But I should be glad to know that nothing disagreeable happened to you in the financial storm. I confess to having felt an unaccountable anxiety about you of late. Perhaps that is why I write, and why I hope for an answer at once. I have always looked upon presentiments and forewarnings and all such intimations as utterly false and absurd, and I do not really believe that anything has happened or is happening to distress you. But it is our woman's privilege to be inconsistent, and we should be still more inconsistent if we did not use it. Besides, I have felt the same vague disquietude about you more than once before and have not written. Perhaps I should not write even now unless I had a great deal more time at my disposal than I know what to do with. Who knows? If you are busy, write a word on a post card, just to say that nothing is the matter. Here in Egypt we do not realize what time means, and certainly not that it can ever mean money.

It is an idle life, — less idle for me, perhaps, than for some of those about me, but even for me not overfull of occupations. The climate occupies all the time not actually spent in eating, sleeping, and visiting ruins. It is fair, I suppose, to tell you something of myself, since I ask for news of you. I will tell you what I can.

I am traveling with an old lady, as her companion, — not exactly out of inclination, and yet not exactly out of duty. Is that too mysterious? Do you see me as companion and general amuser to an old lady over seventy years of age? No, I presume not. And I am not with her by necessity, either, for I have not suffered any losses. On the contrary, since I dismissed a certain person — an attendant, we will call her —

from my service, it seems to me that my income is doubled. The attendant, by the bye, has opened a hotel on the Lake of Como. Perhaps you, who are so good a man of business, may see some connection between these simple facts. I was never good at managing money, nor at understanding what it meant. It seems that I have not inherited all the family talents.

But I return to Egypt, to the Nile, to this dahabiyah, on board of which it has pleased the fates to dispose my existence for the present. I am not called a companion, but a lady in waiting, which would be only another term for the same thing, if I were not really very much attached to the princess, old and deaf as she is. And that is saying a great deal. No one knows what deafness means who has not read aloud to a deaf person, which is what I do every day. I do not think I ever told you about her. I have known her all my life, ever since I was a little girl in the convent at Vienna. She used to come and see me, and bring me good things, and books of prayers. I remember especially a box of candied fruits which she told me came from Kiew. I have never eaten any like them since. I wonder how many sincere affections between young and old people owe their existence originally to a confectioner!

When I left Rome, I met her again in Nice. She was there with the prince, who was in wretched health, and who died soon afterwards. He never was so fond of me as she was. After his death, she asked me to stay with her as long as I would. I do not think I shall leave her again so long as she lives. She treats me like her own child, — or rather, her grandchild, — and besides, the life suits me very well. I am, really, perfectly independent, and yet I am perfectly protected. I shall not repeat the experiment of living alone for three years until I am much older.

It is a rather strange friendship.

My princess knows all about me, — all that you know. I told her one day, and she did not seem at all surprised. I thought I owed her the truth about myself, since I was to live with her, and since she had always been so kind to me. She says I remind her of her daughter, the poor young Princess Marie, who died six and twenty years ago. In Nice, too, like her father, poor girl. She was only just nineteen, and very beautiful, they say. I suppose the dear good old lady fancies she sees some resemblance even now, though I am so much older than her daughter was when she died. There is the origin of our friendship, — the trivial and the tragic, confectionery and death, a box of candied fruits and an irreparable loss! If there were no contrasts, what would the world be? All one or the other, I suppose; all death, or all Kiew sweetmeats.

I suppose you know what life in Egypt is like. If you have not tried it yourself, your friends have, and can describe it to you. I shall certainly not inflict my impressions upon your friendship. It would be rather a severe test. Perhaps yours would not bear it, and then I should be sorry.

Do you know, I like to think that I have a friend in you. I like to remember the time when you used to talk to me of all your plans, — the dear old time! I should rather remember that than much which came afterwards. You have forgiven me for all I did, and are glad now that I did it. Yes, I can fancy your smile. You do not see yourself, Prince Saracinesca, Prince Sant' Ilario, Duke of Whatever-it-may-be, Lord of ever so many What-are-their-names, Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, Grandee of Spain of the First Class, Knight of Malta, and Hereditary Something of the Holy See, — in short, the tremendous personage you will one day be, — you do not exactly see yourself as the son-in-law of the Signora Lucrezia Ferris, proprietor of a tourists' hotel on



the Lake of Como! Confess that the idea was an absurdity! As for me, I will confess that I did very wrong. Had I known all the truth on that afternoon, — do you remember the thunder-storm? — I should have saved you much, and I should have saved myself — well, something. But we have better things to do than to run after shadows. Perhaps it is as well not even to think of them. It is all over now. Whatever you may think of it all, forgive your old friend,

MARIA CONSUELO D'A.

Orsino read the long letter to the end, and sat awhile thinking over the contents. Two points in it especially struck him. In the first place, it was not the letter of a woman who wished to call back a man she had dismissed. There was no sentiment in it, or next to none. She professed herself contented in her life, if not happy, and in one sentence she brought before him the enormous absurdity of the marriage he had once contemplated. He had more than once been ashamed of not making some further direct effort to win her again. He was now suddenly conscious of the great influence which her first letter, containing the statement of her parentage, had really exercised over him. Strangely enough, what she now wrote reconciled him, as it were, with himself. It had turned out best, after all.

That he loved her still he felt sure, as he held in his hand the pages she had written, and felt the old thrill he knew so well in his fingers, and the old quick beating of the heart. But he acknowledged gladly — too gladly, perhaps — that he had done well to let her go.

Then came the second impression. "I like to remember the time when you used to talk to me of all your plans." The words rang in his ears, and called up delicious visions of the past, — soft hours spent by her side, while she listened with something warmer than pa-

tience to the outpouring of his young hopes and aspirations. She, at least, had understood him, and encouraged him, and strengthened him with her sympathy. And why not now, if then? Why should she not understand him now, when he most needed a friend, and give him sympathy now, when he stood most in need of it? She was in Egypt and he in Rome, it was true. But what of that? If she could write to him, he could write to her, and she could answer him again. No one had ever felt with him as she had.

He did not hesitate long. On that same evening, after dinner, he went back to his own room and wrote to her. It was a little hard at first, but, as the ink flowed, he expressed himself better and more clearly. With an odd sort of caution, which had grown upon him of late, he tried to make his letter take a form as similar to hers as possible.

MY DEAR FRIEND [he wrote]. — If people always yielded to their impulses, as you have done in writing to me, there would be more good fellowship and less loneliness in the world. It would not be easy for me to tell you how great a pleasure you have given me. Perhaps, hereafter, I may compare it to your own memory of the Kiew candied fruits! For the present I do not find a worthy comparison to my hand.

You ask many questions. I propose to answer them all. Will you have the patience to read what I write? I hope so, for the sake of the time when I used to talk to you of all my plans, and which you say you like to remember. For another reason, too. I have never felt so lonely in my life as I feel now, nor so much in need of a friend, — not a helping friend, but one to whom I can speak a little freely. I am very much alone. A sort of estrangement has grown up between my mother and me, and she no longer takes my side in all I want to do, as she did once.

I will be quite plain. I will tell you all my troubles, because there is not another person in the world to whom I could tell them, and because I know that they will not trouble you. You will feel a little friendly sympathy, and that will be enough. But you will feel no pain. After all, I dare say that I exaggerate, and that there is nothing so very painful in the matter as it will strike you. But the case is serious, as you will see. It involves my life perhaps for many years to come.

I am completely in the power of Del Ferice. A year ago I had the possibility of freeing myself. What do you think that chance was? I could have gone to my grandfather and asked him to lay down a sum of money sufficient to liberate me, or I could have refused Del Ferice's new offer and allowed myself to be declared bankrupt. My abominable vanity stood in the way of my following either of those plans. In less than two months I shall be placed in the same position again. But the circumstances are changed. The sum of money is so considerable that I should not like to ask all my family, with their three fortunes, to contribute it. The business is enormous. I have an establishment like a bank, and Contini — you remember Contini? — has several assistant architects. Moreover, we stand alone. There is no other firm of the kind left, and our failure would be a very disagreeable affair. But so long as I remain Del Ferice's slave we shall not fail. Do you know that this great and successful firm is carried on systematically without a centime of profit to the partners, and with the constant threat of a disgraceful failure, used to force me on? Do you think that if I chose the alternative any one would believe, or that my tyrant would let any one believe, that Orsino Saracinesca had served Ugo Del Ferice for years — two years and a half before long — as a sort of bondsman? I am in a very unenvi-

able position. I am sure that Del Ferice made use of me at first for his own ends; that is, to make money for him. The magnitude of the sums which pass through my hands makes me sure that he is now backed by a powerful syndicate, probably of foreign bankers who lost money in the Roman crash, and who see a chance of getting it back through Del Ferice's management. It is a question of millions. You do not understand? Will you try to read my explanation?

[And here Orsino summed up his position towards Del Ferice in a clear and succinct statement, which it is not necessary to reproduce here. It needed no talent for business on Maria Consuelo's part to understand that he was bound hand and foot.]

One of three things must happen [Orsino continued]. I must cripple, if not ruin, the fortune of my family, or I must go through a scandalous bankruptcy, or I must continue to be Ugo Del Ferice's servant during the best years of my life. My only consolation is that I am unpaid. I do not speak of poor Contini. He is making a reputation, it is true, and Del Ferice gives him something, which I increase as much as I can. Considering our positions, he is the more completely sacrificed of the two, poor fellow, and through my fault. If I had only had the courage to put my vanity out of the way eighteen months ago, I might have saved him as well as myself. I believed myself a match for Del Ferice, and I neither was nor ever shall be. I am a little desperate.

That is my life, my dear friend. Since you have not quite forgotten me, write me a word of that good old sympathy on which I lived so long. It may soon be all I have to live on. If Del Ferice should have the bad taste to follow Donna Tullia to St. Lawrence's, nothing could save me. I should no longer have the alternative of remaining his slave in exchange for safety from



bankruptcy to myself, and ruin — or something like it — to my father.

But let us talk no more about it all. Save for your kindly letter no one would ever have known all this, except Contini. In your calm Egyptian life — thank God, dear, that your life is calm! — my story must sound like a fragment from an unpleasant dream. One thing you do not tell me. Are you happy as well as peaceful? I should like to know. I am not.

Pray write again, when you have time — and inclination. If there is anything to be done for you in Rome, — any little thing, or great thing either, — command your old friend,

ORSINO SARACINESCA.

## XXVIII.

Orsino posted his letter with an odd sensation of relief. He felt that he was once more in communication with humanity, since he had been able to speak out and tell some one of the troubles that oppressed him. He had assuredly no reason for being more hopeful than before, and matters were in reality growing more serious every day; but his heart was lighter, and he took a more cheerful view of the future, almost against his own better judgment.

He had not expected to receive an answer from Maria Consuelo for some time, and was surprised when one came in less than ten days from the date of his writing. This letter was short, hurriedly written and carelessly worded, but there was a ring of anxiety for him in every line of it which he could not misinterpret. Not only did she express the deepest sympathy for him and assure him that all he did still had the liveliest interest for her, but she also insisted upon being informed of the state of his affairs as often as possible. He had spoken of three possibilities, she said. Was there not a fourth somewhere? There might often be an issue from the

most desperate situation, of which no one dreamed. Could she not help him to discover where it lay in this case? Could they not write to each other and find it out together?

Orsino looked uneasily at the lines, and the blood rose to his temples. Did she mean what she said, or more, or less? He was overwrought and oversensitive, and she had written thoughtlessly, as though not weighing her words, but only following an impulse for which she had no time to find the proper expression. She could not imagine that he would accept substantial help from her; still less that he would consent to marry her for the sake of the fortune which might save him. He grew very angry, then turned cold, and then, reading the words again, saw that he had no right to attach any such meaning to them. Then it struck him that even if, by any possibility, she had meant to convey such an idea, he would have no right at all to resent it. Women, he reflected, did not look upon such matters as men did. She had refused to marry him when he was prosperous. If she meant that she would marry him now, to save him from ruin, he could not but acknowledge that she was carrying devotion near to its farthest limit. But the words themselves would not bear such an interpretation. He was straining language too far in suggesting it.

"And yet she means something," he said to himself, — "something which I cannot understand."

He wrote again, maintaining the tone of his first letter more carefully than she had done on her part, though not sparing the warmest expressions of heartfelt thanks for the sympathy she had so readily given. But there was no fourth way, he said. One of those three things which he had explained to her must happen. There was no hope, and he was resigned to continue his existence of slavery until Del Ferice's death brought about the great crisis of his life. Not

that Del Ferice was in any danger of dying, he added, in spite of the general gossip about his bad health. Such men often outlasted stronger people, as Ugo had outlived Donna Tullia. Not that his death would improve matters, either, as they stood at present. That he had explained before. If the count died now, there were ninety-nine chances out of a hundred that Orsino would be ruined. For the present nothing would happen. In little more than a month — in six weeks at the utmost — a new arrangement would be forced upon him, binding him perhaps for years to come. Del Ferice had already spoken to him of a great public undertaking, at least half of the contract for which could easily be secured or controlled by his bank. He had added that this might be a favorable occasion for Andrea Contini and Company to act in concert with the bank. Orsino knew what that meant. Indeed, there was no possibility of mistaking the meaning, which was clear enough. The fourth plan could only lie in finding beforehand a purchaser for buildings which could not be so disposed of, because they were built for a particular purpose, and could only be bought by those who had ordered them, namely, persons whom Del Ferice so controlled that he could postpone their appearance, if he chose, and drive Orsino into a failure at any moment after the completion of the work. For instance, one of those buildings was evidently intended for a factory, and probably for a match factory. Del Ferice, in requiring that Contini and Company should erect what he had already arranged to dispose of, had vaguely remarked that there were no match factories in Rome, and that perhaps some one would like to buy one. If Orsino had been less desperate, he would willingly have risked much to resent the suave insolence. As it was, he had laughed in his tyrant's face, and bitterly enough; a form of insult, however, to which Ugo was supremely indifferent.

These and many other details Orsino wrote to Maria Consuelo, pouring out his confidence with the assurance of a man who asks nothing but sympathy, and is sure of receiving that in overflowing measure. He no longer waited for her answers, as the crucial moment approached, but wrote freely from day to day, as he felt inclined. There was little which he did not tell her, in the dozen or fifteen letters he penned in the course of the month. Like many reticent men who have never taken up a pen except for ordinary correspondence or for the routine work of a business requiring accuracy, and who all at once begin to write the history of their daily lives for the perusal of one trusted person, Orsino felt as though he had found a new means of expression, and abandoned himself willingly to the comparative pleasure of complete confidence. Like all such men, too, he unconsciously exhibited the chief fault of his character in his long, diary-like letters. That fault was his vanity. Had he been describing a great success, he could and would have concealed it better; in writing of his own successive errors and disappointments, he showed by the excessive blame he cast upon himself how deeply that vanity of his was wounded. It is possible that Maria Consuelo discovered this. But she made no profession of analysis, and while appearing outwardly far colder than Orsino, she seemed much more disposed than he to yield to unexpected impulses when she felt their influence. And Orsino was quite unconscious that he might be exhibiting the defects of his moral nature to eyes keener than his own.

He wrote constantly, therefore, with the utmost freedom, and in the moments while he was writing he enjoyed a faint illusion of increased safety, as though he were retarding the events of the future by describing minutely those of the past. More than once, again, Maria Consuelo answered him, and always in the same strain, doing her best, apparently,



to give him hope and to reconcile him with himself. However much he might condemn his own lack of foresight, she said, no man who did his best according to his best judgment, and who acted honorably, was to be blamed for the result, though it might involve the ruin of thousands. That was her chief argument, and it comforted him, and seemed to relieve him from a small part of the responsibility which weighed so heavily upon his shoulders; a burden now grown so heavy that the least lightening of it made him feel comparatively free, until called upon to face facts again and fight with realities.

But events would not be retarded, and Orsino's own good qualities tended to hasten them, as they had to a great extent been the cause of his embarrassment ever since the success of his first attempt, in making him valuable as a slave, to be kept from escaping at all risks. The system upon which the business was conducted was admirable. It had been good from the beginning, and Orsino had improved it to a degree very uncommon in Rome. He had mastered the science of book-keeping in a short time, and had forced himself to an accuracy of detail and a promptness of ready reference which would have surprised many an old professional clerk. It must be remembered that from the first he had found little else to do. The technical work had always been in Contini's hands, and Del Ferice's forethought had relieved them both from the necessity of entering upon financial negotiations requiring time, diplomatic tact, and skill of a higher order. The consequence was that Orsino had devoted the whole of his great energy and native talent for order to the keeping of the books, with the result that when a contract had been executed there was hardly any accountant's work to be done. Nominally, too, Andrea Contini and Company were not responsible to any one for their book-keeping; but in practice, and under pre-

tense of rendering valuable service, Del Ferice sent an auditor from time to time to look into the state of affairs,—a proceeding which Contini bitterly resented, while Orsino expressed himself perfectly indifferent to the interference, on the ground that there was nothing to conceal. Had the books been badly kept, the final winding up of each contract would have been retarded for one or more weeks. But the more deeply Orsino became involved, the more keenly he felt the value, and at last the vital importance, of the most minute accuracy. If worse came to worst and he should be obliged to fail, through Del Ferice's sudden death or from any other cause, his reputation as an honorable man might depend upon this very accuracy of detail, by which he would be able to prove that in the midst of great undertakings, and while very large sums of money were passing daily through his hands, he had never received even the very smallest share of the profits absorbed by the bank. He even kept a private account of his own expenditure on the allowance he received from his father, in order that, if called upon, he might be able to prove how large a part of that allowance he regularly paid to poor Contini as compensation for the unhappy position in which the latter found himself. If bankruptcy awaited him, his failure would, if the facts were properly made known, reckon as one of the most honorable on record, though he was pleased to look upon such a contingency as a certain source of scandal and more than possible disgrace.

Unconsciously, his own determined industry in book-keeping gave him a little more confidence. In his great anxiety, he was spared the terrible uncertainty felt by a man who does not precisely know his own financial position at a given critical moment. His studiously acquired outward calm also stood him in good stead. Even San Giacinto, who knew the financial world as few men

knew it, watched his youthful cousin with curiosity, and not without a certain sympathy and a very little admiration. The young man's face was growing stern and thoughtful like his own, lean, grave, and strong. San Giacinto remembered that night a year and a half earlier when he had warned Orsino of the coming danger, and he was almost displeased with himself now for having taken a step which appeared to have been unnecessary. It was San Giacinto's principle never to do anything unnecessary, because a useless action meant a loss of time, and therefore a loss of advantage over the adversary of the moment. San Giacinto in different circumstances would have made a good general, — possibly a great one; his strange life had made him a financier of a type singular and wholly different from that of the men with whom he had to deal. He never sought to gain an advantage by a deception, but he won everything by superior foresight, imperturbable coolness, matchless rapidity of action, and undaunted courage under all circumstances. It needs higher qualities to be a good man, but no others are needed to make a successful one. Orsino possessed something of the same rapidity and much of a similar coolness and courage, but he lacked the foresight. It was vanity, of the most pardonable kind, indeed, but vanity nevertheless, which had led him to embark upon his dangerous enterprise, — not in the determination to accomplish for the sake of accomplishing, still less in the direct desire for wealth as an ultimate object, but in the almost boyish longing to show to his own people that there was more in him than they suspected. The gift of foresight is generally weakened by the presence of vanity; but when vanity takes its place, the result is as likely to be failure as not, and depends almost directly upon chance alone.

The crisis in Orsino's life was at hand, and what has here been finally said of his position at that time seemed neces-

sary, as summing up the consequences to him of more than two years' unremitting labor, during which he had become involved in affairs of enormous consequence, at an age when most young men are spending their time, more profitably perhaps, and certainly more agreeably, in such pleasures and pursuits as Mother Society provides for her half-fledged nestlings.

On the day before his final interview with Del Ferice, Orsino wrote a lengthy letter to Maria Consuelo. As she did not receive it until long afterwards, it is quite unnecessary to give any account of its contents. Some time had passed since he had heard from her, and he was not sure whether or not she was still in Egypt. But he wrote to her, nevertheless, drawing much fictitious comfort and little real advantage from the last clear statement of his difficulties. By this time writing to her had become a habit, and he resorted to it naturally when overwheeled by work and anxiety.

On this same day, also, he had spent several hours in talking over the situation with Contini. The architect, strange to say, was more reconciled to his position than he had formerly been. He, at least, received a certain substantial remuneration. He, at least, loved his profession and rejoiced in the handling of great masses of brick and stone. He, too, was rapidly making a reputation and a name for himself, and, if business improved, would not be prevented from entering into other enterprises besides the one in which he found himself so deeply interested. As a member of the firm, he could not free himself. As an architect, he could have an architect's office of his own and build for any one who chose to employ him. For his own part, he said, he might perhaps be more profitably employed upon less important work; but then, he might not, for business was very bad. The great works in which Del Ferice kept him engaged had the incalculable advantage of bringing



him constantly before the public as an architect, and of keeping his name, which was the name of the firm, continually in the notice of all men of business. He was deeply indebted to Orsino for the generous help given when the realities of profit were so greatly at variance with the appearances of prosperity. He would always regard repayment of the money so advanced to him as a debt of honor, and he hoped to live long enough to extinguish it. He sympathized with Orsino in his desire to be freer and more independent, but he reminded him that, when the day of liberation came, he would not regret the comparatively short apprenticeship during which he had acquired so great a mastery of business. Business, he said, had been Orsino's ambition from the beginning, and business he had in plenty, if not with profit. For his own part, he was satisfied.

Orsino felt that his partner could not be blamed; and he felt, too, that he would be doing Contini a great injury in involving him in a failure. But he regretted the time when their interests had coincided and they had cursed Del Ferice in common and with a good will. There was nothing to be done but to submit. He knew well enough what awaited him.

On the following morning, by appointment, he went with a heavy heart to meet Del Ferice at the bank. The latter had always preferred to see Orsino without Contini, when a new contract was to be discussed. As a personal acquaintance, he treated with Orsino on a footing of social equality, and the balance of outwardly agreeable relations would have been disturbed by the presence of a social inferior. Moreover, Del Ferice knew the Saracinesca people tolerably well, and, though not so timid as many people supposed, he somewhat dreaded a sudden outbreak of the hereditary temper; if such a manifestation took place, it would be more agreeable that there should be no witnesses of it.

Orsino was surprised to find that Ugo was out of town. Having made an appointment, he ought at least to have sent word to the Palazzo Saracinesca of his departure. He had indeed left a message for Orsino, which was correctly delivered, to the effect that he would return in twenty-four hours, and requesting him to postpone the interview until the following afternoon. In Orsino's humor this was not altogether pleasant. The young man felt little suspense, however, for he knew how matters must turn out, and that he should be saddled with another contract. But he found it hard to wait with equanimity, now that he had made up his mind to the worst, and he resented Del Ferice's rudeness in not giving a civil warning of his intended journey.

The day passed somehow, and towards evening Orsino received a telegram from Ugo, full of excuses, but begging to put off the meeting two days longer. The dispatch was from Naples, whither Del Ferice often went on business.

It was almost unbearable, and yet it must be borne. Orsino spent his time in roaming about the less frequented parts of the city, trying to make new plans for the future which was already planned for him, doing his best to follow out a distinct line of thought, if only to distract his own attention. He could not even write to Maria Consuelo, for he felt that he had said all there was to be said, in his last long letter.

On the morning of the fourth day he went to the bank again. Del Ferice was there, and greeted him warmly, interweaving his phrases with excuses for his absence.

"You will forgive me, I am sure," he said, "though I have put you to very great inconvenience. The case was urgent, and I could not leave it in the hands of others. Of course you could have settled the business with another of the directors, but I think — indeed I know — that you prefer to see me only

in these matters. We have worked together so long, now, that we understand each other with half a word. Really, I am very sorry to have kept you waiting so long!"

"It was of no importance," said Orsino coolly. "Pray do not speak of it."

"Of importance, — no, perhaps not. That is, as you could not lose by it, it was not of financial importance. But when I have made an engagement, I like to keep it. In business, so much depends upon keeping small engagements; and they may mean quite as much in the relations of society. However, as you are so kind, we will not speak of it again. I have made my excuses, and you have accepted them. Let that end the matter. To business, now, Don Orsino, — to business!"

Orsino fancied that Del Ferice's manner was not quite natural. He was generally more quiet. His rather watery blue eyes did not usually look so wide awake, his fat white hands were not commonly so active in their gestures. Altogether he seemed more nervous, and at the same time better pleased with himself and with life, than usual. Orsino wondered what had happened. He had perhaps made some very successful stroke in his affairs during the three days he had spent in Naples.

"So let us now have a look into your contracts, Don Orsino," he said. "Or rather, look into the state of the account yourself, if you wish to do so, for I have already examined it."

"I am familiar enough with the details," answered the young man. "I do not need to look over everything. The books have been audited, as you see. The only thing left to be done is to hand over the work to you, since it is executed according to the contract. You doubtless remember that verbal part of the agreement. You receive the buildings as they now stand and our credit cash, if there is any, in full discharge of all the obligations of Andrea Contini

and Company to the bank, — acceptances coming due, balance of account if in debit, and mortgages on land and houses, — and we are quits again, my firm being discharged of all obligation."

Del Ferice's expression changed a little and became more grave.

"Doubtless," he answered, "there was a tacit understanding to that effect. Yes, yes, I remember. Indeed, it was not altogether tacit. A word was said about it, and a word is as good as a contract. Very well, Don Orsino, — very well. Since you desire it, we will cry quits again. This kind of business is not very profitable to the bank, — not very, — but it is not actual loss."

"It is not profitable to us," observed Orsino. "If you do not wish any more of it, we do not."

"Really?"

Del Ferice looked at him rather curiously, as though wishing that he would say more. Orsino met his glance steadily, expecting to be informed of the nature of the next contract to be forced upon him.

"So you really prefer to discontinue these operations, if I may call them so," said Del Ferice thoughtfully. "It is strange that you should, I confess. I remember that you much desired to take a part in affairs, to be an actor in the interesting doings of the day, to be a financial personage, in short. You have had your wish, Don Orsino; your firm plays an important part in Rome. Do you remember our first interview on the steps of Monte Citorio? You asked me whether I could and would help you to enter business. I promised that I would, and I have kept my word. The sums mentioned in these papers, here, show that I have done all I promised. You told me that you had fifteen thousand francs at your disposal. From that small beginning I have shown you how to deal with millions. But you do not seem to care for business, after all, Don Orsino. You really do not seem to care for it,



though I must confess that you have a remarkable talent. It is very strange."

"Is it?" asked Orsino, with a shade of contempt. "You may remember that my business has not been profitable, in spite of what you call my talent, and in spite of what I know to have been hard work."

Del Ferice smiled softly.

"That is quite another matter," he answered. "If you had asked me whether you could make a fortune at this time, I would have told you that it was quite impossible without enormous capital; quite impossible. Understand that, if you please. But, negatively, you have profited, because others have failed, — hundreds of firms and contractors, — while you have lost but the paltry fifteen thousand or so with which you began. And you have acquired great knowledge and experience. Therefore, on the whole, you have been the gainer. In balancing an account one takes but the sordid debit and credit and compares them, but in estimating the value of a firm one should consider its reputation and the good will it has created. The name of Andrea Contini and Company is a power in Rome. That is the result of your work, and it is not a loss."

Orsino said nothing, but leaned back in his chair, gloomily staring at the wall. He wondered when Del Ferice would come to the point, and begin to talk about the new contract.

"You do not seem to agree with me," observed Ugo in an injured tone.

"Not altogether, I confess," replied the young man, with a contemptuous laugh.

"Well, well — it is no matter — it is of no importance — of no consequence whatever," said Del Ferice, who seemed inclined to repeat himself and to lengthen his phrases as though he wished to gain time. "Only this, Don Orsino: I would remind you that you have just executed a piece of work successfully which no other firm in Rome could have carried

out without failure, under the present depression. It seems to me that you have every reason to congratulate yourself. Of course, it was impossible for me to understand that you really cared for a large profit, for actual money" —

"And I do not," interrupted Orsino, with more warmth than he had hitherto shown.

"But in that case you ought to be more than satisfied," objected Ugo suavely.

Orsino grew impatient at last, and spoke out frankly.

"I cannot be satisfied with a position of absolute dependence, from which I cannot escape except by bankruptcy. You know that I am completely in your power. You know very well that while you are talking to me now you contemplate making your usual condition before crying quits, as you express it. You intend to impose another and probably a larger piece of work on me, which I shall be obliged to undertake on the same terms as before, because, if I do not accept it, it is in your power to ruin me at once. And this state of things may go on for years. That is the enviable position of Andrea Contini and Company."

Del Ferice assumed an air of injured dignity.

"If you think anything of this kind, you greatly misjudge me," he said.

"I do not see why I should judge otherwise," retorted Orsino. "That is exactly what took place on the last occasion, and what will take place now" —

"I think not," said Del Ferice very quietly, and watching him.

Orsino was somewhat startled by the words, but his face betrayed nothing. It was clear to him that Ugo had something new to propose, and it was not easy to guess the nature of the coming proposition.

"Will you kindly explain yourself?" he asked.

"My dear Don Orsino, there is nothing to explain," replied Del Ferice, again becoming very bland.

"I do not understand."

"No? It is very simple. You have finished the buildings. The bank will take them over and consider the account closed. You stated the position yourself in the most precise terms. I do not see why you should suppose that the bank wishes to impose anything upon you which you are not inclined to accept. I really do not see why you should think anything of the kind."

In the dead silence which followed, Orsino could hear his own heart beating loudly. He wondered whether he had heard aright. He wondered whether this were not some new manœuvre on Del Ferice's part, by which he must ultimately fall still more completely under the banker's domination. Ugo doubtless meant to qualify what he had just said by adding a clause. Orsino waited for what was to follow.

"Am I to understand that this does not suit your wishes?" inquired Ugo presently.

"On the contrary, it would suit me perfectly," answered Orsino, controlling his voice with some difficulty.

"In that case, there is nothing more to be said," observed Del Ferice. "The bank will give you a formal release; indeed, I think the notary is at this moment here. I am very glad to be able to meet your views, Don Orsino, — very glad, I am sure. It is always pleasant to find that amicable relations have been preserved after a long and somewhat complicated business connection. The bank owes it to you, I am sure" —

"I am quite willing to owe that to the bank," answered Orsino, with a ready smile. He was almost beside himself with joy.

"You are very good, I assure you," said Del Ferice, with much politeness. He touched a bell, and his confidential clerk appeared.

"Cancel these drafts," he said, giving the man a small bundle of bills. "Direct the notary to prepare a deed of sale,

transferring all this property, as was done before" — He hesitated. "I will see him myself in ten minutes," he added. "It will be simpler. The account of Andrea Contini is balanced and closed. Make out a preliminary receipt for all dues whatsoever, and bring it to me."

The clerk stared for one moment, as though he believed that Del Ferice were mad. Then he went out.

"I am sorry to lose you, Don Orsino," said Del Ferice thoughtfully, rolling his big silver pencil-case on the table. "All the legal papers will be ready to-morrow afternoon."

"Pray express to the directors my best thanks for so speedily winding up the business," answered Orsino. "I think that, after all, I have no great talent for affairs."

"On the contrary, on the contrary," protested Ugo. "I have a great deal to say against that statement." And he eulogized Orsino's gifts almost without pausing for breath, until the clerk returned with the preliminary receipt. Del Ferice signed it, and handed it to Orsino with a smile.

"This was unnecessary," said the young man. "I could have waited until to-morrow."

"A matter of conscience, dear Don Orsino, — nothing more."

## XXIX.

Orsino was free at last. The whole matter was incomprehensible to him, and almost mysterious, so that after he had at last received his legal release he spent his time in trying to discover the motives of Del Ferice's conduct. The simplest explanation seemed to be that Ugo had not derived as much profit from the last contract as he had hoped for, though it had been enough to justify him in keeping his informal engagement with Contini and Company, and that he feared a new and unfavorable change in



business which made any further speculations of the kind dangerous. For some time Orsino believed this to have been the case, but events proved that he was mistaken. He dissolved his partnership with Contini, but Andrea Contini and Company still continued to exist. The new partner was no less a personage than Del Ferice himself, who was constantly represented in the firm by the confidential clerk who has been more than once mentioned in this history, and who was a friend of Contini's. What terms Contini made for himself Orsino never knew, but it is certain that the architect prospered from that time, and is still prosperous.

Late in the spring of that year, 1890, Roman society was considerably surprised by the news of a most unexpected marriage. The engagement had been carefully kept a secret, the banns had been published in Palermo, the civil and religious ceremonies had taken place there, and the happy couple had reached Paris before either of them thought of informing their friends, and before any notice of the event appeared in the papers. Even then society felt itself aggrieved by the laconic form in which the information was communicated.

The statement, indeed, left nothing to be desired on the score of plainness or conciseness of style. Count Del Ferice had married Maria Consuelo d'Aranjuez d'Aragona.

Two persons only received the intelligence a few days before it was generally made known. One was Orsino, and the other was Spicca. The letters were characteristic, and may be worth reproducing.

MY FATHER [Maria Consuelo wrote], — I am married to Count Del Ferice, with whom I think that you are acquainted. There is no reason why I should enter into any explanation of my motives for taking this step. There are plenty which everybody can see. My husband's present position and great

wealth make him what the world calls a good match, and my fortune places me above the suspicion of having married him for his money. If his birth was not originally of the highest, it was at least as good as mine, and society will say that the marriage was appropriate in all its circumstances. You are aware that I could not be married without informing my husband and the municipal authorities of my parentage, by presenting copies of the registers in Nice. Count Del Ferice was good enough to overlook some little peculiarity in the relation between the dates of my birth and your marriage. We will therefore say no more about the matter. The object of this letter is to let you know that those facts have been communicated to several persons, as a matter of necessity. I do not expect you to congratulate me. I congratulate myself, however, with all my heart. Within two years I have freed myself from my worthy mother, I have placed myself beyond your power to injure me, and I have escaped ruining a man I loved by marrying him. I have laid the foundations of peace, if not of happiness.

The princess is very ill, but hopes to reach Normandy before the summer begins. My husband will be obliged to be often in Rome, but will come to me from time to time, as I cannot leave the princess at present. She is trying, however, to select among her acquaintance another lady in waiting, — the more willingly as she is not pleased with my marriage. Is that a satisfaction to you? I expect to spend the winter in Rome.

MARIA CONSUELO DEL FERICE.

This was the letter by which Maria Consuelo announced her marriage to the father whom she so sincerely hated. For cruelty of language and expression it was not to be compared with the one she had written to him after parting with Orsino. But had she known how the news she now conveyed would affect the old man

who was to learn it, her heart might have softened a little towards him, even after all she had suffered. Very different were the lines Orsino received from her at the same time.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — When you read this letter, which I write on the eve of my marriage, but shall not send till some days have passed, you must think of me as the wife of Ugo Del Ferice. To-night I am still Maria Consuelo. I have something to say to you, and you must read it patiently, for I shall never say it again; and after all, it will not be much. Is it right of me to say it? I do not know. Until to-morrow I have still time to refuse to be married. Therefore I am still a free agent, and entitled to think freely. After to-morrow it will be different.

I wish, dear, that I could tell you all the truth. Perhaps you would not be ashamed of having loved the daughter of Lucrezia Ferris. But I cannot tell you all. There are reasons why you had better never know it. But I will tell you this, for I must say it once: I love you very dearly. I loved you long ago, I loved you when I left you in Rome, I have loved you ever since, and I am afraid that I shall love you until I die.

It is not foolish of me to write the words, though it may be wrong. If I love you, it is because I know you. We shall meet before long, and then meet, perhaps, hundreds of times, and more, for I am to live in Rome. I know that you will be all you should be, or I would not speak now as I never spoke before, at the moment when I am raising an impassable barrier between us by my own free will. If you ever loved me, — and you did, — you will respect that barrier in deed and word, and even in thought. You will remember only that I loved you with all my heart on the day before my marriage. You will forget even to think that I may love you still to-morrow, and think tenderly of you on the day after that.

You are free now, dear, and can begin your real life. How do I know it? Del Ferice has told me that he has released you, — for we sometimes speak of you. He has even shown me a copy of the legal act of release, which he chanced to find among the papers he had brought. An accident, perhaps; or perhaps he knows that I loved you. I do not care, — I had a right to, then.

So you are entirely free. I like to think that you have come out of all your troubles quite unscathed, young, your name untarnished, your hands clean. I am glad that you answered the letter I wrote to you from Egypt and told me all, and wrote so often afterwards. I could not do much beyond give you my sympathy, and I gave it all, to the uttermost. You will not need any more of it. You are free now, thank God!

If you think of me, wish me peace, dear, — I do not ask for anything nearer to happiness than that. But I wish you many things, the least of which should make you happy. Most of all, I wish that you may some day love well and truly, and win the reality of which you once thought you held the shadow. Can I say more than that? No loving woman can.

And so, good-by, good-by, love of all my life, — good-by, dear, dear Orsino. I think this is the hardest good-by of all, when we are to meet so soon. I cannot write any more. Once again, the last, the very last time, forever — I love you.

MARIA CONSUELO.

A strange sensation came over Orsino as he read this letter. He was not able at first to realize much beyond the fact that Maria Consuelo was actually married to Del Ferice, — a match than which none imaginable could have been more unexpected. But he felt that there was more behind the facts than he was able to grasp, — almost more than he dared to guess at. A mysterious horror filled his mind as he read and re-read the lines.



There was no doubting the sincerity of what she said. He doubted the survival of his own love much more. She could have no reason whatever for writing as she did, on the eve of her marriage, — no reason beyond the irresistible desire to speak out all her heart once only, and for the last time. Again and again he went over the passages which struck him as most strange. Then the truth flashed upon him: Maria Consuelo had sold herself to free him from his difficulties, to save him from the terrible alternative of wasting his life as Del Ferrice's slave or of ruining his family.

With a smothered exclamation between an oath and a groan of pain, Orsino threw himself upon the divan and buried his face in his hands. It is kinder to leave him there for a time, alone.

Poor Spicca broke down under this last blow. In vain old Santi got out the cordial from the press in the corner, and did his best to bring his master back to his natural self. In vain Spicca roused himself, forced himself to eat, went out, walked his hour, dragging his feet after him, and attempted to exchange a word with his friends at the club. He seemed to have got his death-wound. His head sank lower on his breast, his long, emaciated frame stooped more and more, the thin hands grew daily more colorless, and the deathly face daily more deathly pale.

Days passed away, and weeks, and it was early June. He no longer attempted to go out. Santi tried to prevail upon him to take a little air in a cab, on the Via Appia. It would be money well spent, he said, apologizing for suggesting such extravagance. Spicca shook his head, and kept to his chair by the open window. Then, on a certain morning, he was worse, and had not the strength to rise from his bed. On that very morning a telegram came. He looked at it as though hardly understanding what he should do, as Santi held it before him. Then he opened it. His fingers did not

tremble even now. The iron nerve of the great swordsman survived still.

"Ventnor — Rome. Count Spicca. The princess is dead. I know the truth at last. God forgive me, and bless you. I come to you at once."

MARIA CONSUELO."

Spicca read the few words printed on the white strip that was pasted to the yellow paper. Then his hands sank to his sides and he closed his eyes. Santi thought it was the end, and burst into tears as he fell to his knees by the bed.

Half an hour passed. Then Spicca raised his head, and made a gesture with his hand.

"Do not be a fool, Santi; I am not dead yet," he said, with kindly impatience. "Get up, and send for Don Orsino Saracinesca, if he is still in Rome."

Santi left the room, drying his eyes and uttering incoherent exclamations of astonishment, mingled with a singular cross-fire of praise and prayer directed to the saints, and of imprecations upon himself for his own stupidity.

Before noon Orsino appeared. He was gaunt and pale, and more like San Giacinto than ever. There was a settled hardness in his face which was never again to disappear permanently. But he was horror-struck by Spicca's appearance. He had no idea that a man already so cadaverous could still change as the old man had changed. Spicca seemed little more than a gray shadow barely resting upon the white bed. He put the telegram into Orsino's hands. The young man read it twice, and his face expressed his astonishment. Spicca smiled faintly, as he watched him.

"What does it mean?" asked Orsino. "Of what truth does she speak? She hated you, and now, all at once, she loves you. I do not understand."

"How should you?" The old man spoke in a clear, thin voice, very unlike his own. "You could not understand. But before I die I will tell you."

"Do not talk of dying" —

"No, it is not necessary. I realize it enough, and you need not realize it at all. I have not much to tell you, but a little truth will sometimes destroy many falsehoods. You remember the story about Lucrezia Ferris? Maria Consuelo wrote it to you."

"Remember it! Could I forget it?"

"You may as well. There is not a word of truth in it. Lucrezia Ferris is not her mother."

"Not her mother!"

"No. I only wonder how you could ever have believed that a Piedmontese nurse could be the mother of Maria Consuelo. Nor am I Maria Consuelo's father. Perhaps that will not surprise you so much. She does not resemble me, thank Heaven!"

"What is she, then? Who is she?" asked Orsino impatiently.

"To tell you that, I must tell you the story. When I was young — very long before you were born — I traveled much, and I was well received. I was rich and of good family. At a certain court in Europe, — I was at one time in the diplomacy, — I loved a lady whom I could not have married even had she been free. Her station was far above mine. She was also considerably older than I, and she paid very little attention to me, I confess. But I loved her. She is just dead. She was that princess mentioned in this telegram. Do you understand? Do you hear me? My voice is weak."

"Perfectly. Pray go on."

"Maria Consuelo is her grandchild, — the granddaughter of the only woman I ever loved. Understand that, too. It happened in this way. My princess had but one daughter, the Princess Marie, a mere child when I first saw her, — not more than fourteen years old. We were all in Nice, one winter, some four years after I had first met the princess. I traveled in order to see her, and she was always kind to me, though she did not love me. Perhaps I was useful,

too, before that. People were always afraid of me, because I could handle the foils. It was twenty-six years ago, and the Princess Marie was eighteen. Poor child!"

Spiccia paused a moment, and passed his transparent hand over his eyes.

"I think I understand," said Orsino.

"No, you do not," answered Spiccia, with unexpected sharpness. "You will not understand until I have told you everything. The Princess Marie fell ill, or pretended to fall ill, while we were at Nice. But she could not conceal the truth long, — at least not from her mother. She had already taken into her confidence a little Piedmontese maid, scarcely older than herself, — a certain Lucrezia Ferris, — and she allowed no other woman to come near her. Then she told her mother the truth. She loved a man of her own rank and not much older, — not yet of age, in fact. Unfortunately, as happens with such people, a marriage was diplomatically impossible. He was not of her nationality, and the relations were strained. But she had married him, nevertheless, secretly, and, as it turned out, without any legal formalities. It is questionable whether the marriage, even then, could have been proved to be valid, for she was a Catholic and he was not, and a Catholic priest had married them without proper authorization or dispensation. But they were both in earnest, both young and both foolish. The husband — his name is of no importance — was very far away at the time we were in Nice, and was quite unable to come to her. She was about to be a mother, and she turned to her own mother in her extremity, with a full confession of the truth."

"I see. And you adopted?"

"You do not see yet. The princess came to me for advice. The situation was an extremely delicate one from all points of view. To declare the marriage at that moment might have produced extraordinary complications, for the coun-



tries to which the two young people belonged were on the verge of a war, which was retarded only by the extraordinary genius of one man. To conceal it seemed equally dangerous, if not more so. The Princess Marie's reputation was at stake, — the reputation of a young girl, as people supposed her to be, remember that. Various schemes suggested themselves. I cannot tell what would have been done, for fate decided the matter, — tragically, as fate does. The young husband was killed while on a shooting expedition, — at least so it was stated. I always believed that he shot himself. It was all very mysterious. We could not keep the news from the Princess Marie. That night Maria Consuelo was born. On the next day her mother died. The shock had killed her. The secret was now known to the princess, to me, to Lucrezia Ferris, and to the French doctor, a man of great skill and discretion. Maria Consuelo was the nameless orphan child of an unacknowledged marriage, — of a marriage which was certainly not legal, and which the Church must hesitate to ratify. Again, we saw that the complications, diplomatic and of other kinds, which would arise, if the truth were published, would be enormous. The prince himself was not yet in Nice, and was quite ignorant of the true cause of his daughter's sudden death. But he would arrive in forty-eight hours, and it was necessary to decide upon some course. We could rely upon the doctor and upon our two selves, the princess and I. Lucrezia Ferris seemed to be a sensible, quiet girl, and she certainly proved to be discreet for a long time. The princess was distracted with grief, and beside herself with anxiety. Remember that I loved her, — that explains what I did. I proposed the plan which was carried out, and with which you are acquainted. I took the child, declared it to be mine, and married Lucrezia. The only legal documents in existence concerning Maria

Consuelo prove her to be my daughter. The priest who had married the poor Princess Marie could never be found. Terrified, perhaps, at what he had done, he disappeared, — probably as a monk in an Austrian monastery. I hunted him for years. Lucrezia Ferris was discreet for two reasons. She received a large sum of money, and a large allowance afterwards; and later on, it appears that she further enriched herself at Maria Consuelo's expense. Avarice was her chief fault, and by it we held her. Secondly, however, she was well aware, and knows to-day, that no one would believe her story, if she told the truth. The proofs are all positive and legal for Maria Consuelo's supposed parentage, and there is not a trace of evidence in favor of the truth. You know the story now. I am glad I have been able to tell it to you. I will rest now, for I am very tired. If I am alive to-morrow, come and see me. Good-by, in case you should not find me."

Orsino pressed the wasted hand and went out silently, more affected than he owned by the dying man's words and looks. It was a painful story of well-meant mistakes, he thought, and it explained many things which he had not understood. Linking it with all he knew besides, he had the whole history of Spicca's mysterious, broken life, together with the explanation of some points in his own which had never been clear to him. The old cynic of a duelist had been a man of heart, after all, and had sacrificed his whole existence to keep a secret for a woman whom he loved, but who did not care for him. That was all. She was dead, and he was dying. The secret was already half buried in the past. If it were told now, no one would believe it.

Orsino returned on the following day. He had sent for news several times, and had been told that Spicca still lingered. He saw him again, but the old man seemed very weak, and spoke only a few

words during the hour Orsino spent with him. The doctor had said that he might possibly live, but that there was not much hope.

And again on the next day Orsino came back. He started, as he entered the room. An old Franciscan, a Minorite, was by the bedside, speaking in low tones. Orsino made as though he would withdraw, but Spicca feebly beckoned to him to stay, and the monk rose.

"Good-by," whispered Spicca, following him with his sunken eyes.

Orsino led the Franciscan out. At the outer door the latter turned to Orsino with a strange look, and laid a hand upon his arm.

"Who are you, my son?" he asked.

"Orsino Saracinesca."

"A friend of his?"

"Yes."

"He has done terrible things in his long life. But he has done noble things, too, and has suffered much and in silence. He has earned his rest, and God will forgive him."

The monk bowed his head and went out. Orsino reentered the room, and took the vacant chair beside the bed. He touched Spicca's hand almost affectionately, but the latter withdrew it with an effort. He had never liked sympathy, and liked it least when another would have needed it most. For a considerable time neither spoke. The pale hand lay peacefully upon the pillows, the long, shadowy frame was wrapped in a gown of dark woolen material.

"Do you think she will come to-day?" asked the old man at last.

"She may come to-day. I hope so."

A long pause followed.

"I hope so, too," Spicca whispered.

"I have not much strength left. I cannot wait much longer."

Again there was silence. Orsino knew that there was nothing to be said, nothing at least which he could say, to cheer the last hours of the lonely life. But Spicca seemed contented that he should sit there.

"Give me that photograph," he said suddenly, a quarter of an hour later.

Orsino looked about him, but could not see what Spicca wanted.

"Hers," said the feeble voice, — "in the next room."

It was the photograph in the little chiseled frame, — the same frame which had once excited Donna Tullia's scorn. Orsino brought it quickly from its place over the chimney-piece, and held it before his friend's eyes. Spicca gazed at it a long time in silence.

"Take it away," he said at last. "It is not like her."

Orsino put it aside, and sat down again. Presently Spicca turned a little on the pillow and looked at him.

"Do you remember that I once said I wished you might marry her?" he asked.

"Yes."

"It was quite true. You understand now? I could not tell you then."

"Yes, I understand everything now."

"But I am sorry I said it."

"Why?"

"Perhaps it influenced you and has hurt your life. I am sorry. You must forgive me."

"For Heaven's sake, do not distress yourself about such trifles," said Orsino earnestly. "There is nothing to forgive."

"Thank you."

Orsino looked at him, pondering on the peaceful ending of the strange life, and wondering what manner of heart and soul the man had really lived with. With the intuition which sometimes comes to dying persons, Spicca understood, though it was long before he spoke again. There was a faint touch of his old manner in his words.

"I am an awful example, Orsino," he said, with the ghost of a smile. "Do not imitate me. Do not sacrifice your life for the love of any woman. Try and appreciate sacrifices in others."

The smile died away again.



"And yet I am glad I did it," he added, a moment later. "Perhaps it was all a mistake, but I did my best."

"You did indeed," Orsino answered gravely.

He meant what he said, though he felt that it had indeed been all a mistake, as Spicca suggested. The young face was very thoughtful. Spicca little knew how hard his last cynicism hit the man beside him, for whose freedom and safety the woman of whom Spicca was thinking had sacrificed so very much. He would die without knowing that.

The door opened softly, and a woman's light footstep was on the threshold. Maria Consuelo came silently and swiftly forward with outstretched hands that had clasped the dying man's almost before Orsino realized that it was she herself. She fell on her knees beside the bed, and pressed the powerless cold fingers to her forehead.

Spicca started, and for one moment raised his head from the pillow. It fell back almost instantly. A look of supreme happiness flashed over the deathly features, followed by an expression of pain.

"Why did you marry him?" Spicca asked in tones so loud that Orsino started, and Maria Consuelo looked up with streaming eyes.

She did not answer, but tried to soothe him, rising, and caressing his hand, and smoothing his pillows.

"Tell me why you married him!" he cried again. "I am dying — I must know!"

She bent down very low and whispered into his ear. He shook his head impatiently.

"Louder! I cannot hear! Louder!"

Again she whispered, more distinctly this time, and casting an imploring glance at Orsino, who was too much disturbed to understand.

"Louder!" gasped the dying man, struggling to sit up. "Louder! Oh, my God! I shall die without hearing you — without knowing" —

It would have been inhuman to torture the departing soul any longer. Then Maria Consuelo made her last sacrifice. She spoke in calm, clear tones.

"I married to save the man I loved."

Spicca's expression changed. For fully twenty seconds his sunken eyes remained fixed, gazing into hers. Then the light began to flash in them for the last time, keen as the lightning.

"God have mercy on you! God reward you!" he cried.

The shadowy figure quivered throughout its length, was still, quivered again, then sprang up suddenly with a leap, and Spicca was standing on the floor clasping Maria Consuelo in his arms. All at once there was color in his face and the fire grew bright in his glance.

"Oh, my darling, I have loved you so!" he cried.

He almost lifted her from the ground, as he pressed his lips passionately upon her forehead. His long, thin hands relaxed suddenly, and the light broke in his eyes as when a mirror is shattered by a blow. For an instant that seemed an age he stood upright, dead already, and then fell back all his length across the bed, with wide-extended arms.

There was a short, sharp sob, and then a sound of passionate weeping filled the silent room. Strongly and tenderly Orsino laid his dead friend upon the couch, as he had lain alive but two minutes earlier. He crossed the hands upon the breast and gently closed the staring eyes. He could not have had Maria Consuelo see him as he had fallen, when she next looked up.

A little later they stood side by side, gazing at the calm dead face, in a long silence. How long they stood they never knew, for their hearts were very full. The sun was going down, and the evening light filled the room.

"Did he tell you, before he died — about me?" asked Maria Consuelo in a low voice.

"Yes. He told me everything."

Maria Consuelo went forward, bent over the face, kissed the white forehead and made the sign of the cross upon it. Then she turned and took Orsino's hand in hers.

"I could not help your hearing what I said, Orsino. He was dying, you see. You know all now."

Orsino's fingers pressed hers desperately. For a moment he could not speak. Then the agonized words came with a great effort, harshly, but ringing from the heart.

"And I can give you nothing!"

He covered his face and turned away.

"Give me your friendship, dear. I never had your love," she said.

It was long before they talked together again.

This is what I know of young Orsino Saracinesca's life up to the present time. Maria Consuelo, Countess Del Ferice, was right. She never had his love as he had hers. Perhaps the power of loving so is not in him. He is, after all, more like San Giacinto than any other member of the family, — cold, perhaps, and hard by nature. But these things which I have described have made a man of him at an age when many men are but boys, and he has learnt what many never learn at all, — that there is more true devotion to be found in the

world than most people will acknowledge. He may some day be heard of. He may some day fall under the great passion. Or he may never love at all, and may never distinguish himself any more than his father has done. One or the other may happen, but not both, in all probability. The very greatest passion is rarely compatible with the very greatest success except in extraordinary good or bad natures. And Orsino Saracinesca is not extraordinary in any way. His character has been formed by the unusual circumstances in which he was placed when very young, rather than by anything like the self-development which we hear of in the lives of great men. From a somewhat foolish and affectedly cynical youth he has grown into a decidedly hard and cool-headed man. He is very much seen in society, but talks little on the whole. If, hereafter, there should be anything in his life worth recording, another hand than mine may write it down for future readers.

If any one cares to ask why I have thought it worth the trouble to describe his early years so minutely, I answer that the young man of the Transition Period interests me. Perhaps I am singular in that. Orsino Saracinesca is a fair type, I think, of his class at his age. I have done my best to be just to him.

*F. Marion Crawford.*

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## A FEW OF LOWELL'S LETTERS.

It has been repeatedly said in my hearing, by men who had come to know Lowell personally, after having known his works, that he was better than anything he had done. No one knew this so well as those who knew him best. I made my acquaintance with his works in the days of young artistic enthusiasms, when I used to visit the studio of William

Page, the poet's intimate friend and ardent admirer, to whose almost inspired (oracular, certainly) improvisations on art and poetry I used to listen till my own blood ran quick, and my own enthusiasms made me see what was never to be seen again, even in dreams. Page used to repeat Lowell's poems with his own commentary, so subtly fantastic at



times that it made one think he had taken part in the composition of the poet's text, or thought he had, at least. I only remember as then in print the volume of early poems, and the *Sir Launfal* in a small separate volume. There was much in the poems which appealed powerfully to the green and sentimental stage of mental growth in which I then was, and I learned most of them by heart, together with the *Sir Launfal*. I spent the following autumn at a lighthouse on the coast of New England, sketching the sea in its multiform changes, and the two volumes were all the literature I carried with me. But I remember saying, about that time, to a common friend of Page and myself, that the author wanted only the ripening of a great sorrow to bring out his greater powers. The poems seemed to me, even then, only the overflow of a mind so full of poetic thought that verse flowed from it as water from a deep spring, giving out what would run to waste if not turned to some direct use.

It was not long after this that my criticism was to be tested by life. Lowell's wife died, leaving him in that gloom from which came the series of short poems, to my mind the best expression of the finest side of the man's nature. — *The Wind-Harp*, *Auf Wiedersehen*, *Palinode*, *After the Burial*, and *The Dead House*, — expressions of the strong passion of grief at work in a strong and healthy nature, not crushed, but bowed down; for he was under the influence of a sane and elastic sorrow which did not paralyze, but turned his mental activity to the presentation of the overpowering passion, genuine, pure, and without a trace of the artifice or inflation of the aftermath of grief. The only thing that I know in English poetry to set beside them for genuine pathos is the "Break, break, break" of Tennyson, and there the freshness of passion has given place to the consciousness of art and the need of study of form. It was in this phase

of his life that I made Lowell's acquaintance.

I was about commencing the publication, in company with John Durand, son of a former president of the Academy of Design, of an art journal, *The Crayon*, and went to Cambridge to solicit the assistance of those writers whose work in any way sympathized with the object of our journal. If I remember rightly, I had no letter of introduction, but presented myself on the strength of my mission, and was received by Lowell with the princely courtesy which was his manner. I was full of my project, which seemed to me, in my enthusiasm, evangelical, for I was set to preach and labor for the revival of art; and he accepted me on my own ground, with entire sympathy. One of his letters, written a little later, when our acquaintance had ripened into friendship, has such a significance as a revelation of the state of his mind at that time that I do not believe I need apologize for introducing it, though it is very personal to me; it would not tell its story if I left out the personal part. I wanted something of his for the opening number of the paper, and he had sent me a passage from his *Pictures from Appledore*, which he entitled *August Afternoon*. I wanted him to be on board at "the launch," and I had also a poem of Bryant's, that called *A Rain Dream* in his published volume; but the scheme of the journal did not admit more than one such notable contribution in each number, so I had to choose between Bryant and Lowell as the poet of the occasion. It is to this that he alludes in the letter.

GRUB STREET, 7th Dec'r, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR, — I am sorry to have kept your proofs so long, but I was absent from home the day they came.

I don't know now whether I sent you the right part of the poem. But I wished to give you the most *paletty* part first, and I am now so overwhelmed with lec-

tures and Grub Street that I have literally not time to copy the introductory verses describing the island. But, my dear sir, if Bryant has given you a poem, you should put that in your first number, by all means. It will do you more good than many of mine, and your first duty is to your Crayon-child, wherever you are not obliged to sacrifice any principle to it. Don't mind me in the least. I wish your journal to succeed. Remember that success is the only atmosphere through which your ideas will look lovely to the public you wish to influence. Bryant's name will help you more than mine; therefore, take him first. Not that I like to give up my place on board at the launch, either, for I am sure it will be a graceful one.

You must n't talk of Christmas gifts and things. I shall think you mean to keep me in Grub Street in spite of myself. [I had intended to send his daughter something for Christmas, and suppose I must have asked some question about her tastes.] I positively will not be paid in any way, if I may say so after being more than paid by your beautiful drawings, which M. likes as well as I do, and declares a preference for the larger one, "On the" — I can't make out the name, but I shall call it the Lethe, that drowsy water with tree-dreams in it, so smooth and sleek and soaked with sun, it seems a drink of it would quench the thirst of all sad memories. Only no Lethe *can*, for we are our own saddest memories, — a hundred a day. I thank you for them most heartily, and for your letter as well.

I am glad you had a pleasant time here. I had, and you made me fifteen years younger while you stayed. When a man gets to my age, enthusiasms don't often knock at the door of his garret. I am all the more charmed with them when they come. A youth full of such pure intensity of hope and faith and purpose, — what is he but the breath of a resurrection-trumpet to us stiffened old fellows, bidding us up out of our

clay and earth if we would not be too late?

Your inspiration is still to you a living mistress; make her immortal in her promptings and her consolations by imaging her truly in art. Mine looks at me with eyes of paler flame and beckons across a gulf. You came into my loneliness like an incarnate aspiration. And it is dreary enough sometimes, for a mountain peak on whose snow your foot makes the first mortal print is not so lonely as a room full of happy faces from which *one* is missing forever. This was originally the fifth stanza of *The Wind-Harp*:

O tress that so oft on my heart hath lain,  
Rocked to rest within rest by its thankful  
    beating,  
Say, which is harder, — to bear the pain  
Of laughter and light, or to wait in vain,  
'Neath the unleaved tree, the impossible meet-  
    ing?  
If Death's lips be icy, Life gives, iwis,  
Some kisses more clay-cold and darkening than  
    his!

Forgive me, but you spoke of it first. [I had in a letter spoken of *The Wind-Harp*, which he had read to me on a visit, just before.]

I have done better than send you a poem; I have got you — a subscriber. On this momentous topic I shall enlarge no further than to say that I wish to be put on your list also in my capacity as gentleman, and not author. I will not be deadheaded. I respect my profession too much. . . .

Heartily and hopefully yours,

J. R. LOWELL.

It is nearly forty years since that letter was written, but I can never read it again without the reflection, pale though it be, of the pathos which rests on that visit to his study when he read me *The Wind-Harp*, and we sat silent long into the twilight of the autumn day, the bare boughs of the elm-trees outside his windows cutting against the sky, and his little daughter came in after her lessons. When she left the room I spoke of her



delicately chiseled features, and he replied by pointing to her mother's portrait on the study wall.

Perhaps I overrate my own way of looking at Lowell, but in that letter there seems the expression of his character, writ large. Out of the depth of the shadow over his life, in the solitude of his study, with nothing but associations of his wrecked happiness permitted around him, the kindly sympathy with a new aspiration awakened him to a momentary gayety, his humor flashed out irrepressible, and his large heart turned its warmest side to the new friend, who came only to make new calls on his benevolence; that is, to give him another opportunity to bestow himself on others. There is in it the generosity, the pathos, the subtle humor, the worldly wisdom, and the self-forgetfulness which we who knew him recognize, drawn against the dark background of his bereaved life.

The letter, at this long distance, confronts itself with the visit which preceded it. I had stayed with him at Elmwood, and we had talked of many things which provoke confidence, had visited his favorite bits of landscape in the classic fields, Beaver Brook, the Waverley Oaks, etc., and, in the dusk of the day, chance, or some spiritual induction, had led him into speaking of his griefs, charily, half apologetically; and when a man can speak of his griefs to another, there are two ties established, one of a sympathy in them, and the other of that lightening of the soul from the putting them into words, which seems to incur an obligation where really one is conferred. It was in this confidence that he read me the Ode to Happiness, the first full expression of his sorrow he had made to me; and I quite broke down, and stole to the window to hide my tears. Perhaps certain trivial troubles of my own, but which at the time seemed to me as grave as death, put me in tune with his mood, and so our friendship found its first minor chord.

Nothing would have induced me to take his advice and give any other the place I intended for him at "the launch," so the first number of *The Crayon* contained the bit of his Appledore study, of which he sent me two more fragments later on. He took the liveliest interest in the paper as long as I remained at the head of it, and amongst other things wrote for it the *Invita Minerva*, in the proof-correcting of which he allowed himself one of the quaint, and to my mind delightful, bits of eccentric diction he was so fond of, but rarely indulged in. The second line, which in the collected poems stands,

"The pennon'd reeds, that, as the west wind blew,"

was so written originally, but in the correction of proof was changed to "in the west wind blue," and was so printed in *The Crayon*.

The next letter I have from him — for the minor letters and the manuscripts seem all to have gone to the autograph-hunters — is dated the week after *The Crayon* had been launched. I have no recollection of what I had written, but I do remember that on reading the *Auf Wiedersehen*, printed in one of the magazines of the day, — I think Putnam's, — I sent him some verses which that poem called out, and in which, possibly, I had tried, not to console, for the folly of that I even then knew, but to mingle a sympathetic pain with his.

ELMWOOD, 11th Jan., 1855.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I fear you have thought me very cold and ungrateful not to have answered sooner (if it were only with God bless you) your very kind and tender letter. I cannot say more of it than that it came to my heart like the words of a woman. I need not write how entirely grateful I am for it.

I have delayed writing till I found a chance to copy some more Appledore for you. I have sent a tolerably long bit this time, for I suppose you will like

something to fill up as much as may be. So look upon it as a large canvas that will at least cover bare wall. I have had your two drawings framed, and they hang up now on the inside of my door, and please everybody that sees them, me above all.

I have been fearfully busy with my lectures! And so nervous about them, too! I had never spoken in public. There was a great rush for tickets (the lectures are *gratis*), only one in five of the applicants being supplied, and altogether I was quite taken aback. I had no idea that there would be such a desire to hear me.

I delivered my first lecture to a crowded hall on Tuesday night, and I believe I have succeeded. The lecture was somewhat abstract, but I kept the audience perfectly still for an hour and a quarter. (They are in the habit of going out at the end of the hour.) I delivered it again yesterday to another crowd, and was equally successful; so I think I am safe now. But I have six yet to write, and am consequently very busy and pressed for time.

I felt anxious, of course, for I had a double responsibility. The lectures [before the Lowell Institute] were founded by a cousin of mine, and the Trustee is another cousin; so I wished not only to do credit to myself and my name, but to justify my relative in appointing me to lecture.

It is all over now, and as far as the public is concerned I have succeeded; but the lectures keep me awake and make me lean.

I am quite sensible now that I did not do Mr. Bryant justice in the Fable. But there was no personal feeling in what I said, though I have regretted what I did say because it might seem personal. I am now asked to write a review of his poems for the *North American*. If I do, I shall try to do him justice.

I think he has been more fortunate in Flemish pictures than I, if he does not

find in Appledore a sentiment that is wanting in them. One of the best fragments is yet to come. . . .

Yours, J. R. LOWELL.

His allusion to Bryant was due to my having told him that the latter was always a little sore at Lowell's treatment of him in the *Fable for Critics*, and especially at the lines which became a commonplace of criticism:—

"If he stir you at all, it is just, on my soul,  
Like being stirred up with the very North  
Pole;"

and as just before taking charge of The Crayon I had been on the staff of Bryant's *Evening Post*, and on friendly terms with the poet, I had become aware of the impression, and desired to efface it. The opportunity occurred a little later, on the occasion of Lowell's departure for Europe, when I gave him a dinner in New York, to which I invited Bryant; and seating them together, with no regard to precedence (they had never seen each other before), I left them to themselves. Though there were of the company Charles Sumner, C. F. Briggs (Harry Franco), Whipple, Bayard Taylor, and other of Lowell's old friends, he devoted himself to Bryant the entire evening, and completely fascinated him. Anxious to gather the elder poet's impression, I left Lowell and Taylor at Oscanyan's café smoking their nargilehs, and walked home with Bryant, soon satisfying myself. The allusion to Flemish art was in reply to a criticism of Bryant on the Appledore, which he spoke of as like a Flemish picture in its fidelity; his reflection was not one of disparagement, though Lowell so regarded it.

Those who have no acquaintance with the literary life of the day I am dealing with can hardly understand how limited then was the range of Lowell's possession of the public. It was usual, amongst his friends, to speak of him as the "most Shakespearean man since Shakespeare;" but by the American public, even, he



was hardly held as more than a brilliant dilettante. His carelessness of the form of his work, his evident slight estimation of it, and the extraordinary ease with which it was thrown off, all contributed to this impression. The Biglow Papers were political squibs, of the true position of which as literature no one then had a just conception, blown about as they were in the winds which grew to the great tempest of our civil war, and read with partisan eyes; the *Fable for Critics* was limited in its range of audience, and, treated as a controversial and personal *jeu d'esprit*, attacked and defended without serious study; while the serious poems were so unequal, and, as he afterwards recognized, in some cases so unworthy his powers, that they diminished the impression of the mass of his work. He set so little value on what cost him no labor — for he wrote verse more easily than prose — that he never gave himself the trouble of polishing or pruning, and the early volume contains much that is juvenile and open to sharp criticism, rendered all the more certain by his own pungency as critic. He knew his own value, as we know it now, but it was the value in *posse* which he felt; for his work of the moment he had little concern. Had he held more conceit of his verse and more anxiety about public opinion, he certainly would have suppressed much of his early work, to his better reputation in later years. The lectures referred to in the letter last quoted showed him in another light, and justified the faith of his friends in his large intellectual possessions. They drove him into deep water, and he was obliged to swim *in mare magno*; their preparation involved work, which in his melancholy and loneliness was necessary to bring him out of the morbid condition into which he had fallen when I first knew him. He had become hypochondriacal, and at the time of my first visit had begun to nurse imaginary ills and brooded much by himself, with a hope-

less feeling as to his future condition, which he made no effort to throw off. The lectures brought him up out of the depths, and he resumed his normal life. With all his strength of feeling and impulsive activity, his was too healthy a nature to remain long in morbid conditions, and once he had set about resisting them he rapidly returned to healthy work. On the 25th of January, a fortnight later than the last letter, he wrote me: —

. . . "I came very near forgetting my proof sheets altogether, but I have delivered five of my lectures now, and on Friday shall have half finished my course. Meanwhile I have only a week's start, so that I have to work hard, what with inevitable interruptions. . . .

"Do not think that I feel the less interest in you and yours because I write such scrawls. I am not used to being tied to hours or driven. I have always waited on the good genius, and he will not come for being sent after by express; so I am in a *feeze* half the time."

And a few days later, but without date except "Elmwood," he says: —

"I shall have done grinding for the Philistines next Saturday, and it will give me, I need not say, the greatest pleasure to see you. . . . I have been meaning for some time to write you a word, merely to say that Longfellow told me the other day that he would send you the first poem he had that was suitable for your purpose. Perhaps he has written; if not, I shall be glad to be the herald.

"You will like to hear (but it is at present a semi-secret) that I am to be nominated next Thursday to fill Longfellow's place in the college. It was all very pleasant, for the place sought me, and not I it.

"I have only to deliver two courses of lectures in the year; have all the rest of the time to myself, and the salary will make me independent. If the Overseers of the College confirm the appointment of the Corporation (of which there is lit-

tle doubt), I shall go abroad for a year to Germany and Spain to acquire the languages.

"So by the time you come I shall probably be Professor Lowell, at your service, and shall expect immense respect in consequence. Take care after that how you squire or mister me. I have not discovered the dulness of The Crayon, and only hope its point will be sharp enough to draw the public. If I go to Berlin, I will send you some sketches of the gallery there. Spain, too, is rich."

He was so scornful of money, when his friends were concerned, that he seemed to be independent of his labor; but we see the satisfaction with which he welcomes the independence of the salaried professor, and I am sure that the greater feeling in his own mind was that he could afford to be more generous. I never heard him speak of money except to refuse to be paid it, and in the above communication. At that moment of my life, I was perhaps better prepared to be liberal with him than he with me, but any compensation beyond a drawing or study from nature was always absolutely refused to the last of our journalistic relations; and when, later in life, fortune left me on the shoals, he insisted on putting me, on occasion, on my feet again, with all the love of a brother and the delicacy of a poet, and always with some excuse of an unexpected good fortune which he wished to partake with some one.

"Greater than anything he ever did," they used to say; but how much greater, and how much nobler than any work can be, no one knows so well as I. His heart ran even with his brain, and, when there was a chance, outran it. He had twin faults: he underestimated his own work, and tinted that of his friends with the colors of his esteem. In one of the exhibitions of our National Academy I had a large study of a bit of Adirondack forest and lake, of which one of the

critics had spoken in strongly damnatory terms, and Lowell wrote me of it:—

ELMWOOD, 21st May, 1855.

MY DEAR FRIEND,— "It being granted that the earth is a hollow cube"— "But I beg your pardon, my dear sir, I granted no such thing." "Well, then, it being necessary to the purposes of this argument that the earth *should be* a hollow cube, which is precisely the same thing, I go on to demonstrate," etc.

Now what does he mean by saying that your picture is "an *unpleasingly* grouped assemblage of *unpleasing* natural objects"? Is a hemlock-trunk unpleasing? Is the silvery-gray bole of a sloping birch unpleasing? Is the beech-stem plashed with wavering pools of watery sunshine unpleasing? And pray tell me how, in a picture, a thing *can* be "literally rendered." There is no such matter possible. The closer the imitation, in giving rounded or irregular shapes, perspective, etc., on a flat surface, the greater have been the difficulties overcome, and the greater the imagination in being able to see things as they truly are, and not as they seem. To make a model of a beech-stem is quite another affair. We would rather have a section of the real thing. Is there not a difference even in daguerreotypes in favor of the man who is enough of an artist to choose the right moment and point of view? And even were the tree-trunk a deformed one, were it ever so ugly, misshapen, warty, scrofulous, carious, what you will, it is one of the curious psychological facts that it is yet not unpleasing. For while any *lusus nature* in anything that breathes is hateful, a fanciful resemblance to the diseases and deformities of animal life in anything that merely grows appeals at once to our sense of the odd, the humorous, the grotesque; or else is not disagreeable because it is a likeness upward, and not downward. But this glances toward a deeper deep, and I forbear. Anyhow,



I like your picture and the idea of it, only you must make interest with Aquarius to water your lake a little. But

"When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,

He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff."

Or let me translate a proverb from the Feejee dialect:—

That which we like, likes us:  
No need of any fuss.

Nay, take this other which I this moment copy from the walls of a house just unburied at Pompeii:—

Perchance the thing I banish, me expels;  
Be chary, ostracizer, of your shells!  
Madman, thou deem'st thyself sublimely free,  
And ly'st on straw in that cramp cell of Thee.

Or perhaps this is a better translation of the last couplet:—

Thou deem'st thyself a King, poor crazy elf,  
Chained to the wall of that cramp cell, Thyself.

The Feejee Islanders (who love curried Calvinists and minced missionary) and the Pompeians (who got up such suicidal fireworks for the entertainment of Admiral Pliny) knew a thing or two, nevertheless!

It is a glorious, blue, northwesterly sky; the oak woods are pink with buds; the linnets, catbirds, fire hangbirds, and robins are all singing hymeneals to the Spring, and she trembles through all her wreaths of new-born leaves and seems equally pleased with each of them. She does not say, "Oh, Linnet, put yourself to school with Maestro Catbird," nor "Be silent, Robin, my boy, till you can sing like Signor Robert of Lincoln." *Per Bacco!* did not brave Masaccio paint St. Peter right in the streets of Florence, working a miracle with vulgar Florentines all about him, and did not Raphael and Michael say that the Brancacci chapel was their school? . . .

In a letter of a little earlier date (10th of May, 1855) he gives another instance of his constant thoughtfulness for others:

. . . "I saw Longfellow yesterday,

and reminded him of his promise to send you a poem; and he renewed it, but said that he had not anything he liked well enow to send. I told him that it did not much matter for a long poem, and that his name would be of service to The Crayon now that it was seeking an introduction to the world. I know that he means rightly, and only hope that he will send you something while it can be of commercial advantage to you. Don't be shocked at my marketplace view of the thing; I feel as wise as a woman when I find anybody with a beard who seems a worse manager than I, and one has a right to be shrewd for his friend. Meanwhile I send you some verses of my own, which you may like or not, as you please. They are very much at your service if you want them, and perhaps Professor Lowell's name may be of use. . . . As soon as we have a leaf or two I shall expect a visit from you. I will write and let you know when our winter is over. Our spring is like that delicacy a frozen plum pudding, which cheats every uninitiated person into an impromptu toothache. It looks as if it ought to be hot, and it is Nova Zembla focussed."

Following these letters there is a wide gap in my file. I have no memorandum of the time of his sailing for Germany, but in the letter of May 10th he says, "Think of anything I can do for you on the other side. I go to Germany first;" and the next letter I have is dated from Dresden. I was overworked on The Crayon, and he on his German studies; for he was not a man to do less than his utmost when he had accepted his duty. But this is dated October 14, 1855, and shows already the renewed intellectual activity at full swing. The wit and humor which in our first acquaintance only flashed out in intervals of gloom begin to take the upper hand again.

. . . You may lay it to anything you

like except my having forgotten you that I have not written sooner. I have thought of you only too much, for I wished, when I wrote, to send you something for The Crayon, and not finding aught to write about, you began to haunt me and shake your printersinky locks at me, — only, unhappily, the case was the reverse of Banquo's, since thou couldst say I'd not done it. Now this would not do. I would not have a friendship which I value so much, more than any contracted in these later years, associated with any uneasy thought. So I resolved to lay the ghost at once, as we can all *blue* ghosts that haunt us, in a sea of ink. What have I to say that I had not a month ago? Nothing; but then I will write and manfully say so. I can at least tell you how warm a feeling I have towards you, and that is something. But for The Crayon? That we will see presently. First I must thank you for the likeness of yourself, which you may be sure I am glad to have with me, and for your letters. Only why so short? One would think you were writing across Broadway instead of the Atlantic. But I will give it a good turn by thinking that you do not feel me far away from you, as truly I am not. About Griswold and the rest of it I understand nothing, and care as little, unless for its troubling you. When I get over here, it is the Styx that is between me and America. I have drunk Lethe water to wash down Nepenthe with, and have forgotten everything but my friends, like a happy shade. What care we careless spirits for what troubled us in the flesh? "My little man," says Wordsworth to Pope, when they meet in the Fortunate Islands, "I am sorry to say" — the wretch! he is not sorry a bit — "that your poems are not so much read as once." "My what? Ah! poems, — yes, I think I *did* write some things once. And so they don't read 'em, eh? 'T is all one for that, — I would n't read 'em myself. Come in,

Mr. — a — a — I beg your pardon — ah, Woodwarth? Yes, come in, Mr. Woodwarth, and try the Lethe; 't is the best spring in the place; and you will meet some eminent characters in the pump-room." So it goes. Give yourself no more trouble about the picture. As it is one, I suppose I may say *hang* the picture! But I dare be sworn you have forgotten all about it by this time.

But for The Crayon — what have I seen? Why, I have seen the Van Eyck at Ghent, and liked it so well that I have never a word to say about it. And I saw the Memlings at Bruges, — what a place it is! a bit of Italy drifted away northward and stranded like an erratic boulder in Flanders, — and I liked those so well that I am equally dumb thereanent. And I saw the Rubenses in Antwerp, which have all been skinned alive by the restorers, and which they have put into a little room fenced off from the Cathedral, so that they may get a *franc* out of every stranger who comes there, — the Jews! "Is not my Father's house a house of prayer? But ye have made it a den of thieves." There has been great power and passion in those pictures, — Rubens is a poem translated out of Low Dutch into Italian; but in the little doghole where they are, one cannot see them. What was meant to be seen at forty feet shall one see at fifteen? Offer a man a magnifying-glass to look at an elephant with! Somehow I feel inclined to say "he was a great *gentleman*, that Rubens," but great *man* seems a little too much. But great he surely was in some sense or other, — you feel that. Then I saw all the Dutch pictures at the Hague, but I think that Rembrandt, the greatest imagination these low countries ever produced, is better seen here in Dresden than at the Hague. As for Paul Potter's famous Bull, it is no more to be compared with Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair than a stuffed and varnished dolphin with a living one. Here there are some wonderful pictures.



Titian's Tribute-Money is marvellously great; the head of Christ the noblest and most pathetic I have ever seen, full of a magnificent sadness. There is also a truly delicious Claude, a deep rock-imbedded bay so liquidly dark and cool! There is a Holy Family by Holbein, too, pathetically prosaic. I forgot to speak of an Albert Dürer at the Hague, a portrait of the future Emperor (Maximilian, I think) as a child of three years, with an apple in his hand instead of the globe of empire which was afterward, if I remember, so heavy for him. Is it not a pretty fancy? But I have really got something for The Crayon, — this is not, but must wait till next week's mail, — an account of a visit I made to Retsch. It is late now, and I am not in a good mood, either. I have heard bad news, — not of M., thank God!

You might make an item out of this, — that the King of Saxony allows no copies to be made in the gallery, in order that the artists here may choose original subjects and paint them out of their own experience. Also Bendemann (their best painter here) is making a good picture, very pure and classic, out of the meeting of Ulysses with Nausicaa, in the Odyssey. But I must say good-night and God bless you! I have so much writing of German to do that my eyes can't bear much night work, and it is near twelve. Sunday is my only holiday. Next week, then. . . .

The Visit to Retsch never came. Lowell always planned more than any mortal man could do; he laid schemes of work like bridges with one abutment in time and the other in eternity. He had too much to do, and I, on the other side, became so overborne by my editorial duties — The Crayon going to leeward all the time then — that our correspondence flagged. The next word I have from him shows the man overworked and dejected, but doing his duty to his position.

DRESDEN, 18th Feb'y, 1856.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I reproach myself bitterly for not having sooner answered your letter, but what is the use of spurring an already beaten-out horse? What energy can self-reproach communicate to a man who has barely resolution enough to do what is necessary for the day, and who shoves everything else over into the never-coming to-morrow? To say all in one word, I have been passing a very wretched winter. I have been out of health and out of spirits, gnawed a great part of the time by an insatiable homesickness, and deprived of my usual means of ridding myself of bad thoughts by putting them into verse; for I have always felt that I was here for the specific end of learning German, and not of pleasing myself.

Just now I am better in body and mind. My cure has been wrought by my resolving to run away for a month into Italy. Think of it, — Italy! I shall see Page and Norton and the grave of our little Walter. I can hardly believe that I am going, and in ten days.

What you tell me about The Crayon you may be sure fills me with a very sincere regret. It does not need to tell you how much interest I took in it and you; and what is better, my interest in it was not that merely of a friend of yours, but sprang from a conviction that it would do much for the æsthetic culture of our people. I am very sorry on every account that it is to be given up. I had hoped so much from it. It is a consolation to me that you will be restored to the practice instead of the criticism and exposition of art, and that we shall get some more pictures like the one which took so strong a hold of me in the New York exhibition. I shall hope to become the possessor of one myself, after I get quietly settled again at Elmwood with the Old Man of the Sea of my first course of lectures off my shoulders. You must come and make me a visit, and I will show you some

nice studies of landscape in our neighborhood, and especially one bit of primitive forest that I know within a mile and a half of our house.

I have been studying like a dog — no, dogs don't study — I mean a learned pig — this winter, and I think my horizon has grown wider, and that when I come back I shall be worth more to my friends. I have learned the boundaries of my knowledge, and *Terra Incognita* does not take so much space on my maps. In German I have every reason to be satisfied with my progress, though I should have learned more of the colloquial language if I had had spirits enough to go into any society. But already the foreboding of Italy fills me with a new life and soul. I feel as if I had been living with no outlook on my south side, and as if a wall had been toppled over which had darkened all my windows in that direction. Bodily and spiritually I have suffered here with cold, but God be thanked, it will soon be over.

My great solace (or distraction) has been the theatre, which is here excellent. I not only get a lesson in German, but I have learned much of the technology of the stage. For historical accuracy in costume and scenery, I have never seen anything comparable. An artistic nicety and scrupulousness extends itself to the most inconsidered trifles in which so much of illusion consists, and which commonly are so bungled as to draw attention instead of evading it by an absorption in the universal.

If I had known that I was going to London, I should have been extremely pleased to have made the acquaintance of Ruskin. But my journey thither was sudden and flighty, and I saw nobody except Hogarth, Turner, and Rembrandt. Hogarth's *Marriage à la Mode* and Rembrandt's *Jacob's Dream* at Dulwich College gave me invaluable suggestions.

It will not be long now, I hope, before I see you at Elmwood; for you must make me a visit as soon as I get warm

in my study again. It is all *Berg ab* now, and I shall ere long feel the swing of our Atlantic once more. The very thought revives me. We seaboard fellows cannot live long without snuffing salt water. Let me hear from you in Italy; tell me what you are painting and all about yourself. As soon as I am myself again, I shall try to make my friendship of some worth to you. But always I am your affectionate friend,

J. R. L.

The next gap in the correspondence is one of over a year. I do not remember, and have no record of the time, when he married his second wife, Frances Dunlap; but the revolution she brought about in his life had begun before his friends knew the causes of it. She was one of the rarest and most sympathetic creatures I have ever known. She was the governess of Lowell's daughter, when I first went to stay at Elmwood, and I then felt the charm of her character. She was a sincere Swedenborgian, with the serene faith and spiritual outlook I have generally found to be characteristic of that sect; with a warmth of spiritual sympathy of which I have never known another instance; a fine and subtle faculty of appreciation, serious and tender, which was to Lowell like an enfolding of the Divine Spirit. The only particular in which the sympathy failed was in the feeling that she had in regard to his humorous poems. She disliked the vein. It was not that she lacked humor or the appreciation of his, but she thought that kind of literature unworthy of him. This she said to me more than once. But aside from this she fitted him like the air around him. He had felt the charm of her character before he went to Europe, and had begun to bend to it, but, as he said to me after his marriage, he would make no sign till he had tested by a prolonged absence the solidity of the feeling he had felt growing up. He waited, therefore,



till his visit to Germany had satisfied him that it was sympathy, and not propinquity, that lay at the root of his inclination for her, before declaring himself. No married life could be more fortunate in all respects except one, — they had no children. But for all that his life required she was to him healing from sorrow and a defense against all trouble, a very spring of life and hope. A letter from Cambridge (May 14, 1857) must have been written in the interval between his return from Germany and this change in his life, for he had begun his work at the university.

. . . I am glad you do not forget me, though I seem so memoryless and ungrateful. I shall be better, one of these days, I hope. While my lectures are on my mind I am not myself, and I seem to see all the poetry drying out of me. I droop on my rocks and hear the surge of the living waters, but they will not reach me till some extraordinary spring-tide, and maybe not then. . . .

When you come, I wish you to come straight here. We can house you for a while [he was then living with his friend Dr. Estes Howe, in Cambridge, Elmwood having been let for a term], at any rate, and the word "board" is hateful to me. Just now there is a sister of Mrs. — here, with the biggest baby that ever was seen. If the nurse were in proportion, the house would have to be greatened. And there is also the biggest (and nicest) young lady from Ohio. So where could I put you at night, unless I hung you up or leaned you up in a corner, like a bean as you are? But the drift of things will go on, and they will float away on it before long, and then there will be a bed, and that will be better. I will let you know when. I shall be jolly and companionable by that time, which I was not when you were here before, for I could think of nothing but the lectures which were before me. Perhaps you were right about it and I have

no business here. However, we die at last and go where there are no lectures.

The apple-trees are in blossom, but I have hardly had time to see them. Horse chestnuts are in leaf, and linnets and robins sing. But there are not so many birds here as at Elmwood, — not so many anywhere as there used to be, and I think the cares of life weigh on them so that they can't sing. We have had only a day or two of warm weather yet. Spring seems like an ill-arranged scene at the theatre that hitches and won't slide forward, and we see winter through the gaps. Bring May with you when you come, — remember that. Tell me what your plans are, and when you had arranged to come hitherward and when you would rather. . . .

Your affectionate

J. R. L.

In the next letter there are landmarks of our separate journeys in life. Lowell had married Miss Dunlap; we had made our first excursion to the Adirondacks; the Atlantic Monthly had been founded, with Lowell as its editor. I had become his contributor, as he had been mine. In one of my letters after his marriage, I had written to congratulate him, saying that I had already written one letter (probably on hearing of the engagement) and had suppressed it, as too enthusiastic and perhaps boyish.

CAMBRIDGE, 28th Oct'r, 1857.

MY DEAR STILLMAN, — Thank you for your letters, especially that from the dear old Adirondacks. Though written in pencil, it did my heart more good than my eyes harm, only it made me homesick to be back again

"A chasing the wild-deer and following the row."

Your last I ought to have answered a week ago, but when I stop payment of letters I do it altogether, and like a man of honor allow no favored creditors.

I should like the article very much.

Make it about six or seven pages (print), and at the same time be as lively and as solid as you can. You may have full swing. This is like ordering so many pints of inspiration, eh? — as if Castaly were bottled up like Congress water and sent all over the country for sale. Well, never mind, make it as good as you can. Instructive articles should be sweetened as much as possible, for people don't naturally like to learn anything, and prefer taking their information as much as they can in disguise.

Why did you not send me the enthusiastic letter you say you suppressed? I should have been delighted with it. For God's sake, don't let your enthusiasm go! it is your good genius. When we have once lost it, we would give all the barren rest of our lives to get back but a day of it. Your letter would have hit in the white, too, for I am as happy as I can be, and thank God continually. I have known and honored my wife for years, but I find some new good in her daily. So you may be as warm as you like in your congratulations. . . .

Affectionately yours,

J. R. LOWELL.

I think it was in the summer of the next year that I went to Cambridge to live, and was thenceforward mainly divided in my occupations between the Adirondacks and the vicinity of "the Oaks" at Waverley, until I went to Europe, in the autumn of 1859. Each summer we made an excursion into the Adirondacks, and formed the club which took its name from that region. Under the circumstances, few letters passed between us, for we were not long without seeing each other until I went abroad. Lowell was indeed very happy in his married life, and amongst the pictures Memory will keep on her tablet for me, till Death passes his sponge over it once for all, is one of his wife lying in a long chair under the trees at Dr. Howe's, when the sun was getting cool, and

laughing with her low, musical laugh at a contest in punning between Lowell and myself, *haud passibus aqvis*, but in which he found enough to provoke his wit to activity; her almost Oriental eyes twinkling with fun, half closed and flashing from one to the other of us; her low, sweet forehead, wide between the temples; mouth wreathing with humor; and the whole frame, lithe and fragile, laughing with her eyes at his extravagant and rollicking word-play. One would hardly have said that she was a beautiful woman, but fascinating she was in the happiest sense of the word, with all the fascination of pure and perfect womanhood and perfect happiness.

In those days the boy was still riotous in Lowell, and until the war came, with its heart-breaking for him and his, and he entered into the larger sphere of public affairs, the escapades of his overflowing and juvenile vitality were irrepressible. In the Adirondacks he cast off all dignity, was one of the best and most devoted shots with the rifle, but proposed to introduce, by regulation, archery for our deer-hunting. He was the life of the company, always running over with fun and contrivance of merriment. I remember once, coming home from Boston with those members of the Saturday Club who lived in Cambridge, Agassiz, Howe, Holmes, Lowell, and others, that in the midst of a grave discussion between Agassiz and himself upon the authority of the Scriptures, Lowell, passing through the exit from the college grounds, vaulted suddenly on one of the great stone columns, clapped his hands to his sides, gave a lusty cockerow, and hopped down again to pursue the argument, insisting on the admission of the Psalms amongst the inspired books. Nothing human was foreign to his sympathies. I loved him as David loved Jonathan; and though I continually offended his sense of fitness and decorum, doing things wanting in tact and refinement, in sheer green boyishness and



want of judgment, he never took offense, but treated me as a younger brother; for I think he understood my feeling for him, uncouth as were its forms at times; and his benevolence towards me never faltered, though the diverging circumstances of our lives carried us further and further apart. His bitter griefs and bereavements following our war, his troubles, personal and patriotic, his absorption later in official duties, the accumulating burdens which would have crushed the energies of a smaller man, left his serenity undisturbed; even the disgusting attacks of the Irishry and the politicians, on account of his action in England, only raised a philosophic sarcasm. He was so much "greater than anything he ever did" that I would rather every line he ever wrote were blotted from my memory than that I should forget the days I spent at Elmwood, or those we spent in the greenwood of the Adirondacks; but one and the other locality, like all those in which I knew him, are forever lonely and desolate to me.

The latest word I have from him was written from the Legation in London, in answer to one inquiring if he had received a bit of Albanian work I had sent him from Montenegro, a new tip to the sheath of a yataghan of some rare and early Albanian silver work, which I had sent him before, but which then lacked its original tip. It is dated 7th of March, 1882.

. . . Yes, my dear Stillman, the tip of the sheath arrived safely, and is thought very pretty, although it does not come up to the old work, and could not fairly be called on for such a feat in practical aesthetics. We like it.

You have learned to be satirical in the neighborhood of the Aristophanic Theatre, but I shake off your sarcasms,

not as the lion, but as the duck the dew-drop from his back. I may fairly answer in the Gospel words, "silver and gold have I none," for I am so near my wit's end that I have neither speech nor silence, or feel so, at least. [I had written to ask him to exchange some of his golden silence for a little silver speech.]

But I had enough sentiment left to be a good deal upset by the story of your murder [a telegram from Cettinje had announced that I had been decapitated in Albania], though I did not believe it. I hate the electric telegraph worse than ever.

If you come across an ancient statue, send it me by post, and I will pay you in the metal with so much of which you credit me. Mrs. Lowell sends her kindest regards, and I remain

Affectionately always yours,

J. R. LOWELL.

The handwriting begins to show age, — it is tremulous, and the letters are writ large. Death only could extinguish the kindly thought, the fine sense of humor, the affectionate fidelity to the past and its ties; nothing had changed in him to the last. When last I saw him, shortly before his recall from London, he certainly showed the signs of age, but I think less than I; the kindly caress in his voice, the flash of humor in his eye, the masterhood in his port, were there as I had known them thirty years before. Wrinkles and gray hair were there, and the tremulousness of the hand in writing; but the mind, though sobered by such sorrows as few men bear, was as serene and spiritual as ever. I could imagine that he labored under his dispensations as a good ship in a storm, burying his head at times under the wave, but rising to it, shaking off the weight, and keeping on.

*W. J. Stillman.*

## ALONE ON CHOCORUA AT NIGHT.

THE 10th of August ranked, by the family thermometer, as next to the hottest day of the summer. It was a marked day in my calendar, — marked long in advance for a night alone on the narrow rock which forms the tip of Chocorua's peak. It was chosen on account of the display of meteors which, in case of a clear sky, always makes that night attractive for a vigil. On August 10, 1891, I counted two hundred and fifty meteors between sunset and eleven o'clock P. M. As I watched the sky, and saw the great rock of the peak rising sharply into it, I determined that another year I would count my meteors from its summit, and not from the common level of a field.

By four o'clock in the afternoon a breeze had drifted down to us from the mountains, and behind them cloud-heads were rising in the northwest. Fanned by the breeze and undaunted by clouds, I began the ascent of Chocorua by the Hammond path. In the woods the breeze was stifled by the trees, and I was stifled by the still heat which oppressed all nature. For three miles the only bird I heard was a red-eyed vireo, and the only one I saw was a grouse which flew from the path. In the road below and along the trail up the mountain there were dozens of young toads. They were about the size of the Indian's head on a cent. I wondered how far up the trail I should find them, so I watched closely as the path grew steeper and steeper. The last one seen was about sixteen hundred feet above the sea, and one thousand feet above the Hammond clearing where I first noticed them. There is no still water within a mile of the point where I found the last one. In view of such facts, it is not difficult to account for the popular belief that young toads fall from the clouds with rain.

Clearing the forest, and reaching the open ledges on the crest of the great southeastern ridge of Chocorua, along which the Hammond path runs towards the peak, I saw that a storm was gathering in the west. Piles of thunderheads were rolling up beyond Whiteface and the Sandwich Dome, and tending northward. Chocorua might be too far east to be included in the drenching which was in store. It was not too far away to lose the cool wind which suddenly changed my gasping heat into a shiver. With a quicker pace I pushed towards the foot of the peak.

All but one of the well-marked paths up Chocorua spend too much time in the ravines and woods. It is discouraging to toil mile after mile through uninteresting small growth, without a breath of cool air or a glimpse of distance. The Hammond path cancels nearly half the height of the mountain in the first mile of woodland, and then rewards the climber by successive views which grow more charming as ledge after ledge is passed. While following the top of the slowly rising and scantily wooded ridge the peak is seen coming nearer and nearer, and growing more and more impressive. Range after range of northern mountains rise above the foreground, and the far horizon widens slowly. When the foot of the peak is finally reached, shutting out for a time all that is grandest in the view, the climber feels that he must scale those forbidding cliffs, whatever becomes of him after the final struggle is over. So I felt as, at about half past six, I gained the top of the mountain's shoulder and looked up at the huge rock which forms its awful head. The eastern side of the peak is so precipitous that few have the temerity even to try to scale it. The southern side is broken into smaller



cliffs, between which tufts of spruces grow. In winter this face is quite readily climbed upon the packed snow, but in summer wide sloping ledges polished by ice make the way difficult and dangerous to the novice. Quite a distance to the west, yet still on the southern face of the peak, there is a rift in the cliffs filled with small trees and fragments of rock. This cleft leads straight upwards to a small sandy plateau on the west side of the peak, two thirds of the way to its summit. As I struggled up this almost perpendicular ravine, I heard the steady roar of thunder, and saw above me black clouds surging across the sky. It would have been dark had not the south been filled with silvery light and hazy sunset glory. A black-mouthed cave upon my right offered a refuge. Hedgehogs lived in it, but its outer chamber would be storm-proof. Should I wait? No, storm or no storm, I would gain the peak, and do my part to keep my tryst with the stars.

Stumbling out of the ravine upon the plateau, I faced the north. A picture was there which made the memory of Doré's strongest delineations of Dante's visions seem weak. On my right was an upright wall of black rock, on my left an abyss. Northward, before me lay that wilderness of forests and peaks which forms the White Mountains, thirty miles square of spruce forests, and all of it on edge, — a sierra forbidding at its best, but now made terrible by a tempest. The higher heavens were filled with loose, rounded black clouds with white spaces between them. Below them, impending over a belt of country about ten miles north of me, was a very long but narrow cloud, black as ink, with a clean-cut lower edge as straight as a level. From it forked lightning was playing downward. The outlines of the mountains were singularly clear. I could see, beginning at the right, the Presidential Range, the Crawford Notch, Anderson, Nancy,

Lowell, the Carrigain Notch, Carrigain; and then, partly obscured by rain, the Franconia Mountains and the nearer heights of Tripyramid and its neighbors. Just over Tripyramid, reaching nearly to the zenith, was an opening in the clouds, a narrow space between two storms. It was clear gold within, but hideous black profiles were outlined against it, as though the fiends of one storm were looking across it at their allied hosts in the second bank of clouds now hurrying upward from the southwest.

Turning sharply to the right, I found and climbed the rough path leading up the rocks to the highest point on the peak. Three thousand feet below me, in that peaceful valley by the lake, was my home. I could just see its red roof among the trees. Wind ripples were chasing each other across the lake, marring its white surface. The lake is heart-shaped, and my cottage rests at the tip. No storm impended over those whom I had left behind, but the voice of the thunder reminded me of what was passing to the northward.

Under the long level black cloud, from which zigzag lightning darted downward like a snake's tongue, were three zones of color. The first, nearest the east, and at the head of the storm as it moved forward, was gray. It was formed of scud. The second was black, and from it shot most of the lightning. The third was snowy white shaded by perpendicular lines. This was the rain. Each belt seemed to be two miles or more in width, and the whole was moving about twenty miles an hour. When I reached the peak, Carrigain Notch was just passing under the scud, and as I watched, Lowell, Anderson, and Nancy were in turn obscured. By the time Mount Nancy was covered Carrigain and its notch were reappearing. Meanwhile, the golden gap in the clouds had closed, and the second storm was approaching. Its course was such as to

take in Chocorua, Paugus, and the Swift River intervale which lay just below me on the north. Wild as the first storm made the northern sky, the second one seemed bent upon making the picture even more gloomy. It was the moment of sunset, but the sun was lost in a wilderness of thunderclouds. Suddenly a sound clear and sweet came to me. It was the first sound, save thunder and wind, that I had heard since reaching the peak. A long, pure note, followed by one much higher, repeated several times, formed the song of my companion on the heights. It was the farewell to the day of a white-throated sparrow, that sweetest singer of the mountain peaks. A feeling of forlornness which had been creeping over me was dispelled. Let the storm come; I was ready for it.

Not many rods below the peak, on the very verge of the eastern crag, stands an enormous detached rock, roughly cubical in shape, and at least twenty feet in each dimension. This rock, which is known as "the Cow," rests upon a narrow shelf having a saucer-shaped depression about fifteen feet in diameter in its upper surface. The Cow projects slightly beyond the outer edge of the ledge, but at the point where it projects the concavity of the under granite leaves a space exactly eighteen inches in height and several feet long, which admits light into the hollow beneath the Cow. Years before, I had discovered this strange cave, and had found that a projecting corner of rock gave standing-room near enough to the narrow mouth to allow a man to creep into it. To this shelter I determined to take my luggage for safe-keeping during the rain. As I wound my way down the zigzag path to the cave, a junco flew past me in the gloom and chirped inquiringly. A drop or two of rain fell. Thunder roared in the southwest as well as in the north. The mountains had lost the wonderful dark violet shade which they possessed before the light faded, and were now al-

most black, those nearest being darkest. As I reached the mouth of the cave, an uncomfortable thought intruded itself upon my mind, — was it possible that bears used the cave? I peered in. The place was empty now, at all events. Pushing in my oilskin coat, jersey, knapsack with lunch, lantern, and star-atlas, I slid in after them. At the deepest part of the depression in the ledge, the space between the rock below and the rock above is thirty inches. I could not sit up straight, but I could recline comfortably at various angles. Lighting my lantern, I unpacked my bag and furnished my lodgings. A watch, match-box, foot rule, thermometer, pencil, a mirror for signaling, compass, hunting-knife, bird whistles, supper, breakfast, and dry underclothing made the cave seem quite homelike. The dry clothing attracted me, for I was wet with perspiration, and my thermometer reminded me that I felt chilly. I listened. Was it raining? No. Taking my lantern, supper, and dry clothes, I wriggled to the entrance and regained the air. Happy thought: if any bear could get into that cave, it would be a very thin one. Unhappy thought: his thinness would betoken all the greater hunger.

There was a lull in the storm, for although everything above was black, the wind seemed to have died away and the thunder to be very distant. On the narrow ledge between the towering pinnacle and the black abyss below the Cow, I discarded my damp clothes and put on the dry ones. The change was comforting. I was glad when it was accomplished, for I had no inclination to fight a bear in the costume of Mulvaney at the taking of Lungtungpen.

Step by step I crept back up the cliff to the summit. There was wind enough on top, and my lantern had to be thrust into a crack in the rock on the lee side to keep it not only from blowing out, but from blowing away. The top of Chocorua is about the shape and size of a large,



wide dining-table. On the south other levels lead up to it gradually ; but west, north, and east this highest rock is bounded by abrupt sides, from which a fall in the night would be a serious matter. Lying down on this dizzy platform, I ate my supper with savage relish, and took new account of the night and its pictures. Except when lightning illuminated some part of the horizon, the only things visible to me were the long black ridge of Paugus, the hump of Passaconaway over Paugus, fragments of white ledges on the northern spurs of Chocorua, and lakes in the valley. Even Ossipee Lake, fifteen miles or more away, was plainly distinguishable as a white spot in the surrounding gloom. Lights shone from many of the cottages near Chocorua Lake, and from Birch intervalle, Albany intervalle, and Conway. They were the connecting link between me and the rest of mankind. In the sky there was absolute blackness, curiously broken once by the sudden appearance of the red planet for the space of a single minute. Sometimes a few drops of rain fell, but the second storm seemed to be reserving most of its strength for a region further east. It was now nine o'clock, and the first storm had passed far over into Maine, its lightning playing with rapid flashes behind Mount Pequawket. At every flash the sky just behind the pyramidal peak assumed the color of dead gold, while the mountain was embossed upon it like an emblem on a shield. Occasionally the second storm produced lightning, and when it did so the effects were startling, so near was the heavenly fire. One flash was from side to side across a low cloud which hung near Chocorua on the east. It was very vivid, and so complex with its many delicate lines and loops of light that a fiery sentence appeared to have been written on the sky. Another bolt was broad and straight, and went down into the forest like an arrow. It was so near and so brilliant that for

almost a minute I could see nothing. The thunder which followed it began in the zenith, and rolled away, booming and crashing, in three directions, lasting so long that I wished I had timed it to see for how many seconds its terrific echoes refused to subside. As many of its rumblings and mutterings resounded from the ravines and hillsides below me, the effect of this great peal was unlike any I had ever before heard.

While I was listening to the sighing of the wind-tossed forest in the hollows eastward of the mountain, another sound reached my ears, and made me concentrate my senses in an effort to determine its nature. At the moment I heard it I was somewhat below the peak, leaning against a wall of rock facing the south. The sound seemed to come from above. It resembled that made by a thin stick or shingle when whirled rapidly in the air. At the same time there was a creaking, and sounds almost like wailing and groaning. A moment later, a slender column of white cloud, a hundred feet or more in height, but proportioned like a human figure, glided past the mountain over the black abyss below the eastern cliffs. That I was interested in these phenomena goes without saying. I was much more than interested ; and the fact that I was absolutely alone, in the dark, miles away from home, with a storm howling around me, was brought clearly to my mind. The legends of Chocorua, the Indian for whom this mountain was named, of his curse upon the whites, and of his melancholy death near these eastern cliffs, rose, for some illogical reason, into my memory.

The sounds in the air continued, and at one time made me wonder whether electric waves passing through the low-hanging clouds above me could produce them. There being no light accompanying the sounds, I dismissed this hypothesis as unsatisfactory. Once I thought that something was scratching and grind-

ing down the side of a sloping ledge. As rain began falling thick and fast at the same moment, I seized my lantern and beat a retreat to the cave. As I gained the dizzy rock at the mouth of the cave, the heavens again spoke, and mist-forms swept past in front of me. The next moment I was at the bottom of the cave, wondering whether a temperature of 60°, which my thermometer recorded, justified wholly the goose-flesh that crept over me.

My lantern cast a clear, steady light into all parts of the cave. Now and then a flash of lightning showed where the entrance faced the east, and where one or two other cracks were open between the Cow and its rocky foundation. I lay perfectly motionless, pondering upon the strange sounds I had heard. My eyes rested upon several stones lying in the narrow space beyond my feet where the two rocks neared each other. Something moved there. A body had passed from the shelter of one stone to that of another. I held my breath, and watched. Again a brownish thing flashed past an opening, came nearer, darted forward into the light, vanished, reappeared, came clearly into view, shot back, and finally sped across a broad, well-lighted face of rock, and revealed itself as a large short-tailed mouse, — perhaps an Eastern *Phenacomys* as yet unknown to collectors. Although I did not move for a long time, he failed to reappear, and my only companion was a gauzy-winged fly which sat upon my knee and contemplated the flame of the lantern.

The rain continuing, I sang and whistled until after ten o'clock, when I crawled to the mouth of my cave and looked down into the depths beneath. A stone thrown far out, so as to clear the first few ledges, might fall eight hundred feet before it struck the rocks below. As I stared into the darkness, I found that much which had been invisible an hour earlier was now dimly out-

lined in black and white. The sky, too, showed gaps in its curtain, and the white lakes in the distant valleys were more silvery than before. The storm was over, the moon was at work eating the clouds, and soon, I hoped, the stars would keep their tryst. Lantern in hand, I crept up the rocks, and settled myself once more on the peak. All my friendly lights in the valley had gone out, and I was now alone in the sky.

Paugus, Passaconaway, and Whiteface were quite clearly outlined against each other and the sky. They seemed very near, however, so that it was easier for me to imagine myself on a lonely rock in the ocean, with huge waves about to overwhelm me, than to make those combing waves stand back three, eight, twelve miles and become spruce-covered mountains. Gradually other mountain outlines became discernible, and the cloud-curtain above showed folds and wrinkles, which in time wore out under the moon's chafing, and let through a glimpse of Mars or Vega marvelously far away in that serene ether. Half an hour before midnight the pale disk of the moon appeared through the thin clouds, and at the witching hour she sailed out proudly into a little space of clear blue-black heaven. The wind came in fresher puffs, a snowy cloud-cap rested on the head of Paugus, and the air was so much colder that I was glad to put on both jersey and oilskin jacket. A dozen lakes and twenty-five mountain peaks were visible at half past twelve, and Mars had worked a place for his red eye so that it could look down through the breaking clouds without interruption. Drowsiness now overtook me, and in order to keep awake I was forced to walk rapidly up and down the small area of the top, or to jump about over the ledges farther south. About one o'clock a light flashed brightly from a point near the Maine line; perhaps in Fryeburg. At first I thought it might be a fire which would gather strength and size; then, as it appeared to move



and come nearer, it looked more like the headlight of a locomotive. My glass made it seem smaller, and the motion was so slow and irregular that I thought the gleam might be from a doctor's buggy, as the man of sickness took his way through the night.

My own light was now growing dim, so I extinguished it in order to save the remaining oil for emergencies. Immediately afterwards a bat flew against the lantern, and then perched upon a lichen-hung rock near by, to recover his composure. The moon slowly made way with the clouds, and by two o'clock a quarter part of the sky was clear. The mercury had dropped to 52°, and the moisture hurled against the mountain by the wind was condensed and sent boiling and seething up the sides of the peak. Tongues of fog lapped around me with the same spasmodic motion which flames display in rising from a plate of burning alcohol. At first they scarcely reached the peak; then they came to my feet, and swept past me around both sides of my platform; finally they flung themselves higher and higher, hiding not only the black valley from which they came, but Paugus and more distant peaks, the sky, the moon, and the glimmering stars. Suddenly from the fog-filled air came once more the gruesome sound which I had heard earlier in the night. Its cause was nearer to me now, and I felt sure that it was some creature of the air, and consequently nothing which could cause me inconvenience. I strained my eyes to see the creature as it passed, but in vain, until in its flight it chanced to cross the face of the moon. Then the mystery was solved. I saw that it was either a night-hawk or a bird of similar size. The speed at which it was flying was wonderful. When it tacked or veered, it produced the extraordinary sounds which, with their echoes from the rocks, had so puzzled me at first. Once or twice during the night I had heard

night-hawks squawking, and from this time on their harsh voices were heard at intervals mingled with the booming which, for some unexplained reason, they make by night as well as by day; after as well as during the breeding season.

A few minutes after two o'clock, a large meteor shot across a small patch of clear sky near the constellation Andromeda, and was quenched in the fog. From time to time other smaller ones flashed in brief glory in the same quarter of the heavens, and one brilliant fragment burned its way past Jupiter, as though measuring its passing glory with the light of the planet. The wind was falling, the temperature rising, and, following these two influences, the fog decreased, until its only remnants clung to the ponds and rivers far below. Two thirds of the sky were clear by three o'clock. In the east the Pleiades sparkled in mysterious consultation; farther north Capella flashed her colored lights, and Venus, radiant with a lustre second only to Selene's own, threw off the clouds which for an hour had concealed her loveliness, and claimed from Mars the foremost place in the triumph of the night. Her reign was short. At a quarter after three I noticed that the cloud-bank which lay along the eastern and northern horizon was becoming more sharply defined by the gradual growth of a white band above it. A greater orb than Venus was undermining her power in the east. The white line imperceptibly turned to a delicate green, and extended its area to left and right and upward. The clouds in the high sky took on harder outlines and rounder shapes. Shadows were being cast among them, and a light was stealing through them from something brighter even than the yellow moon. The pale green band had changed to blue, the blue was deepening to violet, and through this violet sky the brightest meteor of the night passed slowly down until it met the

hills. High in the sky the stars were growing dim, and the spaces between the clouds, which looked for all the world like a badly painted picture, were growing blue, deep real blue. The line of brightest light above the eastern clouds showed a margin of orange. Venus in the violet sky was still dazzling, but her glory was no longer of the night, but of the twilight. She was wonderful, in spite of the stronger light which was slowly overpowering her. Mars burned like a red coal low down in the west, unaffected thus far by the sun's rays, while Jupiter, supreme among the high stars, was paling fast as the light of day rolled towards him.

The eastern sky looked strangely flat. Its colors were like a pastel drawing. Small very black clouds with hard outlines lay unrelieved against the violet, silver, and orange. A full hour had sped by since I first noted the coming of the day, and still the earth below slept on. Hark! up from the deep valley below the Cow comes a single bird-voice, but scarcely are its notes sprinkled upon the cool, clear air when a dozen, yes, fifty singers join their voices in a medley of morning music. The first songster was a white-throat, and the bulk of the chorus was made up of juncos and white-throats, the stronger song of Swainson's and hermit thrushes coming in clearly now and then from points more distant from the peak. There was ecstasy in those matins. No sleepy choir of mortal men or women ever raised such honest, buoyant music in honor of the day's coming. The birds love the day, and they love life for all that each day brings. They labor singing, and they sing their vespers, as they sing their mat-

ins, with hearts overflowing with joy and thanksgiving.

There is something inexpressibly touching and inspiring in the combination of fading night, with its planets still glowing, and the bird's song of welcome to the day. Night is more eloquent than day in telling of the wonders of the vast creation. Day tells less of distance, more of detail; less of peace, more of contest; less of immortality, more of the perishable. The sun, with its dazzling light and burning heat, hides from us the stars, and those still depths as yet without stars. It narrows our limit of vision, and at the same time hurries us and worries us with our own tasks which we will not take cheerfully, and the tasks of others which are done so ill. Night tells not only of repose on earth, but of life in that far heaven where every star is a thing of motion and a creation full of mystery. Men who live only in great cities may be pitied for being atheists, for they see little beyond the impurity of man; but it seems incredible that a being with thoughts above appetite and imagination above lust should live through a night in the wilderness, with the stars to tell him of space, the dark depths of the sky to tell him of infinity, and his own mind to tell him of individuality, and yet doubt that some Being more powerful and less fickle than himself is in this universe. The bird-music coming before the night is ended combines the purest and most joyous element of the day with the deep meaning of the night. The birds bear witness to the ability of life to love its surroundings and to be happy. The night bears witness to the eternity of life and to the harmony of its laws.

*Frank Bolles.*



## AT NIGHT.

ALONE, beneath the solemn stars I stood,  
 And felt night's spacious loneliness, but yet  
 Life's sorrow and defeat could not forget;  
 To-morrow's terrors trembled in my blood!

One came and said: "Receive into thine heart  
 Vast starry courage from the heavens above.  
 In this great universe, whose law is love,  
 Whose end is victory, thou hast thy part!"

*Lilla Cabot Perry.*

## A NEW ENGLAND BOYHOOD.

## VI.

## THE WORLD NEAR BOSTON.

THE Broad Street Riot, so called, on the afternoon of June 11, 1837, was an event which of course had great interest for the boys of the period. It was the fortune of very few of them, however, who were decently brought up, to have any hand in that conflict; for, as I have said in another chapter of these recollections, people in those days went to "meeting" as regularly in the afternoon as they did in the morning.

If there should be need to-day for the sudden appearance of the military forces of Boston on a Sunday afternoon, I think that the officers of those forces would be looked for quite as readily at the Browning Club or a chess club, or possibly even exercising their horses somewhere within ten miles of Boston, as at any place of public worship. But my whole personal recollection of the Broad Street Riot is that, of a sudden, the bell of Brattle Street Church struck "backward," and the gentlemen who were of the first regiment rose and left their seats, and went down to the armory

at Faneuil Hall to join their companies, not to say lead them. It was said, and I believe truly, that a sergeant formed the first men who arrived, in skeletons of companies, and in a skeleton of a regiment. George Tyler Bigelow, afterwards chief justice of the Supreme Court, was the first commissioned officer who arrived. He was a lieutenant in the New England Guards or the Light Infantry. He ordered the regiment out of the armory, and commanded it till he met a superior officer. The story was that the command changed half a dozen times before the regiment reached Broad Street, where firemen and Irishmen were fighting. Of which I saw and remember nothing. But the departure of those gentlemen from church, whom we would have joined so gladly, fixed the whole affair in our memories. In a boy journal of the time, I find the comment, after I had read the newspaper account, "The Irish got well beaten, but the firemen appear to have been as much in the wrong as they."

In all these reminiscences, I am well aware that our lives were much less affected by the daily news from abroad than are the lives of people now. Cer-

tainly Boston regarded itself more as a metropolis than it does now. And for this there was good reason; for Boston had much less connection with the rest of the world than it has now. It had a foreign commerce, and the average boy expected to go to sea some time or other. But I recollect times when a vessel from England brought thirty-five days' news; all through the time of which I am writing, it took three days for a letter to go to Washington; and although people no longer offered prayers for their friends when they were going to New York, still a journey to New York was comparatively a rare business. In my third year in college, I wanted to send a parcel of dried plants to a botanist in New York. There was no proper "express," and I asked it as a personal favor of a young man named Harnden, whom I knew as a conductor on the Boston and Worcester railroad, that he would give the parcel to some one who would give it to some one else who would give it to my correspondent. It was because Mr. Harnden had so many such personal favors in hand that he established Harnden's Express, which was, I think, the first of the organized expresses which existed in this country.

I find it difficult to make the Boston boy or girl of to-day understand how different was Boston life, thus shut in from the rest of the world, from our life, when, as I suppose, at least one hundred thousand people enter Boston every day, and as many leave it for some place outside.

As late as May, 1845, when I was twenty-three years old, I had an engagement to go from Boston to Worcester Saturday afternoon. I was to preach there the next day. When, at three

o'clock, I came to the station of the Worcester road, there was an announcement that, from some accident on the line above, no train would leave until Monday. The three o'clock train, observe, was the latest train of Saturday. I crossed Boston to the Fitchburg station, and took the train for Groton or Littleton. There I took a stage for Lancaster, where I slept.<sup>1</sup> In the morning, with a Worcester man who had been caught in Boston as I was, I took a wagon early, and we two drove across to Worcester. That is to say, as late as 1845 there were but two men in Boston to whom it was necessary that they should go to Worcester that afternoon. And this was ten years after railroad communication had been established.

Before railroad communication was open, intercourse with other States, or with what now seem neighboring cities, was very infrequent. In 1832, my father went to Schenectady to see the Albany and Schenectady railroad, and, I believe, to order some cars for the Boston and Worcester road. He also went to New York city on the business of that road. I think he had been to that city but once since 1805, when he went there on his way from Northampton to Troy. It is a tradition in the family that he was then a fortnight on the sloop which carried him up the Hudson River from New York, and that he read the whole of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* on that voyage. Yet, if anybody was to travel, he would have been apt to. He was a journalist, intensely interested in internal improvement. He had a large business correspondence in New York, and was well known there. I was myself nineteen years old when I first visited New York.

<sup>1</sup> As I write these memoranda, in September, 1892, just as we have heard of Mr. Whittier's death, there is a certain interest in saying that it was on this occasion that I first met him. As the handful of passengers entered the stage which was to take us to Lancaster, Mr. Whittier was one of the number. He did not tell

his name to any one, and it was many years before I knew that he was one of those whose pleasant conversation enlivened the dark ride. I can hardly say that I saw him; but he was kind enough afterwards always to remember that I made his acquaintance on that occasion.



In 1841, I had a chance to overhaul the old register at the hotel at Stafford Springs, in Connecticut. Stafford Springs was, and is, a watering-place of a modest sort, where is a good strong iron spring, — good for boys with warts, and indeed for any one who needs iron in his blood. It was quite the fashion to go to Stafford Springs from different parts of New England, in the earlier part of the century. In this old register, it was interesting to see how universal was the custom by which people came there in their own carriages. What followed was, that people who had no carriages of their own hardly traveled for pleasure at all.

So was it that, in the years of my boyhood, Boston people, with very few exceptions, lived in Boston the year round. People did not care to go to the theatre in midsummer, and I think the theatres were generally closed for six or eight weeks when the days were longest. Perhaps Boston used the matchless advantages of her bay more when she had little communication with points beyond it. Perhaps the entertainments of the bay seemed more important because there were few, if any, excursions for pleasure excepting those which the water offered.

Nahant was seized upon as a seashore resort as early as 1819. The sea serpent had appeared in 1817. The hotel on the southeastern point, long since burned down, was a pretty piazza-guarded building; and, as the steamboat Housatonic went down to Nahant every morning, and came back every night, a day at Nahant made a charming summer expedition, which we young folks relied upon at least once a year. At Nahant, at Chelsea Beach, at Nantasket, at Sandwich, and at Gloucester I made my acquaintance with the real ocean. At Nahant I made my first acquaintance with the joy of the bowling alley, and first saw the game of billiards. By the way, I remember that, in lecturing to

my class in college, as late as 1837, Professor Lovering had to tell the class, as a fact which half of them did not know, that when one billiard-ball strikes another it may stop itself, while it communicates its motion to the other. I doubt if half the young men who heard him had ever seen a billiard-table at that time.

There were but one or two steamboats in the harbor, so that the "excursion" of to-day was very infrequent. But all the more would people go down the bay for fishing-parties, on sailing-vessels, — more, I should think, than they do now. Perhaps there was something in foreign commerce which gave to those engaged in it a sort of absolute freedom sometimes, sandwiched in with hard work at others, in an alternate remission of work and play, which the modern merchant seldom enjoys. Your ship came in from Liverpool or from Calcutta, and you and all your staff, down to the boy who swept out the office and trimmed the lamps, were busy, morning, noon, and night, till her cargo was disposed of, and perhaps till she was fitted for another voyage. But then, if no other of your ships arrived, there would be a lull; and if Tom, Dick, or Harry came in to propose a fishing-party, you were ready.

However this may be, the history and experiences of such parties made a considerable element of summer life. The anecdote of General Moreau belongs to them, and I will print it, though it is told of a generation before my time. When General Moreau was in exile from France, he came on his travels to Boston. Among other entertainments he was taken down the bay on a fishing-party. As they dined, or after dinner, excellent Colonel Messenger, whose singing is still remembered with pleasure, was asked to favor the company with a song, and he sang the fine old English song of *To-morrow*. The refrain is in the words, —

"To-morrow, to-morrow,

Will be everlasting to-morrow."

The French exile did not understand English as well as he did the art of war, and when Colonel Messenger came to these words, at the end of each verse, he supposed, naturally enough, that he was hearing a song made in his own honor.

"To Moreau, to Moreau  
Je n'entends pas bien mais to Moreau."

And so he rose, as each verse closed, put his hand to his heart, blushed, and bowed gratefully, as to a personal compliment. And his hosts were too courteous to undecieve him.

The Harvard Navy Club, an institution long since dead, used to "go down," as the abbreviated phrase was, every year. "Go down" was short for "go down the bay and fish." The Navy Club was a club of those men who received no college honors. The laziest man in a class was the "Lord High Admiral;" the next to the laziest was the "Admiral of the Blue," and so on.

Perhaps there are not so many fish in the bay as there were then. Perhaps I am not so much interested in the boys who take them. But I do not see, when I cross the bridge to East Cambridge, any boy patiently sitting on the rail waiting to catch flounders, as I have done many a happy afternoon. Perhaps, as civilization has come in, the flounders have stayed lower down the bay.

Traveling, in short, was done by retail in those days, and such combinations as those of to-day, by which a hundred thousand people are thrown upon Boston daily, and as many taken away, were wholly unknown, not to say not dreamed of. Retail traveling, if we are to use that expression, had some points of interest which do not enliven the career of a traveler who is boxed up in a train with three hundred and ninety-nine others, all of them to be delivered, "right side up with care," at the place they wish to go to, while none of them have what Mr. Locke would call an "adequate idea" of the places on the way, if indeed any of them have any idea.

The first of such expeditions which I remember, excepting one on the Middlesex Canal, which has been referred to, was in August and September of 1826, when my father took all of us—that is, my mother and four children—to Sandwich, where he was going to enjoy a week's shooting. The other gentlemen of the party were Daniel Webster, Judge Story, and Judge Fay. Mr. Webster took his family with him; I think the other gentlemen did not take theirs. All of us stayed at Fessenden's tavern; charmingly comfortable then, I fancy, as I know it was afterwards. My early memories of the expedition are quite distinct. It was here and then that I first fired the gun which is the oldest sporting gun here at Matunuck; and a good gun it is, if people are not above an old-fashioned percussion cap. But in those days it had a flintlock. The general use of what are now unknown to young sportsmen, percussion caps, belongs some years later. The bigger boys, Fletcher Webster and my brother Nathan, would be taken out with the gentlemen to hold the horses (in *chaises*, observe) on the beach, while their fathers walked about and shot what they might. But we little fellows stayed at home, to be lifted to the seventh heaven if a loaded gun were brought home at night which we might aim and fire at a shingle. For us and the girls, the principal occupation I remember was playing dinner and tea with the pretty glassware which the Sandwich works were just beginning to make. I believe I have somewhere at this day some specimens of their work for children.

On this expedition, we went and returned, some in the "stage" and some in my father's chaise,—making the journey, I think, in a day. But generally, with so large a host as ours,—which included Fullum,—we went on the summer journey, whatever it was, in what was then, as it is indeed now, called a "barouche." The names "lan-



dau," "victoria," and the like were, I think, unknown. As this business was by no means peculiar to our family, and as it belongs to a civilization quite unlike ours, I will describe it in detail.

We were to go to Cape Ann, and for perhaps a week to take such comfort as the great "tavern" at Gloucester would give. Observe that the word "tavern" was still used, as I think it now is where a tavern exists in the heart of New England, for what the Englishman calls an "inn." We talk now of the Wayside Inn, the Wayland Inn, and so on, but this is all in a labored, artificial, and indeed foreign speech introduced from England within a generation past. To prepare for such an expedition, Fullum would be sent from stable to stable to hire the best barouche he could find, and a span of horses. Happy the boy who selected himself, or was selected by destiny, to accompany him on this tour of inspection! When the happy morning arrived, Fullum brought round his carriage and horses early, fastened on the trunk behind, — for I think there never was but one, — and the two elders, and in this case of Cape Ann the five children, with books and hand baggage, always with maps of the country, were packed away in and on the carriage. Both of us boys, of course, sat on the box with Fullum, who drove. If, on any such occasion, there were a very little boy, Fullum would arrange a duplicate set of reins for the special use of the youngster, which were attached, not to the horses' bits, but to the rings on the saddles. In this particular expedition to Cape Ann, we stopped at the Lynn Mineral Spring Hotel, long since abandoned, I think, and reached Gloucester only perhaps on the second day.

What happened to the old people there, I am sure I do not know. To us children, there were those ineffable delights of playing with the ocean, the kindest, safest, and best playmate which any child can have. Sandwich had given

us only the first taste of it. Here we had our first real knowledge of what sea-urchins are, and what people call "sand dollars," horseshoe crabs, cockles, ray's eggs, and the various seaweeds, from devil's aprons up or down. The cape had not assumed the grandeur of a summer watering-place. The modern names were unknown. There was no Rockport or Pigeon Cove to go to. It was Sandy Bay or Squam to which one drove. I remember the ejaculation of some fishermen's children, as they saw the barouche for the first time: "What is it? It ain't the mail, and it ain't a shay."

At that time, and certainly as late as 1842, a group of children in the country, if they saw a carriage approaching, would arrange themselves hastily in a line on one side of the road and "make their manners." That is, they would all bow as the carriage passed. The last time that I remember seeing this was in 1842, in Hampshire County, as the stage passed by. It was done good-naturedly, with no sign of deference, but rather, I should say, as a pleasant recognition of human brotherhood in a lonely region; as two men, if they were not Englishmen, might bow to each other, wherever they were far from other men.

In our particular family, the annual journey was made to my grandfather's house in Westhampton, a pleasant town among the hills in Hampshire County, where my father was born. He took his wife there in his chaise when they were married, in 1816, and hardly a summer passed, until 1837, when he did not make the same journey with his whole family. This then numbered seven children, beside himself and my mother, and of course Fullum. To my father, it was a matter of pride that on the last of these journeys we went on his own railroad to Worcester. In 1835, the carriage was taken on a truck on the passenger train, in which we rode; but I need not say that Fullum preferred to sit in the carriage all the way, and did so.

There was a charm in such half-vagrant journeying, about which the Raymond tourist knows nothing. There was no sending in advance for rooms, and you took your chances at the tavern, where you arrived, perhaps, at nine o'clock at night. It may be imagined that the sudden appearance at the country tavern of a party of ten, of all ages, from three months upward, was an event of interest. In those times, the selectmen knew what they meant when they said that no person should dispense liquor who did not provide for travelers. Practically, it was a convenience to any village to have a place where travelers could stay; and practically, the people of that village said to the man whom they licensed to sell liquor, "If you have this privilege, you must provide a decent place of entertainment for strangers." One man kept the tavern, perhaps, for his life long. It had its reputation as good or poor; and you avoided certain towns because So-and-So did not keep a good house. The practical difficulty of such traveling in New England now is, that you are by no means sure of finding a comfortable place to sleep, when your day's journey is over. The New England tavern of the old fashion held its own to the most advantage, in later times, in the State of Maine, on the roads back into the lumber region; and I dare say such comfortable houses for travelers may be found there now.

These country taverns always had signs, generally swinging from a post with a cross-bar, in front of the house. The sign might be merely the name of the keeper; this was a sad disappointment to young travelers. More probably it was the picture of the American eagle or of a rising sun. Neptune rising from the sea was a favorite device. I remember at Worcester the Elephant, and I have seen the portrait of General Wolfe on the Newburyport tavern, and more than one General Washington.

After I was a man, I had occasion to travel a good deal, one summer, in northern Vermont, where the tavern signs still existed. Almost without exception, their devices were of the American eagle with his wings spread, or of the American eagle holding the English lion in chains, or of the lion chained without any American eagle. These were in memory of Macomb's and Chauncey's victories at Plattsburg and on the lake. They also, perhaps, referred to the fact that most of these taverns were supported by the wagons of smugglers, who, in their good large peddlers' carts, provided themselves with English goods in Canada, which they sold on our side of the line. In our generation, one is more apt to see a tavern sign in a museum than hanging on a gallows-tree.

Meandering along through Leicester, Spencer, Belchertown, Ware, Amherst, Northampton, or some of these places, we arrived at my grandfather's pretty home in Westhampton on the morning of the third day. Then, for three or four days came absolute and infinite joy. We had cousins there, just our own ages, of whom we were very fond. For the time of our visit they gave themselves, without stint or hindrance, to the entertainment of their friends from Boston. First of all, horses were to be provided, and saddles, that we boys might ride. Little did the country boys understand what joy it was to us to find ourselves scampering over the hills. Then there was the making of traps for woodchucks. If it chose to rain, we were in the great workshop of the farm, using such tools as we had never seen at home. In the evening there were "hunt the slipper" and "blindman's buff," the latter an entertainment which we could follow even on Sunday evening, as I believe I have said, and follow then with more enthusiasm than on other evenings, because other cousins and the children of neighbors came in to join with us. In that New England parsonage, — never so



called, by the way, — the old Connecticut customs prevailed, and “the Sabbath” began promptly as the sun went down on Saturday night, and was well ended when the sun set on Sunday. The hills of Westhampton are high, and sunset on Sunday evening came early.

So it was that the great joy of life was the visit at grandfather’s every summer. My grandfather was the minister of this town for fifty-seven years. I think I saw the dear old gentleman last in 1834; it must have been in 1837, after his death, that we made the last visit there, when my grandmother was still living. I did not myself return to Westhampton for fifty years, when it was to preach in his pulpit. It was pleasant to find that, after two generations, the people of the town remembered him fondly. I found the pulpit of the meeting-house and the chancel behind it decorated with flowers, and the word “Welcome,” wrought in flowers, hung above me. So I went back to the happiest days of my New England boyhood.

I have already alluded to the infrequency of communication between this country home — for it was such to all of us children — and the home in Boston. The cousins in the country, when autumn came, would not forget us in Boston, and would crack butternuts and walnuts for us, of kinds they thought we should not have, pick out the great meats, and pack them carefully to be sent down. Such a box would be sent to Northampton, and put on board a boat which went to Hartford. There it would be put on board a sloop, in which it was to sail out of the Connecticut River and around Cape Cod to Boston. In the same sloop was perhaps a keg of my grandmother’s apple-sauce, or some other treasure from the farm. Great joy for us, if all these pleasant memorials arrived in time; great sorrow, if a letter came, stating that the sloop was frozen up opposite Lyme, or somewhere else in the Connecticut River, and would not appear with its precious

cargo until the next spring. Such were the difficulties of sending a box a hundred and ten miles across Massachusetts in the year 1830.

To putting an end to such difficulties by the railroad system my father gave much of the active part of his life, as I have before said. When it was thought crazy to talk about such things, he talked about the possibilities of a railroad westward. When it was necessary to induce men of capital to subscribe, with infinite difficulty he obtained a subscription of a million dollars capital for the Boston and Worcester railroad. He was the first president and first superintendent of that railroad, and had the great joy of importing its first engine from Liverpool. This, as I have said, was the *Meteor*; she was ordered from George Stephenson himself, immediately after the success of the *Rocket* in the famous railway trial between Liverpool and Manchester in 1830. The arrival of the *Meteor* in Boston, with the engine-driver who was to set her up and to run her first trips, was a matter of great joy to us boys. At the same time, the *Yankee* was built by a company in Boston, at their works at the cross-dam of the Milldam; and an engine always called the “Colonel Long” was built for the Boston and Worcester railroad at Philadelphia, under the auspices of the same Colonel Long who gave the name to Long’s Peak at the West. He was in the engineer service of the United States, and this engine was built to burn anthracite coal.

The *Meteor* was at once set up in Boston, and started on her experimental trips. It is easy to see how much this would interest the men who had looked forward to her success, and, equally, how much it would interest their sons. The engine-driver was good to my brother and me, and we had the great pleasure of making some of the earliest of her trips with him. I have spoken of the opening of the road to West Newton. I think they must still have there the sign which

was put up on Davis's hotel, representing the engine and car of the period. It ought to be preserved in some historical collection there. Boston roused itself to the new interest, and every afternoon eight cars went out to Newton and back, that people might say they had ridden on the new railroad. Many a straw hat was burned through by the cinders which lighted upon it, and many notions were gained for the future.

What is now called the American system was first tried in the cars built for the Worcester railroad at Worcester, by the founder of the present firm of Bradley. The suggestion was made, I believe, by my father; he saw very early the difficulty of the old system, in which the conductor ran around on a platform on the outside. I remember, as among the close approaches to death which in any man's life stand out distinctly, that, when I was in college, I ran after a train on which I was to go to Natick, sprang upon it when in motion, and felt myself falling. I supposed that the last instant of my life had come, while I fell for the first few inches. Then I found myself astride of the long, narrow platform on which I had intended to stand. Risks like this were what all the conductors of the early railroads ran; and I suppose, indeed, the English guards may have to run them, to a certain extent, to the present day.

The Boston and Worcester station in 1833, and for some time after, was on the ground now occupied by Indiana Street and by Brigham's milk depot, between Washington Street and Tremont Street. Tremont Street had just been laid out on the level of the salt marshes. It was at the instance of the Worcester railroad that its grade was raised, many years after, and that company was obliged to take the cost of lifting the houses which had been built on the lower level. It is to that change of level that we owe it that the whole South End of Boston is now built on the level above

the marsh, instead of being built, as the few houses originally on it were, scarcely above the level of high tide.

## VII.

### THE WORLD BEYOND BOSTON.

All boys, from the nature of their make-up, are great politicians. The boys of sixty years ago were not unlike boys of to-day in this matter, and, when an election day came around, we were glad to spend as much time as we could at the places where people were voting. Happy the boy to whom some vote-distributor would give a handful of votes, and happier he who could persuade some one to take a ballot from those which he had given to him. This, by the way, was not very long after the time when a certain superstition held in Massachusetts by which every ballot was written. Early in the century, gentlemen interested in an election would call on the women of the family, if they could write well, to write out ballots which could be used at the polls. But I never saw such written ballots.

The separation between Boston and the rest of the world affected a good deal the political combinations. I do not suppose that our present compact system of national political parties could possibly exist without the convenience of the telegraph and the railroad. I should say, historically, that it began in the great convention of young men which was held in the city of Baltimore, in the year 1840, by way of advancing the election of President Harrison. Independent and sovereign as Massachusetts was, in the election of 1836, her National Republicans, as they called themselves, nominated Mr. Webster as candidate for President, though nobody else nominated him, and the electoral votes of Massachusetts were given for him and for Mr. Granger. The leaders of any American party would



hesitate before they should make such a separate demonstration now. And this habit of separation shows itself more distinctly in the newspapers of the time.

I have already said that I was a great deal in the printing-office of the *Daily Advertiser*, which my father edited, as well as in his book-office. He maintained with care and interest the old system of apprenticeship, and always had one or more bright boys, whom he had taken into his office that they might learn the whole art and mystery of printing and what concerned the publication of a newspaper. One of these young men, to whose counsels and help we boys were largely indebted, still lives, honored in the community where he has been known for many years, as the director of the *Barnstable Patriot*,—Mr. Sylvanus Phinney. To have a boy a little older than yourself as your comrade in the office, to have him show you what you could handle and what you could not handle, was in itself a piece of education.

Mr. Phinney could perhaps tell better than I can a newspaper story, not of my boyhood, but of girlhood in Boston. In the year 1820, the convention met which revised the constitution of Massachusetts. The *Advertiser* published the full report of the proceedings, and this report was made up in my father's workroom, in the lower story of the house in Tremont Street. He was suffering at that time from an accident by which he nearly lost the sight of one of his eyes, and all his writing was done at home by my mother. So it would happen of an evening that the gentlemen most interested in the convention would look in at the house to revise the reports of their own speeches, and perhaps to consult about the work of the next day. Mr. Webster and Judge Story were two of the prominent leaders of that convention. They were on terms of the closest intimacy at our house, and would come in almost every even-

ing for this purpose. Mother would be sitting in the room to do any writing which might be required, and, lest she should be called away to the baby of the time, the baby lay asleep in the cradle while the work of dictation went on. Speeches were made, proofs corrected, baby rocked, and undoubtedly a great deal of the fun of such bright young people passed to and fro with every evening.

Afterwards, in friendly recognition of the hard night-work of the winter, when the convention was well over, and its proceedings were published in a volume which is now one of the cherished nuggets of the collectors, mother had a great cake made for the workmen at the office. She frosted it herself, and dressed it with what in those days they used to call "cockles" of sugar. These cockles generally had little scraps of poor verses, which were supposed to be entertaining. But in this case she had cut out from the proofs the epigrams of the convention debates, and as the apprentices and journeymen ate their cake they found, to their amusement, that the work of their own hands had furnished what were called the mottoes.

The journalist of to-day thinks he is much ahead of the journalist of that time, and in many regards he is; but there were certain excitements which belonged to newspaper life then which do not belong to it now. The day when the *Sirius* arrived in Boston, the first in the line of Cunard vessels which have arrived regularly from that day to this, was one of these exciting days. My father went over in person upon the *Sirius*, talked with the officers, and came back with English newspapers almost as late as he had ever seen. I say "almost as late," because the passage of the *Sirius* was, I think, twenty days, and we had traditions in the office of rapid runs of Baltimore clippers or other fast vessels which had come over in less time. It was after this that, in a winter passage,

the Great Western at New York brought news which was thirty-five days later than the latest news which we had from Europe. In earlier times there would be many instances of longer periods when neither continent knew anything of the other.

Under such circumstances, the newspaper editor depended much more upon his foreign correspondent than he does now. The foreign correspondent of to-day digests news of which he knows the details have already gone by telegraph. He is in some sort a foreign editor, but he does not expect to send the detail of news. And there was an element of chance about the arrival of sailing-vessels which added to the curiosity of your morning paper. In our office, Mr. Ballard, who had the charge of the ship news, might board a vessel below in the harbor, whose captain had no idea that he had brought the latest news. Then this poor captain would be beset to hunt up every newspaper that he had on board. Perhaps he had been so foolish that he had not bought the last paper of the day on which he started. Whether he had or had not, it was the business of the boat which boarded him first to get every paper he had, so that no other paper in town might have a word of his intelligence. Perhaps all these papers arrived at the office but a little while before you went to press; then it was your business to make the best show you could of the news, and possibly it was your good fortune to be able to say that no other paper had it.

I remember that we had the news of the French Revolution of 1830, which threw Charles X. from the throne, on a Sunday morning. When such things happened, the foreman in the office made up what was really an "Extra" by throwing together, as quickly as he had them in type, a few galleys of the news; in that case, probably rapidly translated from the French papers. Then these galleys would be struck off on a separate hand-

bill, and such handbills were circulated as "Extras." And it is to this habit that the present absurd nomenclature is due by which one buys every day an "Extra" which is published at a certain definite time. All this is fixed upon my mind, because, when I came home from "meeting" on that particular Sunday, I was told the news that there was another revolution in France, and had the "Extra" given me to carry down to Summer Street, where one of my uncles lived. There is a certain picturesqueness about the receipt and delivery of news, when it comes in such out-of-the-way fashions, which the boy or girl of to-day finds it hard to understand.

Of course, with type as much as we wanted, and all the other facilities for home printing, we printed our own newspapers. I do not think that at our house we did it so much as boys would to whom the making-up of a newspaper was not a matter of daily observation, involving a good deal of errand-running and other work which was anything but play. But we older boys had the Fly, which was our newspaper, and my brother Charles, not long after, started the Coon in the midst of the Harrison campaign, which survived for a good many years.

I believe that the last issue of the Fly is that which records the death of Lafayette, in 1836. We had not type enough then to print more than one page at a time. Three pages of the Fly had been printed, and the fourth was still to be set up, when the news of Lafayette's death arrived. This was too good a paragraph to be lost, and we knew we could anticipate every other paper in Boston by inserting it. But, unfortunately, the *n*'s had given out. We had turned upside down all the *u*'s we had, and they also had given out. Also, still more unfortunately for printers in this difficulty, Lafayette had chosen to die of an "influenza," which disease was at that moment asserting



itself under that name in France. It had not yet been called "la grippe," which would have saved us. We succeeded in announcing the death of "the good, generous, noble Lafayette," although "generous" needed one *n* and one *u*, and "noble" took one of the last *n*'s. The paragraph went on to say that the death was "caused by," and the last *u* was devoured by "caused." Then came the word "influenza." "The boldest held his breath for a time." But we were obliged ignominiously to go to press with the statement that his death was "caused by a cold." This was safe, and required no *n* and no *u*. Alas! in the making-up of the form the precious *n* of the word "noble" fell out; and any library which contains a file of the *Fly* will show that its last statement to the world is that "the good, generous, noble Lafayette has died; his death being caused by a cold." Such are the exigencies of boy printers in all times.

I have gone into detail as to the communications between the people in the country and the people who lived in Boston, in the hope of making the reader feel distinctly the isolation which separated Boston from the rest of the world. That isolation has left its marks on the character of Boston till this day. It explains the amusing cockneyisms of Boston which make other people laugh at us, and a certain arrogance of provincialism which crops out very oddly among people who have sons and daughters in every part of the world, and whose communication is now so free in every direction. "In the beginning it was not so." The people of Boston had a very large foreign trade from its origin till comparatively recent times. Now they have a little, and half their population is of a stock which came very recently from Europe. But in the beginning of this century there was very little immigration from Europe. Indeed, what there was was looked upon with a cer-

tain distrust. About the time I went to college, or a little later, a society of the most intelligent people in Boston was organized for the express purpose of keeping out foreign "immigration." We purists made a battle against that word. Professor Edward Channing would have resented the use of it in a college theme with the same bitterness with which Mr. Webster resented "in our midst," — a phrase which, I believe, you may now find in the *Atlantic Monthly*.<sup>1</sup> One of the most intelligent gentlemen in Boston was appointed to the business of keeping out immigrants, — a business which can only be compared to Mrs. Partington's determination to sweep out the tide when it was rising in the English Channel! He had his office on Long Wharf, and wrote and forwarded circulars to Ireland to explain to the people of Ireland that they had better not come to this country. At the same moment, the very people who paid his salary were building up a system of manufacturing and internal improvements which was actually impossible without the immigration which they had appointed him to check.

There was at that time, however, a distinct determination on the part of the best people in Boston that it should be absolutely a model city. They had Dr. Channing preaching the perfectibility of human nature; they had Dr. Joseph Tuckerman determined that the gospel of Jesus Christ should work its miracles among all sorts and conditions of men; they had a system of public education which they meant to press to its very best; and they had all the money which was needed for anything good. These men subscribed their money with the greatest promptness for any enterprise which promised the elevation of human society.

In speaking of the lecture system, I have already stated their notion that if

<sup>1</sup> For the first and the last time. — *ED. ATLANTIC MONTHLY.*

people only knew what was right they would do what was right. So they founded first the Massachusetts Hospital, then its annex for the insane; then they made the State contribute to the deaf-and-dumb asylum in Hartford; they established their asylum for the blind at South Boston. Indeed, they expected to trample out every human ill, exactly as the most optimistic young medical expert in New York, at the moment when I write these lines, expects to trample out every cholera bacillus who shall present his little head in sight of the lens of the most powerful microscope. What these excellent people might have done, had Boston remained the funny little town it was in the year 1820, I do not know. But it did not remain any such place. The population was then 43,298; in 1830 it was 61,392. The increase in ten years is forty-one per cent of the population at the first enumeration, — an increase which would be thought very remarkable in the growth of any old city now. It indicates great prosperity. In the same ten years the population of the city of New York increased from 123,706 to 202,589, an increase of sixty-

four per cent. Such figures should be remembered, by the way, by people who tell us that the present rate of the increase of cities is without precedent.

The growth, though rapid, and on the whole encouraging for the manufacturing system of New England, tended to divert capital to a certain extent from that foreign commerce which had been created and nourished by European wars. So soon as capital placed itself in one or another site of the interior, as Lowell, Manchester, Fall River, Holyoke, and the rest came into existence, so soon, of course, the Boston boy found out that there was a world outside of State Street and Milk Street. And now that Boston capital loves to place itself at any point where capital is needed, between Lockwood's Cape in 82° north latitude and Terra del Fuego on the outside of the Strait of Magellan, there is no longer an opportunity for a Boston boyhood to be spent in the conditions which surrounded me. These were physically almost the same as those which surrounded the boyhood of Samuel Sewall in the seventeenth century, or Henry Knox in the eighteenth.

*Edward Everett Hale.*

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### A MORNING AT SERMIONE.

"SIRMIO, brightest jewel of all forelands or islands that have been begotten in pellucid mere or in the illimitable ocean," wrote Catullus two thousand years ago, "how willing and how pleased am I to come home to you! . . . Can there be a greater blessing than when the cords of care are snapped and the mind lets slip its burden, — when, spent with toil in far-off places, we come to our home sanctuary, and find rest on the long-dreamed-of couch? . . . Welcome, lovely Sirmio! Make merry before your master! Make merry, too, ye waves of

the water of Lydia! and let every jocund echo with which home is haunted break into laughing!"

The character of Catullus would not have stood out clearly without this note of feeling. In his precocious youth, and in his passionate relish for life and his ability to find in art a spontaneous expression for every heart-beat, he reminds us of Keats, Byron, and Musset, all spendthrifts of emotion, who summed up the meaning of half a dozen existences to fling it away before their early deaths. "Catulle," wrote Pezay, his



French translator, "mourut jeune et avait vécu." Yet as the lover of Lesbia and the enamored victim of her coquetties and perfidies, or as the man of letters and of high fashion, he could hardly have kindled in us moderns the reciprocal feeling which is roused by this touch of homesick feeling for his summer retreat on Lake Benacus (our Lago di Garda), by his susceptibility to the inspiration of out-of-door life, and by his loving interpretative sympathy for all the familiar aspects of the spot, as recognizable now as then, — the lapping of the waters on the shore, the echoes which endlessly repeat the music, the charm of the freshening gale, the splendor of the crimsoning day.

Without these associations, Garda, bluest of lakes, would still be one of the loveliest; but there is a distinct charm in recognizing the very spirit and essence of the local color which delighted Catullus twenty centuries ago. We had come from Venice to Verona, and from Verona to the Lago di Garda, to spend a day at Sermione. We had reached the Hotel Royal at Desenzano just in time for a seven o'clock *table d'hôte* dinner, of which we were the sole partakers. A thunderstorm had overtaken us at Verona, and shower after shower had chased each other across the landscape, as we left that city behind us and pursued our journey. But when, after dinner, we walked forth from the dining-room to the stone terrace which bordered the lake, the sky had cleared, except towards the north, where, above Mounts Tragna, Baldo, and Tremalgo, heavy clouds were piled, — some dark purple, others snowy white, but all at this moment flushed with crimson and amber. It was hard to define which was mountain and which cloud, but massed together they made a magnificent background for the lake, where the storm-wind still worked, lashing high billows into breakers, twisting and tearing their crests into strange shapes, and hurling them against the

piers with a force which broke them into showers of spray. Half a dozen fishermen and lads were bailing out the boats and drawing them up on the beach, talking and gesticulating, while they watched with curiosity, and perhaps anxiety, the movements of three or four sloops, their red and yellow sails reefed, which veered and tacked, and tacked and veered, seeming powerless to make headway against the boisterous sea. That no lake is so gusty or so dangerous for navigation as Garda has been known since Vergil's time, when he described

"Benacus where the insurgent billow makes  
A noise like ocean's own."

Stretching as it does for thirty-five miles from southwest to northeast, the narrow upper half of the deep basin being enclosed by precipitous mountains, while the lower part spreads wide with comparatively flat and open shores, it is a favorite track of storms, which, once gathered in, are pent up as in a funnel, and rage and fume long after the force of the tempest is spent elsewhere.

Sometimes a passing effect of light invests a scene with wild, weird possibilities which remain a part of our imaginative memory. The stormy grandeur of this first impression of Garda was merged in one of perfect beauty when we awoke next morning and saw the sun flooding the lake with gold and the terraces with every joyous color. Yet no disenchantment destroyed my illusion of the Alpine magnificence of the scenery; for although everywhere else the skies were blue and the water and shores inwoven with golden light, above the mountains at the north still hung the purple clouds crested with white domes and spires, tempting one to believe that snow-peaks and dazzling glaciers lend sublimity to Garda.

It is not only pleasantest, but safest, where the Italian lakes are concerned, to love much and many; or, if one confesses to any preference, to declare that the one last seen and best recalled is the most exquisite; for, by comparing and

criticising and confessing ourselves partisans, we run the risk of missing the special charm of one which serves to complete the chromatic scale of beauty which makes the Italian lakes peerless. If I were myself to be a lake, I fancy I should choose to be Varese: nothing wonderful in myself, but for the blessedness of mirroring the lovely pastoral foregrounds which rise above its shores into the undulating hills with the bloom of a fruit decking their distances, — that nameless liquid color between lapis lazuli and amethyst; dotted here and there by farmhouses, by the white walls of convents and red-roofed campanile towers where soft silvery bells are forever sounding; then, higher still, like a magical vision in mid-air, the great peaks and domes of the huge Alpine rampart showing from Monte Viso to Monte Leone, with Monte Rosa's four sharp peaks dominating the chain; then, above all, the vast crystal sky.

For sheer ideal loveliness and perfection, there is, of course, nothing like the Lake of Como at Bellagio, where, look in what direction one may, the view fills, enchants, and tranquilizes eye, mind, and soul. Then Maggiore, with its splendid amplitude, its dazzling vistas of great snow-peaks, its islands, each a fairy-tale, its purple shores with their bewildering lights and solemn shadows, — for grandeur there is nothing like Maggiore.

But on that July day Garda was sufficiently lovely to make one's heart swell with a sense of the consummation of the ideal.

"Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear."

It was not enough for the waters to be blue; they ran through the entire scale of blue tones, from palest azure to lapis lazuli and indigo. A soft, almost imperceptible swell, only just enough to give an endless effect of shimmer and glancing light, stirred the surface of the lake. We took an early breakfast in the *loggia* outside our rooms, part of it beneath a

trellis where great bunches of grapes just beginning to swell burned like globules of green light, as the sun shone through them. At our right rose tall oleanders from the court beneath, their sprays of rosy blossoms thrown into relief against the blue of the sky and the blue of the lake. At our left was a thicket of pomegranates with their gemlike flowers, and orange and lemon trees, their deep verdure lighted up by globes of pale yellow and starry blooms, all alike threaded with the intensely brilliant sunlight. To cavil over bitter coffee and poor butter in such a spot would have been to forget a divine birthright for a mess of pottage. One has often enough drunk excellent coffee in a stuffy room where not a prospect pleased.

We might have crossed the lake in a boat to the promontory of Sermione, but at intervals a mutter of thunder came from the mountains at the north, and, remembering the stormy Benacus of the preceding day, we decided to go by carriage instead. A leisurely drive round the lake had its own attractions, since, besides glimpses of Garda, it would give a closer view of the fields. Italian agriculture had, I will confess, aroused an inextinguishable curiosity in me. No sooner had I crossed the Alps than the difference of method, besides the difference of climate, startled my attention, piqued my curiosity, and charmed me with its picturesqueness. No longer did the landscape, as in France, bring up at every turn pictures by Corot, Millet, Rousseau, and Daubigny. Yet never, it seemed to me, was any landscape so distinctly human as that of northern Italy. Vergil tells of the necessity laid upon mortals that man, by pondering, might divine the mysteries of creation, and in due time conceive the varying arts whereby we have leave to live. Without having read the Georgics, any observer sees that Nature here has been incessantly watched, coaxed; her every mood divined and pressed into service; her ut-



most ruggedness humored until it becomes generous concession. The beguiling of the streamlets, in their flowing, into garden-beds; the pollarding and the grafting of all trees; the clipping of the poplars for the twigs which furnish the peasant's fuel; the cherishing the life of the willows, so useful for making baskets, and for tying vines to boughs and fruit-trees to espaliers; the forcing of mulberry-trees to pay a double debt, furnishing the support of the vines and giving their leaves to the ravenous silkworms,—all these are evidences of the deft economies of a people habituated by long instinct and tradition to the most careful prevision.

Italian agriculture may be very unscientific, but all the same it is agriculture refined and idealized upon, and an American can only feel that it is charming, and that by comparison our own methods are wasteful, ugly, and unsympathetic. European peasants, with their old-fashioned ways and crude inventions, keep much closer to the great mother than can we, with our costly labor-saving appliances. We are magnificently large in our ideas, disdainful of persevering efforts for small returns, and, measuring Italian corn by our own bushel, their results may seem meagre; but there is an attractiveness about some of these peasants which belongs to careful workers, and to careful workers alone; and their patient methods give their labor a value in itself, and help to elevate them and their speech and their dress into that mysterious grace and attractiveness of human expression which we call picturesque and artistic quality almost without knowing why.

The Italian peasant's golden age is behind, and not before; he would be well content to go on doing as his father and grandfather did before him. He may be a hired laborer working by the season; he may share with the proprietor the produce of the land, or he may himself be the proprietor. But whether pro-

prietor or coöperator, the peasant is certain to give his whole time and thought to the land he works on; not only his own strength, but that of his wife, of his old father and mother, of his children of every age, from the eldest down to the least toddler. There are such diverse and incessant calls for patient activities: stones must be picked up and piled in heaps; twigs and reeds gathered, packed, and bound; fruit trees tied to espaliers; vines watched and trained, the exuberant foliage delicately thinned by tender hands until at last "the dresser sings in the perfect rows." The vineyards and orchards on the terraces of some "sheer cliff side thronged by the dwellings of men" are often a study. Wherever a shelving rock can hold a handful of earth, no precipice is too steep to lose its chance of giving root to the vine or the fig or the olive; or if the soil prove too scanty to sustain such vigorous growth, there is still opportunity to plant the wheat that provides the straw which, during the winter, is woven by women and children into hats, baskets, and fans.

But what perhaps most quickly seizes the imagination is the silk culture.

"Sing, magnarello, merrily,  
As the green leaves you gather!  
In their third sleep the silkworms lie,  
And lovely is the weather.  
Like brown bees that in open glades  
From rosemary gather honey,  
The mulberry-trees swarm full of maids,  
Glad as the air is sunny."

For we remember Miss Preston's charming translation of Mistral's story of *Mirèio's* leaf-picking along with Vincen, as we see the women, girls, and boys in the mulberry-trees filling great brown canvas bags. These "*magnarello*" must lead a lively life for the thirty-five days before the silkworms prepare for their final sleep.

"An artist each in a tiny loom,  
Weaving a web all golden,—  
Fine, frail cells out of sunlight spun,  
Where they creep and sleep by the million."

Towards the middle of July, the steam-

ers which ply on the lakes take on at each landing tall cylindrical baskets, tapering slightly from top to bottom, filled with the soft grayish, yellowish cocoons. These are carried to the centres of the silk industries, then returned empty for fresh supplies.

Yes, the peasant of northern Italy knows little of that *dolce far niente* which we associate with the land of the olive and the vine. He is a hard worker, and incessant toil in the open air ages the women prematurely; that is, wrinkles, withers, and fades them outwardly. I fancy the spirit is not so soon quenched. At Locarno I had an instance of this. I happened to be loitering outside a shop while my companions were making some purchases inside, and, to pass the time, I turned over a pile of sandals and clogs exposed for sale in a basket on the step. I had seen women and girls wearing these *zoccoli* with wooden soles and heels, with a scanty upper consisting generally of a gayly flowered chintz merely covering the toes, thus holding on the shoe most uncomfortably to my eyes. While I held a pair in my hand, a woman at least seventy, to judge by her looks, her dark skin withered like a dead leaf, issued from the place, and stopped with frank and friendly curiosity to look at me. Pleased as I naturally was by such a mark of attention, I endeavored to explain to her by gestures (for my scanty knowledge of the language did not meet the requirements of the case) my sense of the unsuitability and discomfort of such foot-gear. I intimated that the clogs were heavy, and, being fastened to the foot only at the toes, the heel flopped loosely at every step. She caught my meaning as by divination. She extended her own foot, set off by a gay sandal, and put it down with a smart clatter of the heel on the stone step, evidently a respectable, affluent, perhaps musical sound to her ears: she danced about to show the ease and lightness of movement induced by the shoes; she caught one off her foot

to suggest with what deftness it might punish an offender; she cracked invisible nuts with it, hammered imaginary nails; she replaced it on her foot and waded through possible puddles of water; in fact came victoriously out of the wordless controversy, and, pointing to my own high, tightly-buttoned-up and immovable boots, gave a decisive shake of the head, having proved conclusively that they were a feeble, useless, and clumsy contrivance in comparison with her clogs. Indeed, I am inclined to doubt whether European peasants are often consumed by envy of any of the appurtenances or distinctive personal traits of the travelers and tourists whose invasion they accept with some quizzical curiosity and much ironical observation. A generous Providence has decreed that the *forestieri* should be bitten by the gadfly of unrest, and, tormented by a desire for escape, run up and down the gracious earth; staring at what is time-worn and immemorial as if it were a brand-new novelty; discussing the obvious; putting questions about simple every-day things which even a *bambino* is born with a clear knowledge of; making the drollest mistakes in the language, which, were it not for manners, would double any sensible man or woman up with laughter; and all the time flinging about *lire* and *soldi* as if they burned in our pockets, for which saving grace of circumstance the saints be thanked, since it makes bearable the stupidities we commit.

This gossiping digression belongs to the road to Sermione, where everything, from a peasant to a *pergola* of vines, takes the eye. Yesterday's showers have brought forth thousands of fresh blossoms out of the very dust of the wayside, from each crevice and cranny of wall and pavement, new to unfamiliar eyes and of an exotic prettiness. At our right the cornfields and vineyards glitter with fresh brilliancy of color; the vines have grown riotous, and not only fall in festoons, but take possession



of the whole tree which offers its support; the gray-green olives ripple into silver as the wind stirs them, and the acacias and poplars shimmer and shiver, while here and there a cypress, black as night, tapers up into the air, immovable except for a sort of rhythmical vibration. On our left is the heavenly blue lake, with its villages, its fertile shores, its rocky promontories, hills, precipices, and high mountains, over which fleecy clouds keep guard. Our driver tells us that the lake is fed by springs, some hot and others cold. He points to a place where the water eddies and ripples, showing an incessant disturbance below the surface. He explains that the depth of the lake varies very much according to the season, and that the melting of the snows in spring causes great freshets. He goes on to say that Garda has always been famous for its excellent fish: pilchards, *carpione*, trout, eels, pike, barbel, tench, and carp. Some of the *carpione* (salmon trout) are of enormous size and excellent flavor, and have from time immemorial been the delight of epicures. There are traditional recipes for cooking all these fish of the lake, and who knows but that they were handed down from the feasts given by Catullus at Sermione or on board of his yacht? The huge eels of Garda, for example, should be roasted before a bed of live coals, and at every turn sprinkled with a dressing of crumbs and spices, basted with their own fat, and finally deliciously encrusted with this rich dressing. As for pilchards, they are to be thrown on the fire while yet alive, to be skinned and dressed after a leisurely roasting, then eaten simply with the unsurpassed olive oil of Sermione, salt, and pepper.

Americans, accustomed to our own easily exhausted lakes and rivers, find occasion for surprise and admiration when they see the waters of Europe everywhere teeming with choice fish. We have to confess that these effete peoples

seem in some occult way not only themselves to have understood for many generations the art of living, but of making possible the lives of those who come after them. They possess the knack both of eating their cake and having it.

The isthmus which connects Sermione with the mainland is so low and so narrow that one readily accepts the statement that the promontory often becomes an island when the waters of the lake rise. This slight neck of land offers a good opportunity for fortifications, and the Scaligers, who for the better part of two centuries were powerful princes of Verona, built the castle under whose portecullis we now pass. The coat-of-arms of the Scaligers, which we have so lately seen on the tombs of the family at Verona, adorns the walls. It was in this castle that Julius Cæsar Scaliger, one of the greatest humanists and authors of the sixteenth century, was born. It is interesting to note the fact that Catullus, a Veronese, had a villa at Sermione, and that twelve centuries later the princes of Verona and their descendants found the same promontory a favorite retreat. But we clatter into the village, indifferent to the towers and battlements of mediæval times, which seem too modern for such a classical neighborhood. It is roughly paved, like all Italian villages, and we are glad to leave the carriage and pursue our way on foot.

For this is Sermione, the Sirmio of Catullus, that eye of heaven, that brightest jewel of all promontories or islands, as he loved to call it. Too often, in exploring antiquities, we have been jostled by the modern, but the unique charm of Sermione lies in the absolute solitariness of the place. Along with the little fishing-village which we leave behind us drops away almost every reminder of the busy, pushing world. Gardens and orchards cover the promontory, but the sight of growing maize and wheat and fruit and vine does not separate us from Nature, only familiarizes her aspect.

There is no sound but that of birds, and of the thousands of cicadas that take voice together in the olive groves we are traversing, — a sound so multitudinous and so continuous that it soon gains rhythm, and half pleases and contents the ear. Still, through the din of it we are conscious of the wash of the waves on the rocks below. We have a guide who points out to us a building which he calls the Baths of Catullus, and a troop of boys follow and waylay us, anxious to light up the subterranean grottoes for our edification. But after a time these well-meant efforts are spent; we are left to take our sight-seeing in our own way, and we emerge from the orchard upon what seems a bold bluff rising high above the water, to find the silence and solitude unspoiled. The blue lake is spread out before us, with the bulwark of cloud-crested mountains for a background. Planted under and against sheer cliffs, here and there along the bold shores nestle villages. Between the rocky headlands are stretches of rich country rising in gentle undulations to the purple hills. The color of the lake, the graceful sweep of the coast with its far reaches basking in the lazy shimmering light, the mountains and the gorgeous cloud-pageant which transfigures them, are at first quite enough to satisfy us, and we hardly think of the ruins we have come to see. The sound of the lapping waves as they “break into laughing” comes up with sweet persistence, as they wash incessantly the shelving rocks whose whiteness is visible for a long distance into the lake under the transparent waters.

The view is so magically lovely, and so varied by its coloring of incomparable breadth and depth, that it is only after a time that we discover that the headland we have gained is in fact the roof of the ruins; that it is formed by a gradual accretion of *débris* above the walls, arches, columns, and towers of once stately edifices. The audacity of nature fairly

startles us, when we see that by the slow processes of these twenty centuries, storms, floods, perhaps earthquakes, the growth and decay of vegetation, these monuments of antiquity have almost been absorbed into the bosom of Mother Earth herself. The lofty walls, six hundred feet long, which support this end of the promontory supplement the original rocks and cliffs which belong to it, and now it is no easy task to tell where nature ends and art begins.

Between the toppling elevation where we are sitting and the shore are beautiful detached columns and arches, overrun by rich ivy, and crested with nodding grasses, scarlet poppies, and bright pinks which teasing, plundering black bees are searching flower by flower. Lizards dart and rustle. We descend to the water's edge by a precipitous path, and survey the ruins from the level of their foundations. Looked at from this point, the scene not only delights by its loveliness, but touches by its desolation; and it troubles the intellect as well, for it rouses more questions than any earthly being can answer.

It seems incredible that so little should be definitely known of architectural remains so striking. Yet it may be argued that the exact site of Pliny's country house on the Lago di Como can hardly be said to be determined; and if his letters, which, with graceful pedantry, keep alive so many details of his private life, have not preserved such a landmark, how little could we reasonably expect to find any authentic revelation concerning the summer retreat of Catullus! For the poems of Catullus were wholly lost sight of for a whole era, and were only rediscovered in the fourteenth century by a notary of Verona, — rediscovered, indeed, only to be once more lost for a period. Local traditions, handed down from father to son, that Catullus owned a house on the Lago di Garda we could scarcely count on. The poems alone give the clue to the fact that he



built a villa on the promontory of Sirmio on the Lake of Benacus, that here he loved to come, and that here some of the friends who followed him from Verona and from Rome also built villas. Here he brought, by way of the Po and Mincio, his yacht or pinnace, old and shattered, but still dear from its tried usefulness and fleetness in the Adriatic, Propontis, and Euxine, and dedicated to Castor and Pollux, who had led the Argonauts and carried them through the raging tempest, hence were made the deities propitious to navigators.

"Sed hæc prius fuere: nunc recondita  
Senet quiete seque dedicat tibi  
Gemelle Castor et gemelle Castoris."

This Catullus himself has told us, and this is all we know. Of course not a few historians and archaeologists have investigated the subject. Scipio Maffei, of Verona, who in 1731 published his *Verona Illustrata*, believes the whole peninsula of Sermione to have belonged to Catullus, and that his residence was situated at the extremity nearest the lake. This is naturally a conclusion dear to the tourist, who, if obliged to admit that history is nothing but a fable agreed on, prefers that authorities should in no wise conflict, but decide with absolute finality that these ivy-clad arches supported the open loggia of the house of the poet of the republic.

After the siege of Peschiera in 1796, Lacombe Saint-Michel, a general of the French Directory, and himself clearly an ardent admirer of Catullus, surveyed the site of these ruins, and traced to his own satisfaction and that of others the entire ground plan, settling every knotty question. Under the stimulus of these associations General Saint-Michel gave a brilliant *fête* here, and, inviting Anelli, a local poet, host and guest in turn recited their own poems written in praise of the ancient owner of the site. Toasts were interspersed, wine flowed freely, — good Falernian, we trust, — and the enthusiasm rose to such a generous tide of emo-

tion that, when the inhabitants of Sermione happened to arrive with a petition that the French troops quartered upon them should be removed, the general instantly granted the request. Napoleon Bonaparte himself, when on his way to negotiate the treaty of Campo Formio in 1797, turned from his road between Peschiera and Brescia to visit the ruins. These facts are related by Noël, a French writer of the beginning of this century, who gives the plan of the villa of Catullus as sketched by Lacombe Saint-Michel, proving the building to have been large and magnificent, of which statement, indeed, the arches and pilasters leave no reasonable doubt. He argues from these signs of opulence that Catullus must have been possessed of ample means. That he lived as rich men live is clear. A native of Verona, he seems always to have had a house at his disposal there. He was handsomely established in Rome, and owned besides a farm on the confines of the Sabine and Tiburtine territory, to which he frequently retired to recruit after the over-profuse dinners of the capital. It is evident, also, that his means, whatever they may have been, were strained to their utmost. He records his fruitless expedition to Bithynia, in the train of the prætor Memmius, where he hoped and expected to have filled his purse with something better than "cobwebs." There is more than once an allusion in his verses to the scanty rations which, in the present state of his finances, were all he could give his friends. And he frankly recounts how once, when he boasted to the consul Varus and his mistress of the magnificence he maintained in the provinces, the lady slyly begged the good services of some of the half dozen straight-backed fellows he had described, and he was obliged to confess that not a retainer had he at home or abroad.

No doubt he squandered a handsome patrimony recklessly, and was often, like the men he knew familiarly, — gay spend-

thrifths and prodigal poets like himself, — out of pocket; yet all his poems bear witness to his freedom from sordid ambitions and unsatisfied cravings for advancement, and he has always a laugh for his most pressing anxieties. He was no politician, but had a disinterested love for the republic, then beginning to feel the storm and stress of its final days. He was jealous of Cæsar's encroachments, and had a hearty hatred of Cæsar's minions who fattened on the plunder of every land they conquered.

Everywhere Catullus shows the clear-sightedness, the ease of procedure, the independence of a man of ample means who is shut out from no place he cares to enter. But whether he could ever have been possessed of the wealth requisite for building so splendid a villa as the stupendous ruins at Sermione suggest is a question that moderns cannot decide. The Rev. John Chetwode Eustace, who visited the Lago di Garda in 1801, and in 1813 gave to the world his monumental *Classical Tour in Italy*, a book which has never in its way been surpassed either for learning or for charm, has a passage concerning Sermione which I will quote: "The extremity of this promontory is covered with arched ways, towers, and subterranean passages supposed by the inhabitants to be Roman, but bearing, in fact, a strong resemblance to Gothic ruins." Yet whatever the ruins may be, he proceeds to show, Catullus undoubtedly at one period occupied this very spot, and preferred it to any other region. "He could not," Eustace continues, "have chosen a more delightful retreat. In the centre of a magnificent lake, surrounded with scenery of the greatest variety and majesty, apparently secluded from the world, yet beholding from his garden the villas of his Veronese friends, he might have enjoyed alternately the pleasures of retirement and society, and daily, without the sacrifice of his connections, which Horace<sup>1</sup> seems

<sup>1</sup> Lib. i. Ep. 11.

inclined to make in a moment of despondency, beheld the grandeur and agitation of the ocean without its terrors and immensity. . . . In short, more convenience and more beauty were seldom united; and such a peninsula is, as Catullus enthusiastically observes, scarcely to be matched in all the wide range of the world of waters."

That Catullus once lived here, — that is the essence of the thing; and that, in spite of the blight upon his life, he could still come, unspoiled in heart and mind, to enjoy the sound of the swirling waves that lapped unceasingly on the shore, the whisper of the myrtle branches, blossom-laden, and sweet sleep on his "long-dreamed-of couch" at Sermione, is a triumph for human nature which one likes to believe is able to keep itself wholesome in spite of the corruptions of the worst age. He has immortalized himself by recording with an absolute simplicity of truth everything about his own life, and all he met, saw, and felt. That he told of his love for Sirmio in the same direct, spontaneous way with which he described his feeling for Lesbia makes the promontory and the lake his own down to the very heart of them. And the visitor to the spot to-day finds every point of view so pure, so untouched, so admirably lovely, that the place will forever be remembered as an absolutely fresh and unspoiled event in one's experience.

Perhaps after a time, when Rome has been excavated to the last fragment, the ruins of Sermione will be laid bare; the flowers and the grasses and the ivies which now nod over the arches will be torn away; the lizard will no longer be permitted to

"keep

The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep;"

the grottoes now opening in front to the water and in the rear into galleries and labyrinths, and the arches which once supported the great friezes and pedi-



ments, will all be dug out, scraped, and left hideously bare for twentieth-century research. Perhaps then a coin will be found, a medal, or an urn which will throw light on a forgotten period.

But the *fin de siècle* pilgrim may be thankful that so far, at least, Sermione remains unspoiled, not only by the archaeologist, but by the swarm of tourists who create a demand for hotels, pen-

sions, tramways, *funiculaires*, excursion-boats, and steam-whistles. The spirit of its beauty and of its solitude must revisit with unspeakable refreshment the memory of those who have once seen the blue waters, the cloud-crested mountains, the far sweep of lovely coasts, and the crimson and yellow lateen sails of the boats that leave an azure, arrow-like track across the lake.

*Ellen Olney Kirk.*

## THE WITHROW WATER RIGHT.

### IN TWO PARTS. PART SECOND.

ON Sunday morning the Withrow establishment wore that air of inactivity which seems in some households intended to express a mild form of piety. Mother Withrow, it is true, had not yielded to the general weakness, and stood at the kitchen table scraping the frying-pan in a resounding way that might have interfered with the matin hymn of a weaker-lunged man than Lysander. That stentorian musician seemed rather to enjoy it, as giving him something definite to overcome vocally, and roared forth his determination to "gather at the river" from the porch, where he sat with his splint-bottomed chair tipped back, and his eyes closed in a seeming ecstasy of religious fervor.

Old Withrow sat on the step, with his chin in his hands, smoking, and two dove-colored hounds stood, in mantel-ornament attitude, before him, looking up with that vaguely expectant air which even a long life of disappointment fails to erase from the canine countenance. Five or six half-clad chickens, huddling together in the first strangeness of maternal desertion, were drinking from an Indian mortar under the hydrant, and mother Withrow, coming to the door to empty her dish-pan, stood a moment looking at them.

"That there hydrant's quit drippin' again," she said gruffly, turning toward the old man. "Them young ones turn it on to get a drink, and then turn it clear off. 'Pears to me they drink most o' the time. I'd think they come by it honestly, if 'twasn't water. If you ain't too tired holdin' your head up with both hands, s'posin' you stir your stumps and turn it on a drop fer them chickens."

The old man got up with confused, vinous alacrity and started toward the hydrant.

"There's no need o' savin' water on this ranch," he blustered feebly, "I kin tell you that. You'd ought to go up to the spring and see what a good trade you made. I'm a-goin' myself by 'n' by. I knowed" —

He broke off abruptly, as the old woman threw the dish-water dangerously near him.

"If water's so plenty, some folks had ought to soak their heads," she retorted, disappearing through the door.

The old man regulated the hydrant somewhat unsteadily, and returned to a seat on the porch. Lysander's musical efforts had subsided to a not very exultant hum at the first mention of the water supply. Evidently his reflections

on that subject were not conducive to religious enthusiasm. Old Withrow assumed a confidential attitude and touched his son-in-law on the knee.

"She's always so full of her prejudices," he said, pointing toward the kitchen door with his thumb. "Now 'f she'd go along o' me up to the spring and see what a tremenjus flow o' water there is, she'd be pleased as Punch. Now would n't she?"

Lysander brought his chair to the floor with a bang that made the loose boards of the porch rattle.

"Come around the house, pap," he said anxiously.

The hounds followed, dejected, but hopeful, as became believers in special providence.

When the two men were out of hearing of the kitchen, Lysander took his father-in-law by the shoulders and shook him, as if by shaking down the loose contents of his brain he might make room for an idea.

"You want to shut up about the spring. It's give out, — dried up. The blastin' and diggin' in the cañon done it, I s'pose, an' Poindexter — that's the engineer — thinks Forrester 'll make it all right; but you don't want to be coaxin' the old woman up there, not if the court knows herself, and you want to keep your mouth purty generally shut. D'y' understand?"

The old man's face worked in a feeble effort at comprehension.

"Give out, — dried up? Oh, come now. Lysander," he faltered.

"Yes, dried up, and you want to do the same. Don't you think this 'ud be a purty good time fer you to take a trip off some'rs fer your health, pap?"

The old man stood a moment wrestling with the hopelessness of the situation. Besotted as he was, he could still realize the calamity that had overtaken them; could realize it without the slightest ability to suggest a remedy. As the direfulness of it all crept over him, some-

thing very like anger gleamed through the blear of his faded eyes.

"I'm a-goin' to see," he muttered sullenly, turning toward the cañon. "Damn their blastin'! Forrester said it was a good trade. He'd ought to know."

A little later, Melissa started on her much-dreamed-of visit to the camp. She had on her shoes now, and a comfortable sense of the propriety of her appearance induced by this fact, and an excess of starch in the skirt of her pink calico dress, brought a little flush of expectation to her cheek. She had even looked longingly at her best hat in its glory of green and purple millinery, and nothing but the absence of any excuse to offer her mother and sister for such lavish personal adornment had saved her from this final touch to the pathetic discord of her attire.

The silk handkerchief was in her pocket, properly "done up" and wrapped in a bit of newspaper, and she had rehearsed her part in the dialogue that a flattered imagination assured her must ensue upon its presentation until she felt it hardly possible that she could blunder.

"Somehow you don't feel so bashful when you're all dressed up," she reflected, contemplating the angular obtrusiveness of her drapery with the satisfaction that fills the soul of the average *débutante*. "You feel so kind o' sheepish when you're barefooted and your dress is all slimsy."

Poor Melissa! how could she know that yesterday, in all the limp forlornness that had made her hang her head when Sterling spoke to her, she had been a part of the beauty of the cañon, while to-day, in all her pink and rigid glory, she was a garish spot of discordant color in the landscape? How, indeed, do any of us know that we are not at our worst in our most triumphant moments?

The camp was well-nigh deserted, that morning. Poindexter had gone to Santa Elena to consult his employer, and most



of the workmen had preferred the convivial joys of the Mexican saloon at San Gabriel to the stillness of the cañon. Sterling had written a few letters after breakfast, and then, taking his rifle from the rack, sauntered along the little path that led from the camp to the tunnel. The Chinese cook was dexterously slipping the feathers from a clammy fowl at the door of the kitchen tent.

"Hello, John," the young man called cheerfully. "What for you cook chicken? I go catehee venison for dinner."

The Chinaman smiled indulgently. Evidently the deer hunts of the past had not been brilliantly successful.

"I fly one lit' chicken," he said composedly. "He no velly big. By'm by you bling labbit, I fly him too."

"Rabbit!" laughed back the hunter contemptuously, breaking his rifle and peering into the breech to see that it was loaded. "I'll not waste a cartridge on a rabbit, John."

He lapsed from pigeon English with an ease that betokened a new-comer. The Chinaman looked after him pensively.

"Mist' Stellin' heap velly nice man," he said, with gentle condescension; "all same he *no sabe* shoot. By'm by he come home, he heap likee my little flied looster."

He held his "little rooster" rigidly erect by its elongated legs, and patiently picked the pin-feathers from its back. He had finished this process, and, suspending it by one wing in an attitude of patient suffering, was singeing it with a blazing paper, when Melissa appeared.

"What you want, gell?" he demanded autocratically, noticing that she carried no pail.

"Where is the young man, — the tall one?" asked Melissa.

"Young man? Mist' Stellin'? He take 'im gun an' go catehee labbit."

He waved his torch in the direction of the path, and then dropped it on the ground and stamped it out with his queerly shod foot.

Melissa hesitated a moment. She could not risk the precious handkerchief in the hands of the cook. No one else was visible. Two or three workmen were sleeping in the large tent under the wild grapevine. She could hear them breathing in loud nasal discord. It was better to go on up the cañon, she persuaded herself with transparent logic.

"It's purty hard walkin' when you've got your shoes on," she said, justifying her course by its difficulties, with the touch of Puritanism that makes the whole theological world kin, "but if I give it to him myself I'll know he's got it."

She glanced in at the door of the engineer's tent, as she passed. The banjo was there, a point of dazzling light to her eyes, but otherwise the disorder was far from elegant; resulting chiefly from that reckless prodigality in head and foot gear which seems to be a phase of masculine culture.

"I don't see what they want of so many hats and shoes," commented Melissa. "I sh'd think they could go barefooted sometimes, to rest their feet; an' I didn't know folks' heads ever got tired." The thought recalled her own disappointment in the matter of millinery. She put her hand up to the broken rim of her hat. "I've a notion to take it off when I ketch up to him," she soliloquized. "I would if my hair was n't so awful red."

Old Withrow had preceded his daughter, stumbling along the flume path, muttering sullenly. All his groundless elation had suddenly turned to equally groundless wrath. Having allied himself in a stupid, servile way with Forester, he clung to the alliance and its feeble reflected glory with all the tenacity of ignorance. There were not many connected links of cause and effect in the old man's muddled brain, but the value of water, for irrigating purposes only, had a firm lodgment there, along with the advantages to be derived from

friendliness with the owner of a winery. There stirred in him a groveling desire to exonerate Forrester.

"They 're blastin', be they? Forrester never said nothin' 'bout blastin'. He 'll give it to 'em when he knows it. He 'll blast 'em!"

He staggered on past the cut-off that led to the camp, keeping well up on the bank along the path beside the ditch that Lysander had dug from Flutterwheel Spring. Once there, the sight of the ruin that had befallen his plans seemed to strike him dumb for a little. The slime still clung to the rocks, and a faint trickle of water oozed into the pool. He sat down a moment, mumbling sullen curses, and then staggered to his feet and wandered aimlessly up the cañon.

Sterling had idled along, crossing and recrossing the restless stream that appeared to be hurrying away from the quiet of the mountains. He was really not a very enthusiastic hunter, as the Chinaman had discovered. He liked the faint, sickening odor of the brakes and the honey-like scent of the wild immortelles that came in little warm gusts from the cliffs above far better than the smell of powder. He stopped where the men had been at work the day before, and looked about with that impartial criticism that always seems easier when nothing is being done.

Some idea must have suggested itself suddenly, for he hurried across to the opening of the tunnel and went in, leaving his rifle beside the entrance. When he turned to come out, he heard a sound of muttered curses, and in another instant he was confronted by the barrel of a gun in the hands of a man he had never seen,—a man with wandering, bloodshot eyes, which the change from the half-light of the tunnel's mouth magnified into those of an angry beast.

"You 've been a-blastin', have ye, an' a-dryin' up other folks's springs? Damn ye, I 'll blast ye!"

The old man was striving in vain to

hold the rifle steadily and fumbling with the lock. Sterling did not stop to note that the weapon was his own, and might easily be thrust aside. He did what most young men would have done,—drew his revolver from his pocket and fired.

The report echoed up and down the cañon. By the time it died away life had changed for the younger man. Old Withrow had fallen forward, still clutching the rifle, and was dead.

Melissa, standing among the sycamores below, had seen it all as a sudden, paralyzing vision. She stood still a brief, terrified instant, and then turned and ran down the cañon, keeping in the bed of the stream, and climbing over the boulders.

She was conscious of nothing but a wild dismay that she had seen it. She had a vague hope that she might run away from her own knowledge. The swift, unreasoning notion had lodged itself in her brain that it would be better if no one knew what had happened. Perhaps no one else need be told. She avoided the camp, scrambling through the chaparral on the opposite bank, and, reaching the flume path at last, hurried on breathlessly.

Suddenly Melissa stopped. It would not do to approach the house in that way. She must rest a little and cool her flushed face before any one should see her. She leaned against the timbers that supported the flume across the gully, and fanned herself with her hat. The tumult of her brain had not shaped itself into any plan. She only wished she had not seen. It was such a dreadful thing to know, to tell. Insensibly she was preparing herself to dissemble. She was cooling her cheeks, and getting ready to saunter lazily toward the house and speak indifferently. She did not realize that after that she could not tell. There would be an instant in which to decide, and then a dreary stretch of dissimulation.



At this moment she heard the quick hoofbeats of a galloping horse on the road that led down the mountain side. He was going away! Then certainly she must not speak. They would never find him, and she would keep the secret forever. She listened until the hoofbeats died away. The flush faded out of her poor little face, leaving it wan and hopeless. After all, it was a dreary thing for him to ride away, and leave her nothing but a dismal secret such as this. A shred of cloud drifted across the sun, and the cañon suddenly became a cold, cheerless place. She stepped into the path, and came face to face with Lysander.

"Have yuh seen anything of yer paw, M'lissy? Why, what ails yuh, child? Y'r as white as buttermilk. Has anythin' bit yuh?"

"No," faltered the girl, looking down at her wretched finery; "my shoe's been a-hurtin' my foot. I'm goin' back to the house to take 'em off. I'm tired."

"I wish y'd set right down here and take off y'r shoes, M'lissy," said her brother-in-law anxiously. "We'll have to kind o' watch yer paw. I had to tell 'im about the spring, an' he struck off right away an' said he was goin' up there. I reckoned he'd go a way an' furgit it, but he hain't come back yit. I'm afraid he'll git to talkin' when he comes back to the house, and tell yer maw. It won't do any good, an' there's no use in her workin' herself up red-headed about it,—'tenny rate not till Poindexter comes back. We must git hold o' yer paw before he gits to see her, and brace 'im up agin. If you'll set here an' call to me if you see 'im below, I'll go on up an' look for 'im."

Melissa had stood quite still, looking down at the uncompromising lines of her drapery. It was rapidly becoming a pink blur to her gaze. The ghastliness of what she had undertaken to conceal came over her like a chill, insweeping fog. She shivered as she spoke, trying in vain to return Lysander's honest gaze.

"I'll come back an' set here when I've took off my shoes. You kin go on. I'll come in a minute."

Lysander looked into her face an instant as he started.

"The seam o' yer stockin's got over the j'int, M'lissy," he said kindly; "it's made you sick at yer stummick; y'r as white as taller."

Old Withrow entered his own house with dignity at last.

Strangely enough, when the spiritual and presumably the better part of us is gone, the world stands in awe of what remains. If the bleared eyes could have opened once more, and the dead man could have known that it was for fear of him the children were gathered in a whispering, awe-stricken group at the window, that respect for him caused the lowering of voices and baring of heads on the part of the household and curious neighbors, he would suddenly have found the world he had left a stranger place than any world to come.

There was no great pretense of grief. Mother Withrow looked at the dead face awhile, supporting her elbow with one knotted hand, and grasping her weather-beaten jaw with the other. Perhaps her silence would have been the strangest feature of it all to him, if he could have known. If the years hid any romance that had been theirs, and was now hers, the old woman's face told no more of it than the flinty outside of a boulder tells of the leaf traced within.

"He wuzn't no great shakes of a man," she said to Minerva, "but I don't 'low to have him stood up and shot at by any of Nate Forrester's crowd without puttin' the law on the man that done it."

Lysander's attempt at concealment had melted away in the heat of the excitement occasioned by the murder. The drying up of the spring had been no secret in camp. The men who had carried Withrow's body to the house had

talked of it unrebuked. Mother Withrow had heard them with a tightening of the muscles of her face and an increased angularity in her tall figure, but she had proudly refrained from the faintest manifestation of surprise. Nor had she asked any questions of Minerva or Lysander. This unexpected reserve had been a great relief to the latter, who found himself not only released from an unpleasant duty, but saved from any reproaches for concealment.

The coroner had come up from Los Angeles, and there had been an inquest. Sterling had not been present, having ridden to Los Angeles to give himself up; but the men to whom he had told the story when he came to the camp had testified, and there had been a verdict that deceased came to his death from a wound made by a revolver in the hands of Frederick Sterling.

Some of the jury still hung about the place with cumbrous attempts at helpfulness, and Minerva moved tearfully to and fro in the kitchen, wearing her husband's hat with a reckless assumption of masculine rights and feminine privileges, while she set out a "bite of something" for the coroner, who must ride back to Los Angeles in hot haste.

Ulysses had denied himself the unwonted pleasure of listening longer to the men's whispered talk to follow the stranger into the kitchen and watch him eat; his curiosity concerning the habits of that dignitary being considerably heightened by the official's haste, which pointed strongly to a rapid succession of murders requiring his personal attention, and marking him as a man of dark and bloody knowledge.

The hounds shared the boy's curiosity, and stood beside the table waving their scroll-like tails, and watching with expectant eagerness the unerring precision with which the stranger conveyed a knife-load of "frijoles" from his plate to his mouth. When he had finished his repast, gulping the last half-glass of

buttermilk, and wiping the white beads from his overhanging mustache with quick horizontal sweeps of his gayly bordered handkerchief, he leaned back and flipped a bean at Ulysses, whose expression of intent and curious awe changed instantly to the most sheepish self-consciousness. The familiarity loosened his tongue, however, and he asked, with a little explosive gasp, —

"Do yuh think they 'll ketch 'im?"

"Catch who?"

"The man that shot gran'paw."

"They 've got 'im now."

"Hev they? How'd they ketch 'im?"

"He gave himself up."

"Will they hang 'im?"

The coroner's eyes twinkled.

"Don't you think they 'd ought to?"

"You bet!" Ulysses wagged his head with bloodthirsty vehemence.

The great man got up, laughing, and went toward the door, rubbing the boy's hair the wrong way as he passed him. The hounds followed languidly, and Ulysses darted up the creaking staircase, and tumbled into the little attic room where Melissa sat gazing drearily out of the window.

"They 've got 'im!" he said breathlessly. "They 're a-go'n to hang 'im!"

The girl got up and backed toward the wall, gasping and dizzy.

"Who said so?" she faltered.

"The man downstairs, — the one that came from Loss Anglus."

Melissa put the palms of her outstretched hands against the wall behind her to steady herself. In the half-light she seemed crowding away from some terror that confronted her.

"I don't believe it. They won't do anything to him right away; it would n't be fair. They don't know what paw done. I" —

Her voice broke. She looked about piteously, biting her lip and trying to remember what she had said.

Ulysses was not a critical listener. He had enjoyed his little sensation, and



was ready for another. From the talk downstairs he knew that Sterling had acknowledged the killing to the men at the camp. His excitement made him indifferent as to the source of Melissa's information.

"I 'm goin' to the hangin'," he said, doggedly boastful.

Melissa looked at him vacantly.

"How 'd they find out who done it?" she asked, dropping her hands and turning toward the window.

"He told it himself, — blabbed it right out to the men at the camp; then he went on down to Loss Anglus, big as life, an' blowed about it there. He's cheeky."

Melissa turned on him with a flash of contempt.

"You said they ketched him."

The boy felt his importance as the bearer of sensational tidings ebbing away.

"I don't care," he replied sullenly. "They 'll hang 'im, anyway: the cor'ner said so."

He clutched his throat with his thumbs and forefingers, thrusting out his tongue and rolling his eyes in blood-curdling pantomime.

His companion turned away drearily. The boy's first words had called up a vaguely outlined picture of flight, pursuit, and capture, possibly violence. This faded away, leaving her brain numb under its burden of uncertainty and deceit. She had an aching consciousness of her own ignorance. Others knew what might happen to him, but she must not even ask. She shrank in terror from what her curiosity might betray. She must stand idly by and wait. Perhaps Lysander would know; if she could ask any one, she could ask Lysander. There had sprung up in her mind a shadowy half-formed doubt concerning the wisdom of her silence. He had told it himself, Ulysses had said; and this had chilled the little glow at her heart that came from a sense of their common secret. If she could only see him and ask what he would have her do; but that was im-

possible. Perhaps, if he knew she had seen it, he might say she must tell, even if — even if — She gave a little moan, and leaned her forehead against the sash. Below she could hear the subdued voices of the men, and the creaking of the kitchen floor as Minerva walked to and fro, putting away the remnants of the coroner's repast. Already the children were beginning to recover from their awe-stricken silence, and Melissa could see them darting in and out among the fig-trees, firing pantomimic revolvers at each other with loud vocal explosions.

The gap that the old man's death had made in the household was very slight indeed; not half the calamity that the drying up of the spring had been. Melissa acknowledged this to herself with the candor peculiar to the very wise and the very ignorant, who alone seem daring enough to look at things as they are.

"They had n't ought to do anything to 'im; it ain't fair," she said to herself stoutly; "an' he just stood up an' told on hisself because he knowed he had n't done anything bad. I sh'd think they 'd be ashamed of themselves to do anything to him after that."

"M'lissy!" Mrs. Sproul called from the foot of the stairs, her voice dying away in a prolonged snuffle. "I wish't you 'd come down and help Lysander hook up the team. He's got to go down t' the Mission, and it 'll be 'way into the night before he gets back."

The girl stood still a moment, biting her lip, and then hurried across the floor and down the staircase as if pursued. Minerva had left the kitchen, and there was no one to notice her unusual haste. Out at the barn, Lysander, almost disabled by the accession of a stiff white shirt and collar, was perspiring heavily in his haste to harness the mules.

"Minervy's got 'er heart set on havin' the Odd Fellers conduct the funer'l," he said apologetically. "Strikes me kind o' onnecessary, but 't won't do no harm, I s'pose. She says yer paw was an Odd

Feller 'way back, but he ain't kep' it up. I dunno if they 'll bury 'im or not."

The girl listened to him absently, straightening the mule's long ear which was caught in the headstall, and fastening the buckles of the harness. Her face was hidden by her drooping sun-bonnet, and Lysander could not see its pinched quivering whiteness. They led the mules out of the stable and backed them toward the wagon standing under a live oak. Melissa bent over to fasten the tugs, and asked in a voice steadied to lifeless monotony, —

"Do you think they 'll do anything to him for it, Lysander?"

"I dunno, M'lissy," said the man. "He told the men at the camp it was self-defense, and mebbe he can prove it; but bein' no witnesses, they may lock 'im up fer a year or two, just to give him time to cool off. It 'll be good fer him. He ought n't to be so previous with his firearms."

"But paw was — they don' know — mebbe" — panted the girl brokenly.

"Yes, yes, M'lissy, I don't doubt yer paw was aggravatin'; but we don't know, and we'd better not take sides. The young feller ain't nothin' to us, an' yer paw was — well, he was yer *paw*, we've got to remember that."

Lysander put his foot on the hub and mounted to the high seat, gathering up the reins and putting on the brake. The mules started forward, and then held back in a protesting way, and the wagon went creaking and scraping through the sand down the mountain road.

In the days that passed wearisomely enough before the trial, Melissa heard much that did not tend to soothe her harassed little soul. Lysander, having taken refuge behind the assertion that it "was n't becomin' fer the fam'ly to take sides," bore his mother-in-law's stinging sarcasms in virtuous silence.

"Seems to me it depends on which side you take," sneered the old woman.

"I don't see anything so very impullite in gettin' mad when yer pap 's shot down like a dog."

Lysander braced himself judicially.

"We don't none of us know nothin' about it," he contended. "If I'd 'a' been there and 'a' seen the scrimmage, I'd 'a' knowed what to think. As 't is, I dunno what to think, and there's no law that kin make you think when you don't hev no fax to base your thinkun' on."

"Some folks lacks other things besides fax to base their thinkun' on," the old woman jerked out sententiously.

Lysander pressed the tobacco into his cob pipe, and scratched a match on the sole of his boot.

"I think they've been middlin' fair," he said, between puffs, "fixin' up that water business. It's my opinion the young feller's at the bottom of it, — they say his father's well off; 't enny rate, it's *fixed*, an' you're better off 'n you wuz, — exceptin', uv course, your affliction, an' that can't be helped." The man composed his voice very much as he would have straightened a corpse in which he had no personal interest. "I'm in for shuttin' up."

"They don't seem to want you to shut up," fretted his mother-in-law. "They've s'peenied *you*."

"They're welcome to all I know; 't ain't much, an' 't won't help nor hinder, as I can see, but such as it is, they kin have it an' welcome."

Lysander stood in the doorway, with his hat on the back of his head. He tilted it over his eyes, as he made this avowal, and sauntered toward the stable, with his head thrown back, peering from under the brim, as if its inconvenient position were a matter entirely beyond his control.

Melissa was washing dishes at a table in the corner of the kitchen. She hurried a little, trembling in her eagerness to speak to Lysander alone. She carried the dish-pan to the kitchen door to



empty it, and the chickens came scuttling with half-flying strides from the shade of the geraniums where they were dusting themselves, and then fled with a chorus of dismayed squawks as the dish-water splashed among them. The girl hung the pan on a nail outside, and flung her apron over her head. She could see Lysander's tilted hat moving among the low blue gums beside the shed. She drew the folds of her apron forward to shade her face, and went down the path with a studied unconcern that sat as ill upon her as haste. Lysander was mending the cultivator; he looked up, but not as high as her face.

"'Llo, M'lissy," he said, as kindly as was compatible with a rusty bit of wire between his teeth.

The girl leaned against the shaded side of a stack of baled barley hay.

"Lysander," she began quaveringly, "Lysander, if you'd seen paw shot, an' knowed all about it, could they make you tell — would you think you'd ought to tell?" She hurried her questions as they had been crowding in her sore conscience. "I mean, of course, if you'd seen it, Lysander."

Her brother-in-law straightened himself, and set his hat on the back of his head without speaking. Melissa could feel him looking at her curiously.

"Of course, that's all I mean, Lysander, — just if you'd seen it; would you tell?" she faltered.

"M'lissy," said the man impressively, "if I'd seen my own paw killed, an' nobody asked me to tell, I'd keep my mouth most piously shut; that's what I'd do."

"But if he was mad, Sandy, an' tried to kill somebody else, and oh," — her voice broke into a piteous wail, — "if they wuz thinkun' of hangin' 'im!"

"They ain't a-goin' to hang nobody, M'lissy," said Lysander confidently, — "hangin' has gone out of fashion. And I don't think it's becomin' fer the fam'ly to interfere, especially the women folks;

besides, we don't none of us know nothin' about it, you see. Don't you fret about things you don't know nothin' about. The law 'll have to take its course, M'lissy. That young feller's goin' to git off reasonable, very reasonable indeed, considerin'."

Melissa rubbed her feet in the loose straw, restless and uncomfortable.

"When 's the trial, Lysander?" she asked, after a little pause, during which her companion resumed his encounter with the rusty wire he was straightening.

"The trial, M'lissy, is set for tulumorruh," Lysander replied, a trifle oracularly. "I'm a-goin' down because they've sent for me; if they had n't 'a' sent, I would n't 'a' gone. I don't know nothin' exceptin' that yer paw had one of his spells," — inebriety was always thus decorously cloaked in Lysander's domestic conversation, — "an' went off up the cañon that mornin' r'arin' mad about the spring. Of course they don't know that's all I know, — if they knowed it, perhaps they would n't want me; but if they had n't sent for me, you can bet I'd stick at home closer 'n a scale bug to an orange-tree, Melissa, perticular if I was a young girl, an' did n't know nothin' whatever about the hull fracas. An' young girls ain't expected to know about such things; it ain't proper fer 'em, especially when they're members of the fam'ly."

This piece of highly involved wisdom quieted Melissa very much as a handkerchief stuffed into a sufferer's mouth allays his pain. She went about the rest of the day silent and distressed.

At daybreak the next morning, Lysander harnessed the dun-colored mules and drove to Los Angeles.

The sun rose higher, and the warm dullness of a California summer day settled down upon the little mountain ranch. Heat seemed to rise in shimmering waves from the yellow barley stubble. The orange-trees cast dense shadows with no coolness in them, and

along the edge of the orchard the broad leaves of the squash vines hung in limp dejection upon their stalks. The heated air was full of pungent odors: tar and honey and spice from the sage and eucalyptus, with now and then a warmer puff of some new wild fragrance from far up the mountain side.

"We're a-goin' to have three hot days," said Mrs. Sproul, looking anxiously over the valley from the shelter of her husband's hat. "Sandy 'll swelter, bein' dressed up so. I do hope they won't keep him long. He don't know nothin' about it, no way. Seems to me they might 'a' believed him, when he said so."

Mother Withrow had fallen into a silence full of the eloquence of offended dignity, when Lysander disappeared. Like all tyrannical souls, she was beginning to feel a bitterness worse than that of opposition, — the bitterness of deceit. She knew that Lysander had deceived her, and the knowledge was bearing its fruit of humiliation and chagrin. The evident liberality of Forrester's course in deeding her a share of the cañon greater, it was said, than the loss occasioned by the drying up of Flutterwheel Spring had struck at the root of hatreds and preconceptions that were far more vital to her than the mere proprietorship of the water right. She felt hampered and defrauded by the circumstances that forbade her to turn and fling the gift back in his face. To this grim, gray-haired tyrant dying of thirst seemed sweet compared with the daily bitterness of hearing her enemy praised for his generosity. She sat in the doorway fanning herself with her apron, and made no reply to her daughter's anxious observation.

"I calc'lated to rub out a few things this mornin'," continued Mrs. Sproul, "but somehow I don't feel like settlin' down to washin' or anythin'; an' the baby's cross, bein' all broke out with the heat. I wonder what's become of M'lissy."

"She's up in the oak-tree out at the barn," called William T. Sherman, who, with other fraternal generals, was holding a council of war over a gopher caught in a trap. "Letterlone; she's as cross as Sam Patch."

"M'lissy takes her paw's death harder 'n I calc'lated she'd do," commented Minerva, virtuously conventional; "she's a good deal upset."

The old woman sniffed audibly.

"I reckon you 'll all live through it," she said frostily.

Melissa, swinging her bare feet from a branch of the dense live oak in the barnyard, had watched Lysander's departure with wistful eagerness, entirely unaware that he had divined her secret, and was mannishly averse to having the "women folks" of his family mixed up in a murder trial. Now that he was really gone, and she was left to the dreariness of her own reflections, she grew wan and white with misery.

"I had ought to 'a' told it," she moaned. "If they don't hang 'im, they may put 'im in jail, and that's awful." She thought of him, so straight and lithe and gay, grown pale and wretched; manacled, according to Ulysses' graphic description, with iron chains so heavy that he could not rise; kept feebly alive on bread and water, and presided over by a jailer whose ingenious cruelty knew no limit but the liveliness of the boy's fiendish imagination.

"A year or two," Lysander had said, as if it were a trifle. She looked back a year, and tried to measure the time, losing herself in the hazy monotony of her past, and conscious only of the remoteness of certain events that served as landmarks in her simple experience, events not yet two years distant.

"Orange-pickun' before last ain't nigh two years ago," she mused, "an' 't ain't a year yet sence Lysander hauled grapes from the Mission to the winery; an' the year before that he was over to Verdugo at the bee ranch, an' come home fer the



grape-haulin' at Santa Elena. That's when Hooker was born; he'll be two years old this fall; it's ever so long ago. He could n't stand bein' in jail that long; some folks could, but he could n't. He sings, and laughs out loud, and goes tearin' around so lively. It 'ud kill 'im."

She slipped down from the tree, and started toward the house. The path was hot to her bare feet, and the wind came in heated gusts from the mountains. The young turkeys panted, with uplifted wings, in the shade of the dusty geraniums, whose scarlet blossoms were glowing in fierce tropical enjoyment of the glaring sun. The hounds went languidly, with lolling tongues, from one shaded spot to another, blinking their comments on the weather at their human companions, and snapping in a half-hearted way at unwary flies.

Mrs. Sproul and her mother were still seated on the little porch when Melissa appeared.

"Why don't you come in out of the heat, child?" called her sister, as reproachfully as if Melissa were going in the opposite direction. "We hain't had such a desert wind for more 'n a year. I keep thinkin' about Lysander. I've heern of people bein' took down with the heat, and havin' trouble ever afterward with their brains."

"Lysander ain't a-goin' to have any trouble with his brains," said her mother significantly.

Mrs. Sproul turned a highly insulted gaze upon the old woman's impassive face, and tilted her husband's hat defiantly above her diminutive freckled countenance.

"Lysander kin have as much trouble with his brains as anybody," she said, with bantam-like dignity, straightening her limp calico back, and tightening her grasp on the baby in her arms.

The old woman elevated her shaggy brows, and made a half-mocking sound in imitation of the spitting of an angry kitten.

Mrs. Sproul's pale blue eyes filled with indignant tears, and she turned toward Melissa, who looked up from the step, a gleam of sisterly sympathy lighting up the wan dejection of her young face.

"I would n't fret, Minervy," she said kindly; "Lysander don't mind the heat. People never get sunstruck here; it's only back East. I don't think it's so very warm, nohow."

"Oh, it's hot enough," sniffled Mrs. Sproul, relaxing her spine under Melissa's sympathy, "but it ain't altogether the heat. I don't like Lysander bein' mixed up with murderers and dangerous characters; not but what he's able to perfect himself, havin' been through the war, but it seems as if the harmlessest person was n't safe when folks go around shootin' right an' left without no provocation whatever. I think we'll all be safer when that young feller's locked up in San Quentin, — which they'll do with him, Lysander thinks."

Mrs. Sproul drew a corner of her apron tight over her finger, and carefully wiped a speck from the corner of the baby's eye, gazing intently into the serene vacuity of its sleeping countenance as she spoke.

Melissa caught her breath, and turned and gazed fixedly through the shimmering haze of the valley toward Los Angeles. The girl herself did not know the resolution that was shaping itself from all the tangled facts and fancies of her brain. Perhaps, if she had been held to strict account, she would have said it was an impulse, "a sudden notion" in her parlance, that prompted her to arise the next morning, before the faintest thrill of dawn, and turn her steps toward the town in the valley. It was not a hopeful journey, and she could not analyze the motive that lashed her into making it; nevertheless she felt relieved when the grease wood shut the cabin, with its trailing pepper-trees and dusty figs and geraniums, from her sight,

and she was alone on the mountain road. It was not a pleasure to go, but it was an undeniable hardship to stay. There had been no fog in the night, and from the warm stillness of the early morning air the girl knew that the heat had not abated. She was quite unmindful of the landscape, gray and brown and black in the waning light of the misshapen and belated moon, and she was far from knowing that the man she was making this journey to save would have thought her a fitting central figure in the soft blur of the Millet-like etching of which she formed a part.

She threw back her sunbonnet and trudged along, carrying her shoes tied together by their leathern strings and hung across her arm, — an impediment to progress, but a concession to urban prejudices which she did not dream of disregarding. She meant to put them on in the seclusion of the Arroyo Seco, where she could bathe her dusty feet and rest awhile; but, remembering the heat of yesterday, she wished to make the most of the early morning, deadly still and far from refreshing though it was. The sea breeze would come up later, she hoped, not without misgivings; and the grapes were beginning to turn in the vineyards along the road; she would have something to eat with the bit of corn bread in her pocket. Altogether she was not greatly concerned about herself or the difficulties of her journey, so absorbed was she in the vague uncertainty that lay at its end.

The sun rose hot and pitiless, and the dust and stones of the road grew more and more scorching to her feet. The leaves of the wild gourd, lying in great star-shaped patches on the ground, drooped on their stems, and the spikes of dusty white sage by the road hung limp at the ends, and filled the air with their wilted fragrance. The sea breeze did not come up, and in its stead gusts of hot wind from the north swept through the valley as if from the door of a fur-

nace. People talked of it afterward as "the hot spell of 18—," but in Melissa's calendar it was "the day I walked to Loss Anjelus," — a day so fraught with hopes and fears, so full of dim uncertainties and dread and longing, that the heat seemed only a part of the generally abnormal conditions in which she found herself.

It was afternoon before she reached the end of her journey, entering the town between rows of low, soft-tinted adobes, on the steps of which white-shirted men and dusky low-browed women and children ate melons and laughed lazily at their neighbors, showing their gleaming teeth. She knew where the court-house stood, its unblushing ugliness protected by the rusty Frémont cannon, and made her way wearily toward it through the more modern and busier streets.

The men who sat in front of the stores in various degrees of undress, slapping each other resoundingly on their thinly clad backs, and discussing the weather with passers-by in loud, jocular tones, were, to Melissa's sober country sense, a light-minded, flippant crowd, to whom life could have no serious aspect. She looked at them indifferently, as they sat and joked, or ran in and out of open doors where there was a constant fizz as of something perpetually boiling over, and made her way among them, quite unmindful of her dusty shoes and wilted sunbonnet, and yet vaguely conscious that at another time she might have cared.

At the door of the court-house, two of this same loosely clad, noisy, perspiring species were slapping their thighs and choking in hilarious appreciation of something which a third was reading from an open paper. The reader made way for Melissa, backing and reading at the same time, and the sound of their strangely incongruous mirth followed her up the narrow, unswept, paper-strewn staircase into the stifling heat of the second floor. She stopped there an instant,



leaning against the railing, uncertain what to do.

One of a pair of double doors opened, and a young man, swinging an official-looking document, crossed the hall as if he might be walking in his sleep, and went into a room beyond; kicking the door open, catching it with his foot, and kicking it to behind him with a familiarity that betokened long acquaintance, and inspired Melissa with confidence in his probable knowledge of the intricate workings of justice. She stood still a moment, clutching the limp folds of her skirt, until the young man returned; then she took a step forward.

"I've come to tell what I know about the shootin'. I saw it," she faltered.

The somnambulist young man shut one eye, and inclined his ear toward her without turning his head.

"Shooting? What shooting?"

"Up in Sawpit Cañon — Mr. Sterling done it — but I saw it — nobody knows it, though" — The words came in short palpitating sentences that died away helplessly.

Her listener hesitated for an instant, scratching the blonde plush of his cropped scalp with his lead pencil. Then he stepped forward and kicked one of the double doors open, holding it with his automatic foot.

"Bawb! oh, *Bawb!*" he called, "'m yer."

A short fat man, with an unbuttoned vest and a general air of excessive perspiration, waddled past the bailiff and confronted Melissa. He smiled when he saw her, displaying an upper row of teeth heavily trimmed with gold, a style of personal adornment which impressed Melissa anew with the vagaries of masculine city taste.

"Witness in the Withrow murder case, pros'cuting 'torney," said the bailiff over his shoulder, by way of introduction, as he disappeared through the door.

Melissa looked at the new-comer, trembling and dumb.

"Come in here, my girl," he said, steaming ahead of her through a door in front of them; "come right in here. Is it pretty hot up your way?"

"Yes, sir," she quavered, not taking the chair he cleared for her. "I come down to tell about the shootin'; I'd ought to 'a' told before, but I was scared. Mr. Sterling done it, but paw was mad; he picked up Mr. Sterling's gun and tried to kill 'im, — I saw it all. I was hid in the sycamores. You had n't ought to hang 'im or do anything to 'im; he could n't help it."

The prosecuting attorney smiled his broad, gilt-edged, comfortable smile, and laid his pudgy hand reassuringly on Melissa's shoulder.

"It's all right, my little girl," he said. "We're not going to hang Mr. Sterling this time; he was discharged this afternoon; but he'll be obliged to you, all the same. He's over at the hotel taking a nap. You just run along home, and the next time don't be afraid to tell what you know."

The girl turned away silently, and went down the stairs and out into the street. She stood still a moment on the hot pavement, looking in the direction of the hotel in which the man for whom she had made her fruitless journey was sleeping. Then she set her face patiently toward home. The reflection from the pavement seemed to blind her; she felt suddenly faint and tired, and it was with a great throb of relief that she heard a familiar voice at her elbow, and turned with a little tearless sob to Lysander.

The Worthingtons' private parlor in the Rideau House was hot and close, although a fog had drifted in at nightfall and cooled the outside air. Two of its occupants, however, were totally unmindful of the heat, and the mingled odors of upholstery, gas, and varnish that prevailed within its highly decorated walls. The third, a compact, elderly, prosperous-looking gentleman, whose face wore

a slight cloud of *ennui*, stood by the open window gazing out, not so much from a desire to see what was going on outside as from a good-natured unwillingness to see what was taking place within.

Mr. Frederick Sterling, a shade paler and several shades graver than of old, was looking at the elderly gentleman's daughter in an unmistakable way; and the daughter herself, a fair creature, with the fairness of youth and health and plenty, was returning his gaze with one that was equally unmistakable.

"Do you mean to tell me, Frederick, that the poor thing *walked* all that distance in that intolerable heat?"

The young man nodded dismally.

"That's what they say, Annette. It makes one feel like a beast."

"I don't see why you need say that, Frederick. I'm sure they ought to have done something, after the awful danger you were in." The young woman swept toward him, with one arm outstretched, and then receded, and let her hand fall on the back of a chair, as her father yawned audibly.

"Of course there was danger, Annette; but that does n't remove the fact that I was a hot-headed idiot."

"You must n't talk so. It is not polite to me. I am not going to marry an idiot."

"But you've promised."

The young people laughed into each other's eyes.

"Frederick," said the young girl, after a little silence, during which they drifted into the rigid plush embrace of a sofa, "I'm going up to see that girl and thank her."

The young man leaned forward and caught her wrists.

"You — angel!"

"Yes, I'm going to-morrow. Of course you can't go."

"Oh, good Lord, no," groaned her lover.

"But papa can. There will be plenty of time; we don't leave until evening.

And in spite of what her father did, I feel kindly toward the girl. There must be some good in her; she seemed to want to do you justice. How does she look, Frederick?"

The soft-voiced inquisitor drew her wrists from the young fellow's grasp, and flattened his palms between hers by way of an anæsthetic.

"Did you ever see her?"

"Oh, yes, once or twice. A lank, forlorn little red-headed thing, — rather pretty. Oh, my God, Annette!"

The girl raised the tips of his imprisoned fingers to her lips.

"Could n't you send her something, Frederick, some little keepsake, something she would like, if she would like anything that was n't too dreadful?"

The young fellow's face brightened.

"Annette, you *are* an angel."

"No, I'm not; there are no brunette angels. I am a very practical young woman, and I'm going with you to buy something for that poor girl; men don't know how to buy things." She dropped her lover's hands, and went out of the room, returning with her hat and gloves, and going to her father's side, she said: "Papa, Frederick and I are going out for a while. He wants to get a little present for a poor young girl, the daughter of that awful wretch who — that — you know. It seems she saw it all, and came down to say that Frederick was not to blame. Of course it was unnecessary, for the judge and every one saw at once that he did perfectly right; but it *was* kind of her, and it was a *very* hot day. Do you mind staying here alone? — or you can go with us, if you like."

"No, thank you, I don't mind, and I don't like," said the elderly gentleman dryly.

"And you'll not be lonely?"

"No, I think not; I've been getting acquainted with myself this trip, and I find I'm a very interesting though somewhat unappreciated old party."



The young girl put down her laughing face, and her father swept a kiss from it with his gray mustache. Then the two young creatures went out into the lighted streets, laughing and clinging to each other in the sweet, selfish happiness that is the preface to so large a part of the world's misery.

They came back presently with their purchase, a somewhat obtrusively ornate piece of jewelry, which Annette pronounced semi-barbarous; being, she said, a compromise between her own severely classical taste and that of Sterling, which latter, she assured her father, was entirely savage.

She fastened the trinket at her throat, where it acquired a sudden and hitherto unsuspected elegance in the eyes of her lover, and then unclasped it, and held it at arm's length in front of her before she laid it in its pink cotton receptacle.

"I do hope she will be pleased, Frederick," she said, with a soft, contented little sigh.

And the young man set his teeth, and smiled at her from the depths of a self-abasement that made her content a marvel to him.

Annette went up to the mountains with her father the next day, stopping the carriage under the pepper-trees in front of the Withrow cabin, and stepping out a little bewildered by the meanness and poverty and squalor of it all.

The children came out and stood in a jagged, uneven row before her, and the hounds sniffed at her skirts and walked around her curiously. Mrs. Sproul appeared in the doorway with the baby, shielding its bald head from the sun with her husband's hat, and Lysander emerged from between two dark green rows of orange-trees across the way, his hoe on his shoulder.

"I want to see your daughter, the young girl, — the one that walked to Los Angeles the other day," she said, looking at the woman.

"M'lissy?" queried Mrs. Sproul

anxiously. "Lysander, do you know if M'lissy's about?"

Her husband nodded backward.

"She's over in the orchard, lookin' after the water. I'll" —

The stranger took two or three steps toward him, and put out her hand.

"May I go to her? Will you show me, please? I want to see her alone."

Lysander bent his tall figure and moved along the rows of orange-trees, until he caught a glimpse of Melissa's blue drapery.

"She's right down there," he said, pointing between the smooth trunks with his hoe. "It's rough walkin', — I've just been a-throwin' up a furrow fer the irrigatin'; but I guess you can make it."

She went down the shaded aisle between the orange-trees, Mrs. Sproul looking after her dubiously, as a person guilty of a serious breach of decorum in asking to see any one alone.

Melissa leaned on her hoe, and watched her approach with listless amazement. She took in every detail of her daintily clad loveliness, — the graceful sway of her drapery as she walked, the cluster of roses in her belt, and the wide hat with its little forest of curling plumes.

"You are Melissa?" The stranger put out her softly gloved hand, and Melissa took it in limp, rustic acquiescence. "Mr. Sterling wished me to come — and I wanted to come myself — to thank you for what you did; it was very kind, and you were very brave to undertake it, and for one you scarcely knew, — it was very, *very* good of you."

Melissa colored to the little ripples of vivid hair about her temples.

"Is he gone away?" she asked, rubbing her hands up and down on the worn handle of the hoe.

"No, but he is going this evening. Of course he could not stay. It would be very painful for him, for all of you. Is there anything he can do for you? He will be so glad if he can be of use to you in any way" — She hesitated,

watching the pained look grow in her listener's face.

"Ain't he never comin' back?" asked Melissa wistfully.

Annette opened her brown eyes wide, and fixed them on the girl's face.

"I don't know," she faltered.

"I'd like to keep his hankecher," Melissa broke out tremulously. "I hurt my arm oncet up where they was blastin', and he tied it up fer me with his hankecher. I was takin' it to 'im that Sunday. I had it all washed and done up. I'd like to keep it, though — if you think he would n't care." Her eyes filled, and her voice broke treacherously. "That's all. Tell 'im good-by."

Annette was gazing at her breathlessly. It came over her like a cloud, the poverty, the hopelessness, the dreariness of it all. She made a little impetuous rush forward.

"Oh, yes, yes," she said eagerly, through her tears; "and he is so sorry, and he sent you these," — she took the roses from her belt, her lover's roses,

and thrust them into Melissa's nerveless grasp, — "and I — oh, *I* shall love you always!"

Then she turned, and hurried through the sun and shadow of the orchard back to the carriage.

"I am ready to go now," she said, somewhat stiffly, to her father.

All the way down the dusty mountain road, over which Melissa had traveled so patiently, she kept murmuring to herself, "Oh, the poor thing, — the poor, poor thing!"

Some years afterward, when Mr. Frederick Sterling's girth and dignity had noticeably increased, he saw among his wife's ornaments a gaudy trinket that brought a curious twinge of half-forgotten pain into his consciousness. He was not able to understand, nor is it likely that he will ever know, how it came there, or why there came over him, at sight of it, a memory of sycamores and running water, and the smell of sage and blooming buckthorn and chaparral.

*Margaret Collier Graham.*

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## DECEMBER.

AND wherewithal shall Earth be clothed to-day?  
 What music will she make, and speak what word,  
 What beauty have, before unseen, unheard;  
 How will she stand, and what thing will she say?  
 She thinks not of one loveliness of May,  
 Of any bloom of June, or singing bird,  
 Of any autumn hue; white-robed, unstirred  
 By faintest breath, she speeds the light away.  
 White-robed and voiceless, yet in mead or bough  
 Never before so beautiful; pure, still,  
 A virgin, mindful of her vow,  
 She chooses well; fitly will she fulfill  
 The sacred rite. 'T is dusk; she sees it now  
 Once more, — the star upon the Syrian hill.

*John Vance Cheney.*



## WIT AND HUMOR.

It is dubious wisdom to walk in the footprints of a giant, and to stumble with little steps along the road where his great strides were taken. Yet many years have passed since Hazlitt trod this way; fresh flowers have grown by the route, and fresh weeds have fought with them for mastery. The face of the country has changed for better or for worse, and a brief survey reveals much that never met his eyes. The journey, too, was safer in his day than in ours; and while he gathers and analyzes every species of wit and humor, it plainly does not occur to him for a moment that either calls for any protection at his hands. Hazlitt is so sure that laughter is our inalienable right that he takes no pains to soften its cadences or to justify its mirth. "We laugh at that in others which is a serious matter to ourselves," he says, and sees no reason why this should not be. "Some one is generally sure to be the sufferer by a joke;" and, fortified with this assurance, he confesses to a frank delight in the comic parts of the *Arabian Nights*, although recognizing keenly the spirit of cruelty that underlies them, and aware that they "carry the principle of callous indifference in a jest as far as it can go." Don Quixote, too, he stoutly affirms to be as fitting a subject for merriment as Sancho Panza. Both are laughable, and both are meant to be laughed at; the extravagances of each being pitted dexterously against those of the other by a great artist in the ridiculous. But he is by no means insensible to the charm and goodness of the "ingenious gentleman;" for sympathy is the legitimate attribute of humor, and even where the humorist seems most pitiless, even brutal, in his apprehension of the absurd, he has a living tenderness for our poor humanity which is so rich in its absurdities.

Hazlitt's definition of wit and humor is perhaps as good as any definition is ever likely to be; that is, it expresses a half-truth with a great deal of reasonableness and accuracy. "Humor," he says, "is the describing the ludicrous as it is in itself; wit is the exposing it by comparing or contrasting it with something else. Humor is the growth of nature and accident; wit is the product of art and fancy. Humor, as it is shown in books, is an imitation of the natural or acquired absurdities of mankind, or of the ludicrous in accident, situation, and character; wit is the illustrating and heightening the sense of that absurdity by some sudden and unexpected likeness or opposition of one thing to another, which sets off the quality we laugh at or despise in a still more contemptible or striking point of view."

This is perhaps enough to show us at least one cause of the endless triumph of humor over wit, — a triumph due to its closer affinity with the simple and elementary conditions of human nature and life. Wit is artificial; humor is natural. Wit is accidental; humor is inevitable. Wit is born of conscious effort; humor, of the allotted ironies of fate. Wit can be expressed only in language; humor can be developed sufficiently in situation. Wit is the plaything of the intellectual, or the weapon of nimble minds; humor is the possession of all sorts and conditions of men. Wit is truly what Shelley falsely imagined virtue to be, "a refinement of civilized life;" humor is the property of all races in every stage of development. Wit possesses a species of immortality, and for many generations holds its own; humor is truly immortal, and as long as the eye sees, and the ear hears, and the heart beats, it will be our privilege to laugh at the pleasant absurdities which

require no other seed or nurture than man's endless intercourse with man.

Nevertheless, an understanding of the differences in nations and in epochs helps us to the enjoyment of many humorous situations. We should know something of England and of India to appreciate the peculiar horror with which Lord Minto, on reaching Calcutta, beheld the fourteen male attendants who stood in his chamber, respectfully prepared to help him into bed; or his still greater dismay at being presented by the rajah of Bali with seven slaves, — five little boys and two little girls, — all of whom cost the conscientious governor-general a deal of trouble and expense before they were properly disposed of, and in a fair way to learn their alphabet and catechism. Yet perhaps a deeper knowledge of time and character is needed to sound the depths of Sir Robert Walpole's cynical observation, "Gratitude is a lively sense of future favors;" although this is indeed a type of witticism which possesses inherent vitality, not depending upon any play of words or double meanings, but striking deep root into the fundamental failings of the human heart.

It is in its simplest forms, however, that humor enjoys a world-wide actuality, and is the connecting link of all times and places and people. "Let us start from laughter," says M. Edmond Scherer, "since laughter is a thing familiar to every one. It is excited by a sense of the ridiculous, and the ridiculous arises from the contradiction between the use of a thing and its intention." Even that commonest of all themes, a fellow-creature slipping or falling, M. Scherer holds to be provocative of mirth; and in selecting this elementary example he bravely drives the matter back to its earliest and rudest principles. For it is a weapon in the hands of the serious that such casualties, which should excite instant sympathies, and alarm, awaken laughter only in

those who are too foolish or too brutal to experience any other sensation. It would seem, indeed, that the sight of a man falling on the ice or in the mud ought not to be very amusing; and I have witnessed a French farce, in which the frequent tumbles of a comic character excited unutterable weariness of spirit. But before we frown severely and forever upon such vulgar jests, let us turn for a moment to a well-known essay, and see what Charles Lamb has to plead in their extenuation: —

"I am by nature extremely susceptible of street affronts; the jeers and taunts of the populace; the low-bred triumph they display over the casual trip or splashed stocking of a gentleman. Yet I can endure the jocularly of a young sweep with something more than forgiveness. In the last winter but one, pacing along Cheapside with my accustomed precipitation when I walk westward, a treacherous slide brought me upon my back in an instant. I scrambled up with pain and shame enough, — yet outwardly trying to face it down, as if nothing had happened, — when the roguish grin of one of these young wits encountered me. There he stood, pointing me out with his dusky finger to the mob, and to a poor woman (I suppose his mother) in particular, till the tears for the exquisiteness of the fun (so he thought it) worked themselves out at the corners of his poor red eyes, red from many a previous weeping, and soot-inflamed, yet twinkling through all with such a joy, snatched out of desolation, that Hogarth — but Hogarth has got him already (how could he miss him?) in the *March to Finchley*, grinning at the pieman; — there he stood, as he stands in the picture, irremovable, as if the jest was to last forever, with such a maximum of glee and minimum of mischief in his mirth — for the grin of a genuine sweep hath absolutely no malice in it — that I could have been content, if the honor of a gentleman



might endure it, to have remained his butt and his mockery till midnight."

Ah, prince of kindly humorists, to whom shall we go but to you for tears and laughter, and pastime and sympathy, and jests and gentle tolerance, and all things needed to make light our trouble-burdened hearts!

It is not worth while to deny or even to soften the cruel side of humor, though it is a far more grievous error to overlook its generous forbearance. The humorist's view of life is essentially genial; but he has given stout blows in his day, and the sound of his vigorous warfare rings harshly in our unaccustomed ears. "The old giants of English fun" were neither soft-spoken nor soft-handed gen-try, and it seems to us now and then as if they laid about them with joyous and indiscriminate activity. Even Dickens, the last and greatest of his race, and haunted often to his fall by the beckoning of mirthless modern phantoms, shows in his earlier work a good deal of this gleeful and unhesitating belligerency. The scenes between old Weller and Mr. Stiggins might be successfully acted in a spirited puppet-show, where conversation is of less importance than well-timed and well-bestowed pommeling. But we have now reached that point of humane seriousness when even puppet-shows cannot escape their educational responsibilities, and when Punch and Judy are gravely censured for teaching a lesson in brutality. The laughter of generations, which should protect and hallow the little manikins at play, counts for nothing by the side of their irresponsible naughtiness, and their cheerful disregard of all our moral standards. Yet here, too, Hazlitt has a seasonable word of defense, holding indeed that he who invented such diverting pastimes was a benefactor to his species, and gave us something which it was rational and healthy to enjoy. "We place the mirth and glee and triumph to our own account," he says, "and we know that the

bangs and blows the actors have received go for nothing as soon as the showman puts them up in his box and marches off quietly with them, as jugglers of a less amusing description sometimes march off with the wrongs and rights of mankind in their pockets." It has been well said that wit requires a good head; humor, a good heart; and fun, high spirits. Punch's spirits, let us hasten to admit, are considerably in advance of his head and heart; yet nevertheless he is wanting neither in acuteness nor in the spirit of good-fellowship. He has hearkened to the advice given by Seneca many years ago, "Jest without bitterness," and has practiced this delightful accomplishment for centuries, as befits the most conservative joker in the world.

Another reproach urged against humor rather than wit is its somewhat complicated system of lying; and much well-merited severity has been expended upon such questionable diversions as hoaxing, quizzing, "selling," and other variations of the game, the titles of which have long since passed away, leaving their substance behind them. It would be easy, but untrue, to say that real humor has nothing whatever to do with these unworthy offshoots, and never encourages their growth. The fact remains that they spring from a great humorous principle, and one which critics have been prompt to recognize, and to embody in language as clear and unmistakable as possible. "Lying," says Hazlitt, "is a species of wit and humor. To lay anything to a person's charge from which he is perfectly free shows spirit and invention; and the more incredible the effrontery, the greater is the joke." "The terrors of Sancho," observes M. Scherer, "the rascalities of Scapin, the brags of Falstaff, amuse us because of their disproportion with circumstances or their disagreement with facts." Just as Charles Lamb humanizes a brutal jest by turning it against himself, so Sir

Walter Scott gives amusing emphasis to a lie by directing it against his own personality. His description of himself in his journal as a "pebble-hearted cur," the occasion being his parting with the emotional Madame Mirbel, is truly humorous, because of its remoteness from the truth. There are plenty of men who could have risked using the phrase without exciting in us that sudden sense of incongruity which is a legitimate source of laughter. A delightful instance of effrontery, which shows both spirit and invention, is the story told by Sir Francis Doyle of the highwayman who, having attacked and robbed Lord Derby and his friend Mr. Grenville, said to them with reproachful candor, "What scoundrels you must be to fire at gentlemen who risk their lives upon the road!" As for the wit that lies in playful misstatements and exaggerations, we must search for it in the riotous humor of Lamb's letters, where the true and the false are often so inextricably commingled that it is a hopeless task to separate facts from fancies. "I shall certainly go to the naughty man for fibbing," writes Lamb, with soft laughter; and the devout apprehension may have been justly shared by Edward Fitzgerald, when he describes the parish church at Woodbridge as being so damp that the fungi grew in great numbers about the communion table.

A keen sense of the absurd is so little relished by those who have it not that it is too often considered solely as a weapon of offense, and not as a shield against the countless ills that come to man through lack of sanity and judgment. There is a well-defined impression in the world that the satirist, like the devil, roams abroad, seeking whom he may devour, and generally devouring the best; whereas his position is often that of the besieged, who defends himself with the sharpest weapons at his command against a host of invading evils. There are many things in life so

radically unwholesome that it is not safe to approach them save with laughter as a disinfectant; and when people cannot laugh, the moral atmosphere grows stagnant, and nothing is too morbid, too preposterous, or too mischievous to meet with sympathy and solemn assurances of good will. This is why a sense of the ridiculous has been justly called the guardian of our minor morals, rendering men in some measure dependent upon the judgments of their associates, and laying the basis of that decorum and propriety of conduct which is a necessary condition of human life, and upon which is founded the great charm of intercourse between equals. From what pitfalls of vanity and self-assurance have we been saved by this ever-watchful presence! Into what abysmal follies have we fallen when she withholds her restraining hand! Shelley's letters are perhaps the strongest argument in behalf of healthy humor that literature has yet offered to the world. Only a man burdened with an "invincible repugnance to the comic" could have gravely penned a sentence like this: "Certainly a saint may be amiable, — she *may* be so; but then she does not understand, — has neglected to investigate the religion which retiring, modest prejudice leads her to profess." Only a man afflicted with what Mr. Arnold mildly calls an "inhuman" lack of humor could have written thus to a female friend: "The French language you already know; and, if the great name of Rousseau did not redeem it, it would have been perhaps as well that you had remained ignorant of it." Our natural pleasure at this verdict may be agreeably heightened by placing alongside of it Madame de Staël's moderate statement, "Conversation, like talent, exists only in France." And such robust expressions of opinion give us our clearest insight into at least one of the dangers from which a sense of the ridiculous rescues its fortunate possessor.



When all has been said, however, we must admit that edged tools are dangerous things to handle, and not infrequently do much hurt. "The art of being humorous in an agreeable way" is as difficult in our day as in the days of Marcus Aurelius, and a disagreeable exercise of this noble gift is as unwelcome now as then. "Levity has as many tricks as the kitten," says Leigh Hunt, who was quite capable of illustrating and proving the truth of his assertion, and whose scratching at times more closely resembled the less playful manifestations of a full-grown cat. Wit is the salt of conversation, not the food, and few things in the world are more wearying than a sarcastic attitude towards life. "*Je goûte ceux qui sont raisonnables, et me divertis des extravagants,*" says Uranie, in *La Critique de l'École des Femmes*; and even these words seem to tolerant ears to savor unduly of arrogance. The best use we can make of humor is, not to divert ourselves with, but to defend ourselves against, the folly of fools; for much of the world's misery is entailed upon her by her eminently well-meaning and foolish children. There is no finer proof of Miss Austen's matured genius than the gradual mellowing of her humor, from the deliberate pleasure affected by Elizabeth Bennet and her father in the foibles of their fellow-creatures to the amused sympathy betrayed in every page of *Emma* and *Persuasion*. Not even the charm and brilliance of *Pride and Prejudice* can altogether reconcile us to a heroine who, like Uranie, diverts herself with the failings of mankind. What a gap between Mr. Bennet's cynical praise of his son-in-law, Wickham,—which, under the circumstances, is a little revolting,—and Mr. Knightley's manly reproof to Emma, whose youthful gayety beguiles her into an unkind jest. While we talk much of Miss Austen's merciless laughter, let us remember always that the finest and bravest defense of harm-

less folly against insolent wit is embodied in this earnest remonstrance from the lips of a lover who is courageous enough to speak plain truths, with no suspicion of priggishness to mar their wholesome flavor.

It is difficult, at any time, to deprive wit of its social or political surroundings; it is impossible to drive it back to those deeper, simpler sources whence humor springs unveiled. Hudibras, for example, is witty; Don Quixote is humorous. Sheridan is witty; Goldsmith is humorous. To turn from the sparkling scenes where the Rivals play their mimic parts to the quiet fireside where the Vicar and Farmer Flamborough sit sipping their gooseberry wine is to re-enter life, and to feel human hearts beating against our own. How delicate the touch which puts everything before us with a certain gentle, loving malice, winning us to laughter without for a moment alienating our sympathies from the right! Hazlitt claims for the wicked and witty comedies of the Restoration that it is their privilege to allay our scruples and banish our just regrets; but when Goldsmith brings the profligate squire and his female associates into the Vicar's innocent household, the scene is one of pure and incomparable humor, which nevertheless leaves us more than ever in love with the simple goodness which is so readily deceived. Mr. Thornhill utters a questionable sentiment. The two fine ladies, who have been striving hard to play their parts, and only letting slip occasional oaths, affect great displeasure at his laxness, and at once begin a very discreet and serious dialogue upon virtue. "In this, my wife, the chaplain, and I soon joined; and the squire himself was at last brought to confess a sense of sorrow for his former excesses. We talked of the pleasures of temperance, and of the sunshine in the mind unpolluted with guilt. I was so well pleased that my little ones were kept up beyond the

usual time, to be edified by so much good conversation. Mr. Thornhill even went beyond me, and demanded if I had any objection to giving prayers. I joyfully embraced the proposal; and in this manner the night was passed in a most comfortable way, till at last the company began to think of returning." What a picture it is! What an admirably humorous situation! What easy tolerance in the treatment! We laugh, but even in our laughter we know that not for the space of a passing breath does Goldsmith yield his own sympathy, or divert ours away from the just cause of innocence and truth.

If men of real wit have been more numerous in the world than men of real humor, it is because discernment and lenity, mirth and conciliation, are qualities which do not blend easily with the natural asperity of our race. Humor has been somewhat daringly defined as "a sympathy for the seamy side of things." It does not hover on the borders of the light and trifling; it does not linger in that keen and courtly atmosphere which is the chosen playground of wit; but, diffusing itself subtly throughout all nature, reveals to us life, — life which we love to consider and to judge from some pet standpoint of our own, but which is so big and wonderful, and good and bad, and fine and terrible, that our little peaks of observation command only a glimpse of the mysteries we are so ready and willing to solve. Thus, the degree of wit embodied in an old story is a matter of much dispute and of scant importance; but when we read that Queen Elizabeth, in her last illness, turned wearily away from matters of state, "yet delighted to hear some of the Hundred Merry Tales, and to such was very attentive," we feel we have been lifted into the regions of humor, and by its sudden light we recognize, not the dubious merriment of the tales, but the sick and world-worn spirit seeking a transient relief from

fretful care and poisonous recollections. So, too, when Sheridan said of Mr. Dundas that he resorted to his memory for his jests, and to his imagination for his facts, the great wit, after the fashion of wits, expressed a limited truth. It was a delightful statement so far as it went, but it went no further than Mr. Dundas, with just the possibility of a second application. When Voltaire sighed, "Nothing is so disagreeable as to be obscurely hanged," he gave utterance to a national sentiment, which is not in the least witty, but profoundly humorous, revealing with charming distinctness a Frenchman's innate aversion to all dull and commonplace surroundings. Dying is not with him, as with an Englishman, a strictly "private affair;" it is the last act of life's brilliant play, which is expected to throw no discredit upon the sparkling scenes it closes.

The breadth of atmosphere which humor requires for its development, the saneness and sympathy of its revelations, are admirably described by one of the most penetrating and least humorous of French critics, M. Edmond Scherer, whose words are all the more grateful and valuable to us when they refer, not to his own countrymen, but to those robust English humorists whom it is our present pleasure to ignore. M. Scherer, it is true, finds much fault, and reasonable fault ever, with these stout-hearted, strong-handed veterans. They are not always decorous. They are not always sincere. They are wont to play with their subjects. They are too eager to amuse themselves and other people. It is easy to make out a list of their derelictions. "Yet this does not prevent the temperament of the humorist from being, on the whole, the happiest that a man can bring with him into this world, nor his point of view from being the fairest from which the world can be judged. The satirist grows wroth; the cynic banters; the humorist laughs and sympathizes by turns. . . . He has nei-



ther the fault of the pessimist, who refers everything to a purely personal conception, and is angry with reality for not being such as he conceives it; nor that of the optimist, who shuts his eyes to everything missing on the real earth, that he may comply with the demands of his heart and of his reason. The humorist feels the imperfections of reality, and resigns himself to them with the good temper which knows that our own satisfaction is not the rule of things; that the formula of the universe is necessarily larger than the preferences of a single one of the accidental beings of whom the universe is composed. He is, beyond doubt, the true philosopher."

This is a broad statement; yet to endure life smilingly is no ignoble task; and if the humors of mankind are inseparably blended with all their impulses and actions, it is worth while to consider bravely the value of qualities so subtle and far-reaching in their influences. Steele, as we know, dressed the invading bailiffs in liveries, and amazed his guests by the number and elegance of his retainers. Sydney Smith fastened antlers on his sheep, for the gratification of a lady who thought he ought to have deer in his park. Such elaborate jests, born of invincible gayety and high spirits, seem childish to our present adult seriousness; and we are too impatient to understand that they represent an attitude, and a very healthy attitude, towards life. The iniquity of Steele's career lay in his repeatedly running into debt, not in the admirable temper with which he met the consequences of that debt when they were forced upon him; and if the censorious are disposed to believe that a less happy disposition would have avoided these consequences, let them consider the career of poor Richard Savage and of other misanthropic prodigals. As for Sydney Smith, he followed Burton's excellent counsel, "Go on then merrily to heaven;" and his

path was none the less straight because it was smoothed by laughter. That which must be borne had best be borne cheerfully, and sometimes a single telling stroke of wit, a single word rich in manly humor, reveals to us that true courage, that fine philosophy, which endures and even tolerates the vicissitudes of fortune, without for a moment relinquishing its honest hold upon the right. Mr. Lang has told us such a little story of the verger in a Saxon town who was wont to show visitors a silver mouse which had been offered by the women to the Blessed Virgin that she might rid the town of mice. A Prussian officer, with that prompt brutality which loves to offend religious sentiment it does not share, asked jeeringly, "And are you such fools as to believe that the creatures went away because a silver mouse was dedicated?" "Ah, no," replied the verger, "or long ago we should have offered a silver Prussian."

It is the often-expressed opinion of Leigh Hunt that although wit and humor may be found in perfection apart from each other, yet their best work is shared in common. Wit separated from humor is but an element to sport in; a "laughing jade," with petulant whims and fancies, which runs away with our discretion, confuses our wisdom, and mocks at holy charity, yet adds greatly, withal, to the buoyancy and popularity of life. It makes gentlefolk laugh, — a difficult task, says Molière; it scatters our faculties, and "bears them off deridingly into pastime." It is a fire-gleam in our dull world, a gift of the gods who love to provide weapons for the amusement and discomfiture of mankind. But humor stands on common soil, and breathes our common air. The kindly contagion of its mirth lifts our hearts from their personal apprehension of life's grievances, and links us together in a bond of mutual tears and laughter. If it be powerless to mould existence, or even explain

it to our satisfaction, it can give us at least some basis for philosophy, some scope for sympathy and sanity and endurance. "The perceptions of the contrasts of human destiny," says M. Sche-

rer, "by a man who does not sever himself from humanity, but who takes his own shortcomings and those of his dear fellow-creatures cheerfully, — this is the essence of humor."

*Agnes Repplier.*

## AN AMERICAN AT HOME IN EUROPE.

### IV.

HOUSES I HAVE HUNTED IN ITALY :  
ROME, FLORENCE, PERUGIA, AND VENICE ; A PALAZZINA AT VERONA ; CONCLUSION IN THE RIVIERA.

I THINK I shall write an article, some time, on Travelers' Drivers. On comparing the accounts of famous journeys, these gentry would probably be found to occupy a remarkable place in the foreground, in nearly every instance. They would be found to agree in a general raciness of character, in a tendency to quaint sayings, in untrustworthy information and tricky bargaining. But has attention enough been given to the extent to which they redeem their faults and make good return for value received in helping the traveler fill up his pages?

Within a fortnight after the return from the English journey, as heretofore chronicled, I set off for Italy on another house-hunting trip. In the first part of it I had a driver ; but I must postpone my account of him till the article mentioned. I shall only say here that he told me that, in the place to which we were going, houses not only were cheap, but were positively given away.

I had left behind Pisa, its monuments showing in the distance like the great structures of some traveling show suddenly turned to stone ; and I had left behind the clean little ex-ducal city of Lucca. At Lucca, the Sunday bells had been chiming in the early morning. You

look down from the green ramparts into the gardens of many pretty villas, with marble lions on their gateposts. In one, a whole troop of Bernini statues, the kind that are all on the move in every part, seemed rehearsing as for private theatricals among themselves. Yet I had not asked the price of any dwelling at Lucca, and I had not even looked at one at Pisa. The country was flat, and the impression of the sixty-three days of winter rain the statistics set down to it, as against only thirty-six at Nice, was perhaps unduly strong, at this opening stage. There was no resolution arrived at to leave the Villa des Aman-diers ; in many respects we could hardly hope to find its equal. Still, it is scarcely in human nature to rest content with any situation, no matter how pleasant, if a chance remains of finding something better elsewhere. It seemed, in a certain sense, almost a matter of duty, too, to spend the next year in Italy ; and so I had set off to spy out the land. The drive was a rather hard pull of sixteen miles up to the Baths of Lucca, in the mountains. The Baths of Lucca is a little summer resort, rather fallen off from a once greater popularity, that we had thought might possibly do for the winter also. Its decline from popularity would not harm it in our eyes and for our especial purposes, but quite the contrary.

The place proved to be a mere secluded vale with a tumbling stream. Now it would recall the Catskills, and



now, with its smooth, very civilized walk between the two principal villages, something at Pau or Dinan. There was a lush deep greenness about it, an English look here and there, — the doing in part of English proprietors who had left behind their hedges, — and some bits of green lawn, that most refreshing of rarities in these latitudes. The landlady at the inn told us she had lately had her house quite full of only English and American women, — not a man among them.

A small principal street with shops; a few gray towers; a crowd of peasants, all men, at the bridge; the neat bath-establishment; a casino, with a cheerful frieze of musical instruments sculptured round it; small hotels, and the apartments to let. In spite of my driver's information, the prices did not seem high. You could have had a furnished house, a quiet, restful place, with a grass-plot before it, in the centre of things, for 800 francs for the season, and for not much more, I judged, for the rest of the year. That was the best there was. The neatest and most taking, on the whole, was an apartment at 400 francs, in the house of the Signora E—— O——. It had four good bedrooms, a salon, and quite a vast dining-room, all very nicely furnished. From the back, you looked out upon a strip of garden, and high up to the third village of the group, cresting the slope above. It was hot that day, a humid oppressive heat, though it was but the 11th of May. It would no doubt be cool enough in winter, by way of recompense; but I should think life at the end of so long a drive could not fail to be almost hermit-like.

I kept on southward to Rome by way of Civita Vecchia. The most surprising feature to note, after an absence of sixteen years, was the prosperous appearance of those once half-waste and fever-stricken districts, the Maremme and the Campagna. Excellent new buildings and

fences, haymakers at work, grainfields and vineyards, fine cattle and sheep, gave tangible sign of the rise of the new Italy, and the extent to which the old order changes. The fresh young kingdom, having made an Italy, had next to make Italians; and it is making them even in the plain about the gates of Rome which immemorial tradition has taught us to shrink from as poisonous. In crossing the Campagna by the branch roads to Frascati and Albano, or flying out to charming Tivoli by the steam tramway, continually laden with merry excursionists, you find it full of fragrant hay, and of flocks and herds and their able-bodied keepers. The people, both men and women, look as well and content, the children as chubby and thriving, as could be wished for even in districts of far better repute.

I did not fail to seek for suitable quarters in these suburban villages on the foothills of the Alban and Sabine mountains, within a radius of twenty-five miles of Rome: Frascati, more spruce and modern; Albano, older and dingier; Tivoli, apparently protected forever from the commonplace by its site on the grand cliffs, and its temple of the Sibyl looking down upon the foaming milk of the cataracts. Yet what think you is the latest from Tivoli? The cataracts have been trained to turn the strong motors that are to make all Rome a blaze of electric light worthy of the splendid new court on the Quirinal.

Villas and apartments were few and far between. As a rule they were furnished, so that it began to look as if the ownership of a sufficient outfit of furniture of one's own might not be such a great advantage, after all; and, without regard to relative conditions of climate and comfort, but considering only the standard left behind me, they were dear. The 350,000 inhabitants of Rome reserve these suburban villages to themselves for their summer outings, and com-

petition keeps up the prices. A rude unfurnished villa, near the bridge, at Ariccia, the property of some Roman prince, would have been 1500 francs.

What most nearly tempted me was a large old house at Castel Gandolfo, with a garden at the rear looking across the wide Campagna to misty Rome. It was pleasantly furnished, it is true, but in front all the population of the main street crowded up against its doorsteps; and when the local omnibus was off duty, it also seemed to be laid up there. Would it have been put down to a low-priced figure, on that account? Perhaps, but I doubt it. And even if it had been, who can say whether it would have been quite worth it at any figure? Some put their comfort in one thing, and some in another. For myself, an important part of it is some "elbow-room," the option to be decently let alone. It is not to disrelish one's fellow-creatures to feel in this way, Heaven forbid! On the contrary, it is to issue forth with sympathies all the fresher and readier to enter helpfully into their concerns, not to collide with them and to have their small miseries under one's eyes at every instant. The country all about was full of charm: smooth roads and pleasant footpaths shaded by ancient trees; the old papal palace at the top of the ridge; the Campagna on one side and Lake Albano on the other; and a little further on, beyond Ariccia, the smaller Lake Nemi, as virginal and lonesome as if it were in a forest of America. Yes, other things being propitious, I should have chosen above all Castel Gandolfo.

The new districts of Rome, the great modern upheaval of which we hear so much, are not immediately obvious to the new-comer upon his arrival; except that of course he sees the new quarter of the Quirinal, the latest grand hotel, the fine bustling new thoroughfare of the Via Nazionale, for all these are on his way in descending from the station. What a delicious glimpse of emerald-

green garden through an archway of the royal palace! What splendid colossal cuirassiers on guard! It is such a pity that anything unpleasant should have had to grow out of the coming of the court to Rome, whether intentionally or otherwise. The royalties are, as royalties go, so good a pair, Queen Margherita so really sweet and charming a woman; and Italian unity is a cause to be so worthily and genuinely enthusiastic about. By reason of this stimulus, there had been a tremendous overbuilding and over-speculation in land. Political movements, the war of tariffs with France, brought on the collapse. In the year 1889 alone, there was a falling-off of exports to the amount of \$30,000,000; and \$30,000,000 would pay for a good deal of building, either in Italy or elsewhere. Mr. Crawford is well using this dramatic latter-day episode in his novel, *Don Orsino*.

A certain great Prince Borghese, whose ancestor was enriched in an earlier building of Rome, found himself bankrupted by the same causes. There were said to be whole settlements of new buildings, out at the Porta Pia and the Porta Salaria, standing doorless, windowless, and roofless, falling to pieces before they were even finished. One would not wish to profit by the misfortunes of his neighbors; but, since this situation existed through no fault of ours, I had a shrewd idea that we might yet be driven to install ourselves, at a mere nominal rent, in a grand suite of brand-new apartments, making some slight sacrifice of taste for the occasion.

There was little change in the better portion of old Rome,—the portion that long tradition has assigned as the Strangers' Quarter. Ten chances to one, your friends who go abroad write their letters to you from the Corso, or the Via del Babuino, or the Piazza di Spagna, or a street or two up at the top of this vast staircase, on the Pincian. These last were much the best; but, in all,



the apartments were furnished chiefly for the use of temporary sojourners, and were well charged for, even by American standards. Quarters for a permanent householder were scarcely, or not at all, to be had. If you will look on the map, you will see, too, that in the precinct below you could not have a great amount of sun at any price, for the principal streets run in such a way that it could not possibly enter the windows. On the Pincian it was different. I should not have minded at all living at number blank Via Sistina or number blank San Trinità de' Monti. Sun; a wide view down the Spanish Steps; a sculptured house, with flowers on its *loggia* in front; and in five minutes' walk, or so, you could be by the fountain at the Villa Medici, looking off from under the oaks at the famous sunset view of St. Peter's, or watching the defile of carriages in the park. But one of these apartments was 400 francs a month, and the other 180; and this, you see, was not within the conditions. I allowed myself to be turned back here only with great reluctance, by default of the proper sort of bills "To Let."

The search in Rome was long, not only because, as elsewhere, the house-hunting would naturally lapse into sight-seeing, but still more from the surprising lack of lodgings offering. I began to traverse the city vigorously in all directions, leaving the question of salubrity to be settled after a choice in other respects attractive had been made. But I found that foreigners long resident in Rome, acquaintance to whom I brought letters, scouted the idea of any well-settled portion of Rome being unhealthy. There was one who told me he had even repeatedly driven across the Campagna, being out as late as eleven o'clock at night, while spending his summers at Albano, and had never come to any harm. If everybody could only settle the problem of living in Rome as he had! An American of intelligence, lit-

erary culture, and wealth, he had taken an ancient palace of Bramante, and become almost more Roman than the Romans themselves. I do not know that I envied him his severe entrance court, with a few dull shrubs on the staircase, — no glowing oranges, no rosy oleanders, prodigal of fragrance, here! — nor even his spacious chambers, bright with color and good taste; but when it came to his library, I distinctly did, and do, envy him that. What a room, *mes amis*, what a room! Many a public library of much pretense could have been contained within it. Books from the floor to the lofty ceiling; a music-gallery at one end, a platform at the other. It might once have been a state banquetting-hall; and yet, vast as it was, it was so skillfully arranged as to have an air of comfort and even cosiness. If one could not walk up and down there and compose immortal works of genius, it would not be for want of a fascinating promenade.

The palaces of lesser size were not to be had, or at least accommodations in them suited to a small family. I had prepared myself to put up with a certain amount of gloom in consideration of the historic grandeur, but even this sacrifice was not permitted. The apartments were all very large and expensive, and, furthermore, would be let only for a term of years. I was directed to the Palazzo Altemps, one of the gray old sort, with heavily barred windows below, ancient statuary, and its staircase disappearing under a cavernous arch, with a "Hark! from the tombs" effect. There was nothing. The *portiere*, the janitor, had nothing; nor did he even know of anything. (There was a discouraging suggestion in the way people — your friends and all — so rarely knew of anything.) But stay! yes, he did; and he began to pilot me into a respectable dark alley, where, he said, there was a flat of six rooms on an inner court. At Bernini's Palazzo Odescalchi, a colossal doorkeeper,

in blue livery, conducted me to a business office on the lower floor, and there a bustling young administrator told me he had nothing but an apartment on the second story for 5000 francs, or \$1000 a year. The only thing I recollect in the department of palaces was a dark appendage of the Palazzo Borghese in a back street near the river. At first sight of its entrance, with two big brass knockers and without a *concierge*, you would say, "Here is a quiet, small, studio sort of building which might be made to serve;" but it developed, as you went on and upward, into fourteen chambers and two terraces. It remained nearly as dark within as without, and it had not a single fireplace, which might be taken as an indication either that the winters were very mild, or that the inmates did not mind being very uncomfortable, as you pleased.

In the Forum of Trajan they were making over a modern building, and the eight rooms on the third floor were 900 francs. The shadows of the broken columns in the forum were falling west, toward the left hand, and that showed the house faced due north. The square, moreover, seemed too stirring, scrambling, and noisy; it did not pay the least attention to the ruins in its midst. How many streets I traversed looking longingly at the southern exposures! In vain: others had been there before me. You know well that in Italy, if the sun does not come into your house, the doctor will. But I suppose it is hardly reasonable to expect anywhere that the inhabitants should keep their best locations free for the convenience of the desultory traveler. Do we not all know, at home, persons who have watched, perhaps even years, for some choice spot, and thereafter have guarded it with jealous care?

In the wide piazza before St. Peter's, north again! If you had felt like clamoring up to the fifth story of a good large house, stuccoed and yellow-washed,

you could have had six rooms for the monthly rental of 90 francs. This was proportionately dearer than Paris. The staircase was marble, wide, bright, and easy, but not very clean, and a janitor worked at shoemaking in a varnished pine box at the foot of it. It is true that the rear windows must have got some southern sunshine, as the front was north, but these were in the minor chambers, and opened above a large court where washing hung out. They caught also a glimpse of the green of Mount Janiculus. Fancy having a view of Mount Janiculus from some of your windows, and of all the soft, beautiful greatness of St. Peter's from the others! I need not dwell upon it. I might make a similar exclamation everywhere, for each separate quarter had its monument of world-wide fame which irresistibly became a centre for the quest. Not to yield to any mere unworthy prejudice, I tried even the vicinity of the Colosseum. The Colosseum closed the end of the street, and the omnibus passed the door for St. John Lateran. Though the houses were good and new, the appointments were rude and harsh and the rooms few in number; such as might have been adapted to superior working people or very minor clerks.

Then at last I sought the fresh-built Rome in which people had ruined themselves. I went from the Dan of Porta Pia to the Beersheba of Prati di Castello, from the Land's End of St. John Lateran to the John O'Groat's of the Villa Ludovisi. I say nothing against the twelve-room apartment in the six-story house, pink and yellow, on the Via Principe Amadeo, except that it was twice too big for us, and that it was 3000 francs. The royal house of Savoy has honored each of its members with a wide, trim, vacant, characterless street, here on the resuscitated Esquiline. I ruled out entirely the abandoned roofless and doorless dwellings, which were few. However cheap they might be in



themselves, they surely were not practical for the case of just such a family as ours.

"Why do you not go to the Villa Ludovisi?" was a question that was often asked me, and to the Villa Ludovisi I did go, as I have said. It is in the north part of the town, back of Hawthorne's famous church of the Cappuccini. It was once the gardens of Sallust, and then a seventeenth-century villa, with a collection of pictures and statues. The region was a dusty chaos of preparation. The clink of the mason's hammer and the pitfalls of mortar-beds were your entertainment. It was all as ugly as possible, and was not even cheap! In the first place, there were scarce any bills out at all; and in the next place, if you found, say, a *mezzanino* — the French *entresol*, or half-story — in some huge, windy, granite tenement house, it was straightway 170 francs a month. The Prati di Castello was worse, for there they asked as much for the same number of rooms — eight — in the same kind of a house, and it was the top story instead. Surely demand had again overtaken the supply, or else the prices of life had been so forced up in Rome that people could not come down even when ruined.

You cross to that side of the Tiber by crude iron truss bridges that do grievous wrong to the rich old bridge of St. Angelo, covered with statues. The banks of the Tiber look as if they were undergoing a sack by Alaric or the Constable of Bourbon. Only the reconstruction is worse than the demolition. It would be childish to object to reforms which are much needed, to letting in light and air, to sanitation and convenience; but what is truly regrettable is that these should be presided over by some influence wholly at war with the great and beautiful traditions of the past. Whence comes this latter-day design, this poor, thin, cold, ephemeral architecture, with scarce a stringcourse, and without a

deep shadow or a sky-line? It produces rows of monotonous factory-like stuccoed buildings riddled with small windows, and these are formed into cold, bare streets and squares without a single touch of interest. Wherever the style comes from, it is at least curious to note the wide extension it is getting: it is the same sort of thing you see at present in Madrid and large modern provincial cities in France, such as Lyons and Marseilles. One is almost driven to the conclusion that the Latin temperament is in full reaction against its past: it has been old and artistic so long that it takes a perverse pleasure in being new and ugly. Rome might justly be compared to a pretty woman who should be ignorant of her own strong point of charm, and should try in every way to suppress it. Rome, being above all things ancient, has come to pride herself above everything else on being modern.

No, we did not see on Palatinus the white porch of our home, and we did not speak on terms that were to become those of every-day companionship to the noble river that rolls by the walls of Rome. We had been prepared to stand even a considerable advance on the prices as fixed by what has been heretofore described, — to allow ourselves, in short, the luxury of seeing Rome; not only its monuments, but something of its society. I think we should have taken the small apartment on the fine Via Nazionale that had been a senator's, if we could have fitted into it. I have been told, however, that even the society, the foreign colony, in Rome is no longer what it was in the great day of tradition. People do not find Rome "the city of the soul" to the same extent as formerly. They come, stay a short time as sight-seers, and move on elsewhere. The place I liked best of all, and which was also the nearest within our means, was in front of the glorious Campidoglio. It looked out on the two vast staircases, the one at the left

to the old brick church of Araceli; the central one to the great Dioscuri mastering their horses, to thoughtful Marcus Aurelius on his charger, and to Michael Angelo's capitol, a treasure-house of sculpture. I have had a large photograph of that scene hanging on my wall nearly all my life, and I should have been glad enough to realize it. On that oldest of the hills of Rome, besides all the rest, you could find painters' bits, where the officers of the Guardia Civile sat by the brick angles of Araceli; and, going on a step, you could look down from the other side upon the chief district of ruins, and across it to the distant blue of the Alban Mountains. That place seemed to combine everything. It made provision even for the infant son — the first that had offered — in the fact that a little street zigzagged up and became a pretty park near all that is left of the Tarpeian Rock. There had been no bill out. I had got in the way, by that time, of applying even where there were no bills. But what think you? The apartment could not be seen; I could judge of it only by hearsay; and it would not be vacant before October, and perhaps not even then.

I had not thought of going farther south than Rome, on this occasion. Inclement north winds would pursue you in the winter even at Capri and Palermo. If you took up your abode in the fascinating island of Capri, you might find yourself, furthermore, cut off from the mainland by raging gales for a week at a time. You have to go down as far as Catania, on the slopes of Etna, to be really comfortable in winter, and that is too far. By that time you are well on the way to Malta and Egypt, and, if climate be the object, you might as well continue.

Turning northward, then, I shall only say of Siena, where there is something of an English colony, that the people I chanced to have known who had tried

it had spoken in an aggrieved way of penetrating cold and dampness there. That this cannot logically be given as a sufficient objection will be seen later on, but for the moment it was an objection. Perugia I crossed off at once. If we were to pedestrianize to all the other Umbrian towns round about, — of which there is so grand a view from the chief piazza, — we could never endure, on each occasion, to have to descend and ascend again the glaring road up that interminable hill. Of the town, too, and the sitting statue of Pope Julius, it may be said that it is the beautiful genius of Hawthorne that has made them, and not they themselves. There was a quaint incident in progress at the time, making what was possibly an unaccustomed stir of life. The *carabinieri* had killed the dog of some innocent poor fellow, in the belief that the animal was mad. The owner, having no journal at his command, was distributing on all sides printed handbills, vindicating the memory of his pet, and calling down opprobrium upon the ruthless slayers.

Florence is another of those places which are supposed to have been ruined by the advent of the royal court. A period of over-inflation was caused by the coming of the court, which collapsed after its departure for Rome. Such is the story, and you are constantly hearing that you can have lodgings there for a song. You would think it was a sort of Tadmor of the wilderness. But observe that the court departed for Rome now some twenty years ago, and there has been plenty of time since for things to equalize themselves. Florence is certainly cheaper than Rome, but the cheapness is relative, after all. The population do not flock in mass to put their dwellings at your disposal, as the unsophisticated may have supposed, and beg you to take them at any price. If, in the space at my disposal, I should detail all my experience there, it would lapse into a mere catalogue. I saw none of the



real bargains such as I have had occasion to mention in several of the French towns. And yet how more than ever relative it is when you think of all the different tastes and requirements! I am aware that it is quite inexcusable to put my own so much in the foreground. It is one thing if you want to have the Uffizi, the Duomo, and the academy that contains Michael Angelo's David within constant reach, and quite another thing if you have seen the great galleries almost enough, and are almost satisfied with climate alone.

English influence is apparent in Florence. It is recalled to you by the three churches, and by the racing-shells you see dart out from under an arch of the Ponte Vecchio. There is a bright spruceness about the approaches to some of the apartments. More care seems given to "modern conveniences" than in Rome; fixed bath-tubs are not wholly unknown, and kitchens are often at the top of the house, to let off smoke and odors inoffensively. The *villino* at Florence supplies to a small extent the need of detached houses. On the Viale, the boulevard around the town, and various other broad avenues it crosses, are places so devoted to villinos in their shady dooryards that you might half fancy yourself in New Haven or Cleveland. The villinos are occasionally arranged for two families, and the proprietor desires to remain below and keep the garden. One of them did not wish to receive a child, not the most winning, tranquil, and exceptional one on earth. It was the very first hint of such limitations. Would it be credited when reported back to the Villa des Amandiers? Would there be Junonian wrath, maternal scorn and resentment there?

American influence, of course, is counted with the English, in Florence; though here too the permanent colony seems not to be what it has been in other days. To sum up, a fairish apartment would cost from 1200 to 1800 francs a

year, which I would put as the figure for which you could make yourself very comfortable indeed in or about Nice. At those prices, you would be located remote from the centre, in the Via Montebello, near the public gardens; or in the chief part of a villino by the Mugnone, a little tributary of the Arno; or in the centre, on a fourth story in the handsome Via Cavour. A first story in the same Via Cavour was 2800 francs. It is true that it had an escutcheon over the doorway, and sixteen rooms, of which two were kitchens. It is hard to see why there should be two kitchens, especially in these days when Mr. Edward Atkinson, with his new Aladdin oven, promises to spare us soon the need of even one.

Turning to the country, I did not find it so pleasing in vegetation, and what was stranger yet, I did not find it a whit more Italian than what I had left behind. How often have I been driven to think that it is the Riviera which is the true Italy! This warm and sunny zone, which was formerly all Italian territory, corresponds more nearly than any other to the enthusiastic descriptions of past travelers and poets, and has fixed our conceptions of what Italy should be. The view of Nice from the Col de Villefranche seemed to me finer than that of Florence from Fiesole. The climb to Fiesole is much like that from Nice to Cimiez, only longer, steeper, dustier, and far more shut in by baffling high walls. When Boccaccio and his friends were telling their tales at the Earl of Crawford's villa, on this road, they could hardly have wanted to go into Florence very often, even apart from the great plague, unless they had excellent horses. When the lofty village is reached, it is a steep climb again to the point of view at the Franciscan monastery.

Surely the stars in their courses, thus far, were fighting for the Villa des Amandiers. It has been replied to per-

sons who lament the difficulty of getting literary fame that if it were not difficult it would not be fame. So, too, I suppose, if it were not so difficult to unearth, in the storied lands of Europe, or anywhere else, an inexpensive home with sufficient charm almost to defy the usual traditions of wealth and luxury, it could not be half as much appreciated when found. It would be a defeat of the "Haves" by the "Have-nots," a reversal of the present laws of political economy which prevail on one side of the ocean as well as on the other. It has been abundantly seen by this time that the object was one to be attained only by a long and arduous quest and with the aid of good luck.

There was an instructive difference in the causes, though the result — the shortage of desirable dwellings — was everywhere pretty much the same. My next important attempt was at Venice. I venture to say, you would, on general principles, have wagered readily on there being better chances in Venice than anywhere else, — in red old Venice, mouldering on its labyrinthine miles of canals, the city that had once held 200,000 people, and then dwindled to but 96,000. But go house-hunting there, and you will find, with unwelcome surprise, that it has perhaps the fewest openings of all. Apart from the liberal provision of dear furnished lodgings for the strangers who come to pass a month or two in the spring and autumn, there is very little to choose from. Nor is this any mere fiction of interested house-agents. Venice has got back now to a population of about 140,000, and, making allowance for the buildings that may have disappeared in the mean time, is none too large for her inhabitants. Her day of prosperity has returned. Her position as a chief port of the new kingdom of Italy, the revival of a natural commercial advantage, and other favoring conditions have made her a great shipping mart, a manufacturing town, and a

most popular bathing-resort. It has a decidedly American ring when people cite to you the manufacturing concerns that have lately moved there, and the large number of hands each employs. So that there are very few houses to be had. The Grand Canal begins to take a commercial look; large signs are thrust out upon the palaces in a way that recalls the march of trade up Fifth Avenue in New York. A few Englishmen and Americans who purchased cheap on this thoroughfare, years ago, have unwittingly joined a shrewd business speculation to their unique choice of residence. Among such residents were the Brownings. The Rezzonico palace is forever identified with their name. No royalty whatever has nobler accommodations than has Browning's son, the artist, in this palace, which is possibly kept up now with even greater perfection than it was in its historic day. A vast ball-room and interminable suites of reception-rooms hung in figured silks strike with astonishment. Again, as before in the library I have mentioned in Rome, one wonders at the niggling taste of the American rich, who will not do this grand and simple sort of thing, but lavish millions on houses that are like a puzzle of Chinese boxes, covered with a chaos of chimney-stacks and dovescotes. A smooth beauty within contrasts with the fortress-like massiveness without; for it is a cyclopean sort of Renaissance, and not the gay, rosy Byzantine-Gothic with which Ruskin and the painters have almost identified our ideal of Venice. Huge embossed heads stare from the rugged quoins, and the walls are so thick that comfortable beds can be made up on the window-sills.

I will describe two of the abodes I looked at in Venice, one large and one small, which may serve as typical of the rest. Everybody, at first, wishes to be upon the Grand Canal; after a sufficient time, there is greater willingness to try some of the more sheltered small *campi*



and quays of the interior. The first, then, was an apartment in a large sober palace on the Grand Canal. Need I say that it looked northward? It had belonged to an American consul-general, who, having given up his post, had proposed to settle down in Venice, as the place that pleased him best in all the world, but after a little had changed his mind; and it was recommended to me by a competent judge as the very best and most reasonable thing he knew of in the place. That the tendency of rents was upwards will be seen from the fact that the price for the ensuing year was 1600 francs, but it was specified that the lease would be renewed only at the rate of 1700, thereafter.



The apartment was the one immediately above the *piano nobile*, or principal story, and scarcely less large and lofty than that. The *piano nobile* itself is hardly ever to let. As there is also a high ground floor, devoted to the water-entrance, the storage of the surplus furniture of gondolas, and to sleeping-chambers for the gondoliers and others, you have already a length of bare stone staircase to climb equal to that of a third or fourth story in Paris. A large ante-chamber, with a carved and gilded wooden altar from some old church against one wall, opened into a great dining-room, and this in turn, on either side, into a salon and principal bedroom. I paced

off the distance, and none of the three could have varied much from thirty-six feet by twenty-one. The length of the bedroom was broken by an archway, making a pleasant alcove. I went at once to open the casement windows, which fitted the ogival arches without. They were so high above the floor that a platform was built to reach to them. A balcony all along the front was found to be too narrow to enter comfortably, and was intended chiefly for external ornament.

"La bella situazione!" exclaimed commendingly the elderly factotum who had come with me to do the honors. It was perfectly easy to agree with him. "Cospetto!" he added, which is about like saying, "Good gracious! I should say so."

I have sometimes, since, fancied our being there, rather shut in for want of solid land to walk about on, and looking out at the rich red Byzantine palace and the charming little house, with a bit of garden before it, opposite, and at the tramway steamers darting swiftly to the station of San Toma; or again, in winter, looking out at the rain pelting incessantly into the leaden canal, or the snowflakes falling upon it, or the bitter winds harrying it. I turned back to see what was in the rooms. All the floors were of polished Roman cement, the usual flooring; the doors were of some rather elegant hard wood; while the walls and ceiling had lost whatever ancient distinction they had had, and were covered with cheap paper of ordinary design. Three monumental stoves (for wood) in tiles or plaster, tinted, partly took away the bareness of the rooms; and the dining-room was furthermore helped out by two great canvases, some twelve feet square, showing, all in tones of faded green, two ancient Palladian villas with their gardens. At the first blush, the problem of furnishing such a huge place seemed terrifying; but I am convinced, on reflection, that it need not

have been. Hangings would have done much for the vacant walls, and in our day charming hangings need no longer be dear. On the whole, our effects would have gone very well there. We should at least have been a standing protest, for the time, against the Anglo-Saxon vice of dreadful over-furnishing and stuffiness.

The problems of heating and lighting were much more formidable. Our lamps could have penetrated the ample obscurity with but a feeble gleam. You could hardly dine a friend under such circumstances; and the evenings promised to be dull at home, when we were not listening to the music and taking ices at Florian's, in the brilliant piazza of St. Mark's. But all that makes default just in the time of the year when you would need it the most. Going back to Venice in midwinter expressly to verify these conclusions, I found men shoveling the snow into mountainous heaps all over the piazza of St. Mark's, as they might after an American blizzard; the shopping thoroughfare of the Merceria was ankle-deep in slush; and one of our consuls of the time told me he had never known any other climate where the damp cold penetrated so thoroughly to the marrow.

The southern sun came into the kitchen and some of the minor rooms at the rear from a court. You see no kitchen on the plan I have made. The kitchen was down a half-story, with a whole series of other small rooms for which we should have had no use at all. It had only two charcoal holes for the cooking, and the water must be pumped up daily from below. These half-stories are frequently managed in the height of the others; for, naturally, there is no need of all the rooms being as lofty as those in which you might have received the queen of Cyprus or the ambassadors of the Ottoman Porte. Another half-story up led to a great attic, brick-floored, which would have made a magnificent

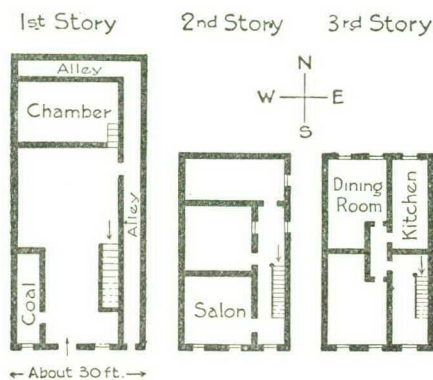
romping-ground for children. Still higher, on top of the roof, there is often a wooden lookout, from which you can command all the red tiles of the city and across to the snowy Venetian Alps. It is an excellent idea for the preservation of privacy, in Venice, that they manage to give each apartment its own separate entrance. The palace is entered on all sides, from all sorts of dark little streets. The drawback to the plan is that all but the principal tenant are cut off from arrival by the grand water-portal, which is something in which one would take a good deal of pride, if he had it.

I have not room for the subject of landlords. One was a Parisian *grande dame* with an exceedingly shrewd air; another, a Venetian widow, who held that she did not know how to bargain, and I rather think it was so. Another was a stately ecclesiastic in silk stockings, who offered me his apartment of twenty vast rooms, in absolutely neat, perfect condition, and absolutely vacant of everything, for 2500 francs; but it must be taken for six years at least, and he would much prefer nine. There is a curious habit of estimating the rent of quarters by the day, long as the period is for which they mean you to take them. I repeatedly heard rents divided up into ten francs, two francs and a half, and the like, per day. The Jewish element, again, is very strong and prosperous; it is said that one third of the property in Venice is owned by Jews.

I am sure it would be much easier to imagine a palace in Venice than a small private house. I had not forgotten my wish for a small house apart, even in the queen city of the Adriatic, and I pursued it persistently,—the more so as the apartments had proved so large and cheerless. "*Parva domus magna quies.*" I found something at last on the Calle della Donna Onesta that I hoped might be made to do. North again? No, south this time. It was



curiously interlocked with another house at the back, in mediæval fashion, so that the rear windows of two of its three chief stories were blocked. You would hardly expect the luxury of a dooryard in Venice, and there was none, but there was an alley at the right, which gave side windows. The rent was very low, — but forty francs a month, — which would allow a margin for improvements to make us very comfortable. It was a good wide Dutch-looking house, of red brick, with stone stringcourses, a door in the middle, entered immediately from the level, and green shutters upon all the windows. A hundred yards or less



A SMALL HOUSE IN VENICE.

separated it from the Grand Canal, and there was a rather pretty glimpse of it from the corner. You could have made a satisfactory water-color of it, to send home. Who of us are free from some small vanity of wishing to impress others with our actions?

This little house had absolutely no modern improvements, — not a trace of them. There was not a fireplace in it; but the cheap rental would have allowed us to make one, and also to pay for plenty of fuel. All the water was brought from the public well in the small Campo San Toma, but a few blocks away. The said well was kept under lock and key a good part of the day; it was only between the hours of

seven and nine A. M., and three and five P. M., that the servants could go there with their clinking copper buckets, and gossip around it, and form the traditional *genre* groups. We should have continued to send, of course, from time to time, for the picturesqueness of it; but one of my first steps was to go to the office of the company, at the *Tragheto* San Benedetto, and see what the *acqua-dotto* water, the good water from the river Brenta, could be put in for. I found the expense was not great. The same thing could be done also for the gas, as the conduits were near, if they did not pass the door. There is a pleasant incongruity in talking of putting in gas and water in Venice; but as the romantic things can become almost commonplace by too long familiarity with them, so the commonplace things of life abroad take on a certain romance.

It would have been my idea to dash the walls of the entrance story, which was all one large, bare, rather damp room, with warm pinkish color, and suspend bold hangings there. It was floored with broken red marble. After having once been something better, it had become a bake-shop, I think, for I discovered the oven at the back. I should have put something rather elaborate in the way of a brass knocker on the green entrance door, a specimen of the artistic brass work you find among the makers of gondola fittings over on the other side; and it would have been becomingly Venetian to have had some touch of yellow window curtains alongside the green shutters. A good platform staircase led to the several stories, and the corridor was of a pleasant, country-like width. As the kitchen was at the top of the house, we should have done well to make our dining-room next it. There were no traditions as to arrangement, and we could have divided up the rooms to suit ourselves. We should have had a boat of our own, and kept the oars and the awning in the ample spaces of the en-

trance floor. We should have rowed to the Rialto, which was but a short distance away, and brought back our marketing ourselves. A huge provision of everything was spread out there; and I was told, by an informant of much experience, that one could live nowhere else in the world so cheaply as in Venice. The wondrous Archives, the Academy of Fine Arts, were but a few steps distant; we had only to go to the ferry, close by, to be set down in ten minutes by the tram-boats at the piazza of St. Mark's. All the rich opportunities of Venice, in pictures, in libraries, and in "subjects," and the cosmopolitan people who came there, were at hand. And in our own house, "away from the pulling and the hauling," not the roar of a single cab could break the smooth, restful silence, should we remain in the great water city.

We did not do it. Would the child D—— fall into the canal before our door? Were the bad smells, from the tide in the canals and all the things floating in them, really as harmless as their apologists maintained? Would the enervating lassitude of the long period of summer heat yield to habit, or, if not, what considerable part of our income should we spend in avoiding it? And *should* we escape the pulling and the hauling very much, after all? The last I saw of our fancied home, as I looked back upon it, the bare-headed mothers of the vicinity were taking counsel together before it, and a group of urchins, of the irrepressible variety that swarms out from the dense neighborhood of the school of San Rocco, — these rococo urchins were wrangling over a division of fish they had caught, in its very doorway.

All was duly noted for final reference, and the question was settled within half a day after leaving Venice. Verona was *en route*, and Verona was a charming provincial city where I had once passed some time. The visit was

more one of reminiscence and sentiment than anything else; yet there had been a house there that I used to fancy I should like to live in. I drove to see it. There is a brisk stir of modern life in the city of Romeo and Juliet, as elsewhere. The approach to the pleasant hill of San Lorenzo, under the white forts of the Austrian domination, had been cut across by the station of a new railway to Lake Garda; and besides, there was no sign now, any more than in former times, that the house had ever been vacant. But there was another one, a place so quaint and original, so charmingly situated, and, on top of all the rest, so fascinatingly cheap that it seemed hardly possible to hesitate any longer. It was the Palazzina Giusti, a pavilion standing on an upper terrace of the large garden of that name, to which many travelers obtain admission as among the rare spectacles of the interesting town. You have only to look in Baedeker to learn something about it. A rhetorical mention of it has even crept into that wonderful tale, Guy Livingstone. "The cypresses in the trim old garden," says the book, "soaring skyward till the eyes that follow grow dizzy, — the trees that were green and luxuriant years before the world was redeemed." This is slightly incorrect, though there is the stump of one dating back fourteen hundred years, and there are a great number that are four or five hundred years old. The palazzina dominated ancient parterres and statues, and the stairway, climbing to it through an alley of venerable cypresses, disappeared in the mouth of an enormous head cut in the solid rock. On the other side it had an exit, its practical gate for every day, on a street that had once been holy; while beyond this, close by, passed the old brick city wall, with its basis in the time of the Romans, and scars upon its battlements from the conflicts of the Middle Ages. It was to be our walled town *par excellence*,



and went far to still the craving of that peculiar taste. The ruddy notch-battlemented walls, with a still green promenade within them, ran up hill and down dale in the most taking way, and, antiquated though they now were, sentry-posts of *bersaglieri* still mounted guard at their towers.

The pavilion seemed even more attractive to me than the main palace of the ancient Counts Giusti, below. "Palazzina" would sound well at a distance. I asked the amiable gardener if it was inhabitable and had lately been inhabited.

"Yes," he replied, lifting his arm towards it with the same comprehensive gesture we were to see him employ later, as he directed some inquiring friends where to find us, — "yes, it was occupied by the widow of a German officer, with her daughters. They left it only because the peculiarly healthy situation gave them such good appetites, signore, and such a florid state of robustness that they were actually uneasy about it, and felt obliged to go away."

This unique credential was unnecessary. At least the house was inhabitable.

Returning to our home at Villefranche-sur-Mer, by way of Turin and a pass over the little-traveled Alpes Maritimes, I think it was a whiff of the breath of orange blossoms, coming up the valley, six or eight miles above Ventimiglia, that first subtly gave the new conclusions pause. It was the land of Mignon's song once more, and its potent charm promised to be but the stronger for having been a moment forgotten.

The Villa des Amandiers was at its best. The shadow of the cliff no longer fell upon the long walk, except in the measure agreeable for shade. The wild flowers that had sprung up there in the winter had given place to new series in their turn, — to iris, narcissus, poppy, primrose, and crocus. Each one lasts a very long time; there is no sudden for-

cing out with fierce heat, and as sudden drying up. The farmer was grafting orange buds upon wild stock. To come out in the fresh morning, and watch the opening blossoms on my own small trees along the terrace, sometimes seemed worth more than all the antiquities of Rome. Cherry-time, too, was at hand. We had bought a horse for jogging about the pleasant country, and meant to explore as far as the small Alpine resorts to which many of the well-to-do of Nice retire in summer, — San Dalmazzo and Saint-Martin-Lantosque and Berthemont. Winter hardships were over, and the long, pleasant season of dining out on the terrace was all before us. Why move at all? We summed up Rome and Venice and Florence and the rest, and decided that those were all places to go to only as travelers; we were within such easy striking distance of them. I even ran over to Corsica, and traversed all the island, finding nothing there to tempt us. One passes agreeable hours with the wild scenery; it might be a pretty diversion to stay for a little under the shade of the fresh vivid green chestnut forests at the Springs of Orezza, which is a very much ruder Baths of Lucca. But the voyage is a rough and trying one; the climate is much too open to the suspicion of fevers. Ajaccio is crude and ill-favored as compared to the leading towns of the Riviera, while anything else would be impossible. I trust you have remarked the acquittal, of late, of the hardened bandit Bellacoscia, and the excellent example it sets to the youth of a country where lawlessness is still held in great admiration.

We decided, then, to remain, saying only that, at the proper time, we must seek another location where in winter we could have all the sun there was to its latest ray, — which is by no means easy to find. But hardly was the decision to stay well matured when an opposite decision was precipitated by an untoward circumstance. The rift in our

armor, as it were, the drawback and latent threat in our situation, all along, was the little abode that stood vacant on our terrace, immediately opposite our door. I have spoken already of this peculiar French manner of arranging things. It was never meant to be occupied except by inmates of the large villa, or by some one very agreeable to them. I had ornamented it as part of our general *motif*. It had had such tenants as an artist known to fame, a picturesque old abbé, and a young officer of *chasseurs*. We were rather looking forward to the arrival of some such tenants again, for the pleasant novelty and plenty of practice in the language. Without warning or redress, the agent popped into it a numerous family, who found it to their liking as a place for passing the summer. It was not the fault of these worthy neighbors if they conducted all their domestic operations on the terrace: they could hardly do otherwise; there was no room for them inside. They invited the hostlers and care-takers left in his house below by the commandant, who had by this time gone away with his troops to manœuvre in the mountains; and the merriment in which they indulged would surely have been innocent enough could it only have been half a mile away. It was useless to offer to pay the additional rent of this cottage. We could not enter into a competition of trampling down the grass, for it was ours; nor of high clamor; nor of casting out vegetable parings and *débris*, which would very likely have been taken only for pleasant sociability. There was nothing for it but to beat a retreat.

I had first to get a certificate of change of residence from the respected mayor of our commune, setting forth also that I would take with me to Verona my household effects, as per a detailed list annexed. This that they might not have to pay duty, as entering into commerce. This was legalized by the name, seal, and fee of the Italian

consul-general at Nice. We got up at daybreak, that morning, the villa was dismantled, and everything was on board by eleven o'clock, and the car sealed up with a lead seal. It cost about twenty-five dollars for the things, on the "car-load" plan, and the transport took nine days, which we passed in a little journey. Thus ended the pleasant chapter at the Villa des Amandiers. Whether it were only my own individual experience or not, I found the French railway officials short and gruff, and the Italian polite.

Arrived at Verona, I presented myself, with a proper sponsor, at the stately city hall, opposite the great Roman amphitheatre, the grand guardhouse of the Venetian rule, and the battlemented gate of the Visconti. I furnished the assistant of the mayor with numerous particulars about myself and the members of my small family, which were duly recorded, and we were granted permission to select our domicile in Verona. I then proceeded with my papers to the custom-house, in a suppressed convent, next the nice old brick-and-marble church of San Fermo, translated into Italian in full the list of all my effects from the French, swore, signed, countersigned, and duplicated; hurried away to do a good deal more of the same thing at the branch custom-house at the railway; and was finally free to take my goods away from the latter, finishing just at the closing hour of three. They were all in good condition. Going back to Nice with them, another time, they were very much broken, probably on account of being tossed about by the French customs-people at the frontier.

One of the amusing minor features of the hegira was the transformation our name underwent in the various papers. I have kept them all. A common form of the family name was "Bisoph," to which I am well used. But a family name was not often deemed necessary,



or rather was entirely mixed up with the others. Thus I was "Signor William Henry," or simply "William," or, again, "Villiam Enrico." One's ancestors enter into every public transaction here, and, having given my father's and mother's name, I find the former's curiously attached to mine in this way: I am set down, in the extreme form of the evolution, as Signor "Bishop d'Elias." Surely that is a very pretty distance already from the original. There is an idea in it for those anxious for high-sounding pedigrees which would afterwards have the sanction of grave official documents.

I suppose there was hardly ever a greater tugging, straining, and swearing, since the hauling of war material to the

warmer than what we had just left, how hot, how very hot it was, with a heat of a totally different quality, as we were deposited, with all our belongings, upon our large brick terrace, and left to the task of settling the house! Our welcomed privacy here was somewhat at the expense of refreshing draughts. We stretched an awning over the terrace, but it was a large space to cover, and the awning was always being thrown out of gear, or split and carried away by thunderstorms, while the very high rear wall was a veritable reverberator of heat.

But the delightful prospect should be and was a compensation for almost anything. All Verona, every ruddy tower and church spire, was under our eyes,



battlements for those tyrant princes the Scaligers or for Theodoric the Great, than in getting our two bulky dray-loads of effects up the steep incline and along the grass-grown secluded lane to our gateway. The ancient fortifications closed in on one side, and garden walls, almost as lofty, on the other. At one place, there had even to be a partial unloading; an old arch, sprung across the way at an awkward angle, seemed to bar it entirely, and the abutments were passed only by the merest hair's-breadth.

It was then the 24th of July, and though I had been inclined to think this new post of ours — upon a bold foothill, with the grand snow mountains in sight over towards Lake Garda and in all the views northward — could hardly be any

to be studied and grown familiar with at leisure; the windings of the Adige; the pretty villages; and, beyond, Mantua and the other cities of the plain that were to be the theatre of our wanderings. And under the parapet, as if the principal pasture for our eyes, the labyrinths, statues, and parterres of the green Giusti garden which had brought us, were not enough, a part of the immediate foreground was a convent garden, into which the nuns, in pretty costumes of blue and gray, used to come out for their recreation, and till the ground, and chatter and make merry like a flock of sparrows. Above is a diagram of the palazzina.

Below it was all one fine large room, of which we made both salon and din-

ing-room, when we did not dine upon the terrace, and I must concede that that was but seldom. The story above was divided into four rooms, of one of which we made a cosy sitting-room and study. It contained a curious goblin-like little iron stove; but in the winter, this proving insufficient, the proprietor replaced it with a prodigious affair of bricks and mortar which it took six men to bring up from the palace below. It was a good deal like moving a chimney. A mason spent half a day afterwards in plastering up the crevices. We had a similar one in the parlor, and both burned wood at two francs the hundred-weight.

The kitchen was across the terrace, a small building by itself. It had a very wide Dutch window that would have suited a painter. Into the squares of the grating that protected the window all Verona was wrought like a vivid pattern of tapestry. The cooking here was done by means of a crane and tripods, over fagots of wood, upon a broad hearth of precisely the kind that Cinderella huddles before in the picture. Contrary to all expectation, S——, the housekeeper, was able to find much good in these primitive appliances, and to say that the wood made a readier and hotter fire than coal.

The servant question was naturally one pressing for immediate solution. A stately sort of dame in a Spanish mantilla, who had been employed by the Franceschine nuns below, came to us, but was totally incapable of comprehending that we could not wait for her ten days. What was to become of us in the mean time was no affair of hers; the only important fact was that the place suited her, and she would be glad to take it in ten days. A certain Giacinta was secured to come in by the day for the cooking and other heavier work. She was a stout, smiling, willing girl, faithful according to her lights, but easy-going and shiftless in her methods. She had a most

extraordinary equanimity of temper; with her everything went always well. The question of wages gave her no great concern; no rivalry upset her; no extra demand, no tugging of heavy supplies up the steep from the market, ever appeared to her inconvenient or inopportune. Then we got for a nursemaid a thin, very blonde, and German-looking girl from the province of Mantua, inclined to be cross-grained and moody, but much more efficient. Upon her trunk was neatly lettered, by some friend, probably a clerk, "*La gentilissima Signorina Melania So-and-So.*" Melania's pay was ten francs a month with board, and Giacinta's was twenty francs without. These were the Italian prices; there was nothing exceptional about them; strange as it may seem, they were even liberal. We knew of well-to-do families where there was more work — heavy washing and the like — and the pay was less. The ladies of Verona complain of their servants, like their sex the world over, so that it appears paragons are not produced even under these primeval rates. The custom was, if either side were dissatisfied, to give eight days' notice; or this might be commuted, on the employer's side, into eight days' pay.

Keeping house again in a new language was a considerable part of the opening trials; and, as usual, it was not even a language, but a dialect, and even two dialects, one of each province represented. We got sausage sometimes for salad, and cheese for ice. Once Melania quarreled violently in the kitchen, and came to us and gave in her resignation. We were serenely unconscious of what she said, and she, nonplused by such a situation, seeing day after day that we had no idea she was going, felt obliged, in sheer despair, to remain.

We were rather far from the most advantageous marketing; that is, the central market in the Piazza delle Erbe, where the quaint mediæval surroundings



seemed all arranged for grand opera rather than business. But nothing in Verona was dear compared to our late experiences. From a few items judge of all; *ex pede Herculem*. Eggs were now fifteen sous, or cents, a dozen, milk was but four sous a litre, and the best *filet* of beef but three francs a kilo—two and one fifth pounds—as against five francs in France. The meat, which had been a constant problem in France, was here always tender and good. How forbear grateful recollections of the thick, juicy mutton-chops at less than half the price at Nice, even if they could have been had at Nice at all! This again may be matter of only individual experience, but I have never seen anywhere else such delicious mutton. The sheep were an equal delight to the eye, feeding in pastoral groups on the wide stretch of greensward that continued the glacis of the fortifications all around the city. A “fixed-price” system was agreeably applied more or less, here, even in the market; that is to say, upon a pile of fine tomatoes there would be affixed a small placard with the words “two sous a kilo,” the same upon potatoes, and so on.

I have not yet stated the rent of the palazzina; it was thirty francs a month. What with the expense of moving and all, it could not be counted at that figure the first year; but after the first year, why, it practically amounted to an abolition of rent. With a house and two servants for sixty francs a month, was not the problem of living solved? Was not this a more artistic and rational kind of Thoreauism? It seemed the very last word of cheapness. And a house in what surroundings! You could go down to Verona and get books. Besides the excellent public library, there was another and a full reading-room at a pleasant sort of club, a literary society founded as early as 1808. One was isolated from nothing important, either ancient or modern, in this fine city of between sixty

and seventy thousand people. In the first enthusiasm of realizing all this, and when our preliminary difficulties were somewhat settled, it seemed reasonable to exclaim: “Oh, let us stay here forever! Let us thoroughly master the Italian tongue, go back to America when need be, but roam no more, and call this our home.” There was a grand apartment, with frescoes in the style of the old masters, down in a wing of the Giusti palace, for about 1200 francs a year, if you wanted it. For what would be a very modest scale of expense in America one could here keep horses and live like a sort of Sardanapalus. It was the good commercial plan of making the most of one’s fortune by reducing his divisor, if he cannot increase his dividend. Nothing is more strictly philosophical than to bring the cost of the necessities of life as low as possible, since it is from its superfluities that the principal pleasure is derived.

It is true that the full enjoyment of the Giusti garden was not included in the price named. On the contrary, we were asked a sum equal to just twice and a half our house-rent. We arranged a sort of *modus vivendi* for a great reduction upon this demand; but this question was never entirely settled, and was open to future adjustment, if we had stayed. Our doors eastward gave upon a fine portico with light stone columns, and for the keystones of the arches grotesque heads which laughed down upon us. They had seen worse cares and trials than ours, in the three hundred years or so they had been keeping up their gayety there. They had seen notably the doings of that young nobleman who, fleeing from the machinations of Eugène Beauharnais, Napoleon’s viceroy in Italy, had concealed himself a long time in the cavernous cisterns under our terrace, and only got his food when it was let down to him through the ancient well-curb communicating with it. The portico gave upon the upper

walk of the garden, planted mainly in the naturalistic type, in contrast with the geometries of Le Nôtre below. What charming promenades we have had amid the laurels, the graceful acacias, and the *sempre-verde* of many patterns of this our principal retreat! How merrily has the baby D—— run round the catalpa-tree just before our door, to stir his blood in the frosty autumn mornings! How warily has he shunned the hedge of May roses that guarded the edge of the precipice! And how truly — then coming to his first accents of speech in the foreign tongue — has he summed up all the winsome prospect in his “Guarda che bella!”

I cannot say just how old our palazzina was, but I have had one of those little marriage-books such as are still in fashion in Italy, which was printed to celebrate the marriage of a Count Giusti in the year 1620, and this gave a little account of it that was naturally quite interesting to us. It was in the form of a dialogue between a Stranger, *Forestiero*, and a Citizen, *Cittadino*, who had undertaken to show him the property of a Cavalier esteemed the glory of the nobility and the pattern of every grace and virtue. After having visited in detail the palace and the main part of the garden, they arrive at the upper level.

“*Forestiero*. Is it not drawing near our time to return?”

“*Cittadino*. First let us look upon the delights of the palazzina. . . . Here flourishes a second garden. . . . We see figs of such mien and flavor that one would rather take them for the ambrosia of the gods than for mere mortal fruits. Here are not wanting the fragrant salvia, the cooling mint, the valued rosemary, as well also as the *cinara*, either neglected of the ancients or unknown of them. . . . And now we are to enjoy this grand new prospect from the palazzina within.

“*Forestiero*. Fine chambers are these, truly; wondrously provided with seemly

ornamentation and comfort. But what well is this I remark here on the interior terrace? How can water be raised to such a height?

“*Cittadino*. The entire surface of this terrace is vaulted beneath, to hold a great supply of rain-water, which can be distributed at will among the fountains below. They disdain to receive water, so fair are they, from any other source than heaven direct.

“*Forestiero*. This height is certainly nothing else than Mount Pindar itself. Here laurel abounds on every side, and the Muses disport with Apollo. The flowers parallel the stars in heaven, except that they have the advantage in being of a thousand colors, while the stars are of but one. . . . Oh, happy he that, far from every carking care, might breathe this air, and, beneath this time-honored shade, go on quietly weaving verse in which the apt rhymes and noble thought would be worthy of the scene all around!”

Why then did we not stay? Why are we not still in the Palazzina Giusti? I fear I shall give but insufficient reasons. The novelty wears off after a while; there are moods in which you would look little more at the rich Byzantine-Gothic churches San Zeno or Santa Anastasia than at a backwoods meeting-house. We were high and secure above the outer world, but the deserted streets by which we had to descend through a rather poor quarter were often unpleasantly neglected and malodorous. The municipality would send and clean them at times, but did not seem to be able to keep it up. If one should persist in an out-and-out New England squeamishness, of course he could not travel in Europe at all; but still, even so, he may draw the line somewhere.

Then I shall have to cite climate again, — endless gossip *de la pluie et du beau temps*, perhaps you will say. At first it was hot, hot, suffocating, unendurable. We were even alarmed by the



uncompromising fierceness of the heat, and went away and passed most of the month of August at Bosco Chiesanuova, a mountain village devoid of most conveniences, but amusing in spite of itself. The mellow autumn came on, lovely as everywhere. We walked our garden paths now with pleasure, and promised ourselves ample atonement. In the property of the Franceschini, every formal little fruit tree seemed of pure gold; the thin vines on the trellises were of gold; and it was astonishing what good subjects for a painter were lost when the nuns, in their white bonnets and gray-blue gowns, moved about amid this yellow tracery. At that season, too, we began our excursioning. Another reason why the first year could not have been very cheap is that we were forever excursioning. Venice, of course; then Mantua, the city of "the lean apothecary;" Palladio's Vicenza, where also, I should think, one might live charmingly, on the lines here indicated; the brilliant old battlefields of Rivoli and Arcole, and the sad modern one of Custoza; and Lake Garda, with a taste of an Austrian town over the border at Riva. It is no very long railway ride southward to Parma or northward to Innspruck and into Germany, all of which, again, should be added to the advantages of Verona.

Our fires were lighted in October, and were burning wood plentifully by the end of the month. Mists now began to rise from the plain and constantly veil the distance; an occasional London fog hid the garden, so that we could not see five feet from our windows. On Thanksgiving Day there was a light fall of snow, and the next day an old-fashioned snowstorm. If of an evening we ventured down to the theatre or the cafés, how bitterly piercing was the wind on our late return homeward! The bersaglieri at the tower near our gate used to challenge us. "Who goes there?" they would cry, and "Friends!" we

would respond in true penny-dreadful-novel style. It surely was not reasonable of them to think we could capture their town, with its garrison of six thousand men; they must have done it only to relieve the monotony of guard duty.

The middle of December a hard winter set in, — a winter of the Russian or Canadian sort, such as, we were told, they had not had in forty years. Our water-pipes froze up, and remained so. The snow lay like caps and mantles of ermine on the old statuary; it lay deep on the steps of the Roman arena, and on the roofs and barges along the river, and in continuous ridges along the horse-car tracks, giving the town a crude, shrunken appearance. The Palazzina Giusti, which had first been untenable on account of heat, now became untenable on account of cold. When we left it, that same terrace which had once been almost an inferno of heat was hidden under Siberian mounds of snow broken only by the paths shoveled through them for the removal of the furniture.

The fact is that the longing for Nice had much to do with this impatience of hardships which otherwise should have had nothing very formidable about them for Americans. We returned to Nice proper, this time. As all the earlier journeys had pointed towards it, so all the later ones pointed back to it. It was just on the eve of Christmas that we reached it, a day of warm sunshine and unclouded blue. The feeling of content and comfort it was, after the recent inclemencies, to go about without a muffling greatcoat, dry-shod, to breathe again the fragrance and see the oranges and roses in the gardens, was a sensation not soon to be forgotten. Indeed, I must count that violent contrast, that miracle, as one of the memorable things in my life. Whenever I think of it, it is a grateful memory which justly overcomes that of a hundred inconveniences

at Nice. For inconveniences there are : if one should consider only its merits, he might rise to the warmest enthusiasm ; but if he should consider only its defects, he could find it as insufferable as many other places less favored by nature. These defects, however, tend steadily to disappear. Every year, there is progress towards better hygienic conditions and other improvements. Nice is even much nearer the outer world than it used to be. The North German Lloyd has all at once put on good and quick steamers to Genoa, and now to run over direct from New York to any part of the Riviera is as simple and agreeable a matter as possible.

I do not quite know whether these added facilities ought to be taken most as a temptation to go, or to remain yet longer since it has become so easy to go. We have lived in three different houses at Nice since the last change, and have finally arrived at one in a measure palatial, with some corresponding change in the scale of expense. But the transatlantic reader, at least, will hardly take

the word "expense" with more than an amused smile, I fancy, as applied to the greater part of the list I have mentioned, however it may be in the future. Rents have been twice advanced, and tariff legislation — notably the economic battle with Italy — has raised the cost of provisions, so that some of the prices I have given are already passing from date. Further experience did not depart greatly from the lines indicated. The chief defect of the experiment has already been hinted at. Your cheap habitation, — and I fear the same thing must be true everywhere, — no matter how artistic and original it may be in itself, will, except by some great piece of good fortune, throw you into too close proximity with people paying the same cheap rents, and they will have totally different views of living, which may go far to spoil your own. The trial is well worth making, but nobody can expect to fly in the face of political economy, and escape the necessity of murmuring at times that "every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."

*William Henry Bishop.*

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## MISSISSIPPI AND THE NEGRO QUESTION.

THE negro problem is no longer strictly a party question. Candid Republicans at the North admit that domination by the ignorant blacks of the Gulf States is something to be dreaded. The suppression of the negro vote, wherever such a step is necessary to secure control of the government by the whites, is winked at, if not applauded. There is no longer a doubt that the Fifteenth Amendment is disregarded in practice where it is not nullified on the face of the state law. There is grave doubt if the burst of philanthropy which produced the last amendment did not overleap itself, and consign the negro to an

illegal inequality where he might have suffered legal disfranchisement. The Southern States have been feeling their way toward a solution of the problem under the forms and outward seeming of law. The time when force or organized manipulation of ballots may be called into requisition to keep the power in the hands of Caucasians seems about to give place to an epoch of statutory prohibition or control. The demand for national guardianship of elections has come from an appreciation of the fact that negro citizens are not allowed to vote ; but it is difficult to see how any force bill could prevent the false opera-



tion of certain laws that appear to have been drawn up with exceeding candor and indiscriminate fairness. An indication of this quasi-legal method of solving the question of negro suffrage is given by the Constitution of Mississippi adopted in 1890. Of course this may be but the act of a single State, and not indicative of a Southern tendency to escape from the devilish control of ignorance on the one side, or the deep blue sea of national legislation on the other. If it be an unrelated act, however, it is an interesting one, and brings up several very puzzling questions in law and politics.

Fortunately, the task which the convention set itself has been clearly put before us, and comparatively little is left for vague implication or shadowy inference. The president of the convention, on taking the chair, gave a short address to its members. He referred to various duties resting upon the convention, but the one upon which he dwelt almost to the exclusion of all others was the duty of settling the political relationship between the white and the black citizens of the State. The following words are perhaps the most salient and suggestive:—

“This ballot system must be so arranged as to effect one object, permit me to say; for we find the two races now together, the rule of one of which has always meant economic and moral ruin; we find another race whose rule has always meant prosperity and happiness to all races.

“What does the instinct of self-preservation compel us to do? We have been twenty-five long years endeavoring to have strictly homologous political relations between these races. We have failed.”

He called upon the convention to determine upon some rule which would work for the full benefit of all. Now, the basic idea of this unimpassioned address is that there is a racial difference; that political brotherhood seems an im-

possibility between members of these two races. The convention, therefore, is called upon to devise some method whereby one race may rule. The speaker did not say plainly that the task was to find a way of bestowing political authority permanently upon a minority of the people, but there is no other fair interpretation of his words.

As soon as the convention was fully organized and had fairly begun its work, the judiciary committee was requested to report upon the “effect of the act of Congress readmitting Mississippi into the Union, limiting the right of the State of Mississippi to impose certain restrictions upon the right of franchise, and otherwise prohibiting the States from changing the Constitution of the State of Mississippi adopted in 1869.” The committee reported that in its opinion the State of Mississippi was “re-invested with all the sovereign powers possessed by any and all the other States.” The reasoning of the report may be summarized as follows: (1.) The Constitution originally left to the State the authority to determine qualifications for suffrage. (2.) The Fourteenth Amendment recognizes the same right. (3.) The Fifteenth Amendment simply forbids discrimination on account of “race, color, or previous condition of servitude.” (4.) However one may interpret the rebellion and the acts of reconstruction, when once Mississippi was reestablished in full fellowship in the Union she was on an equality with other States, and at full liberty to alter her Constitution as she might deem best.

Acting in accord with the report of this committee, the convention adopted as a portion of the new Constitution a clause materially altering the basis of suffrage as established by the Constitution of 1869. Such an act is in direct conflict with the act of Congress in 1870 reconstituting Mississippi in her constitutional relations. This statute, which readmitted the State to repre-

sentation in Congress, established as a "fundamental condition" that her Constitution should never be amended so as to deprive any citizen, or class of citizens, of the right to vote who had such right under the Constitution then recognized, unless such deprivation be because of crime. In the Constitution of 1890 we find the provision that every elector must be able to read any section of the Constitution of the State, or he must be able to understand the same when read to him, or give a reasonable interpretation thereof. In a State where the percentage of illiteracy is as high as it is in Mississippi, this clause places a great limitation upon suffrage, and is a material variation from the Constitution recognized by the act of 1870.

We may, therefore, stop to consider: (1.) Is the statute reestablishing Mississippi in her full federal and legal relations still in force, and are its conditions binding upon her? (2.) Is there any portion of the national Constitution which would invalidate this suffrage clause in the Mississippi Constitution?

(1.) The Supreme Court has decided that, from a legal point of view, the rebellious States were not out of the Union. The rebellion was an insurrection. The citizens of the Southern States were citizens of the United States, and were forcibly held to their allegiance. The States, after the war, must needs be held by the strong arm of the central government, and all the acts of reconstruction may be explained as the establishment of a republican form of government. If Mississippi, then, was not legally out of the Union, the act admitting her to her full federal relations was not an act passed by Congress under the clause of the Constitution which says, "New States may be admitted by Congress into this Union." It was a portion of its work of repressing rebellion and establishing loyal and republican governments. It was an act directed against a State already in the

Union. There seems now no good reason to doubt that Congress had the power to demand any condition precedent to the recognition that a Southern State was at peace with a legitimate government. To deny this is simply to deny that Congress had authority to carry on the war. But the act of February, 1870, includes a condition subsequent, a condition which is intended to be perpetually binding on the State. If this act is still in force, Mississippi is bound by limitations that are not in effect against the majority of her sister States, and we have a Union of unequal members. Such subsequent conditions are sometimes, without the least consideration, swept aside as illegal and void. It is not my intention to maintain that they are valid; but it is worth our while to note the first manifest instance of disregard of these reconstruction limitations on the part of a State. It is also worth while to notice that for years Congress has acted upon the supposition that it has a right, upon admitting a State, to establish conditions subsequent as well as precedent. In other words, Congress seems to have adopted the theory that our Union is not necessarily one of equal members; and it has acted upon the hypothesis that, as the agent of the great sovereignty, the people of the United States, it has a right to establish a new State as may be deemed best. Congressional suppositions, theories, and hypotheses with no great difficulty pass into legalized construction of authority.

The Supreme Court, in a series of cases of comparatively recent date, has adopted the doctrine, seemingly, that conditions cannot be superimposed upon a State which would deprive it of the freedom of action possessed by other States. For a time the Ordinance of 1787 was held to be irrevocable in the portions intended to be permanent, unless revoked by common consent of the State and the United States. But now the reverse seems to be the settled decision of the



court. If, therefore, such a fundamental compact as the Ordinance is to be disregarded, there can be little doubt that such a proclamation as that contained in the act reconstructing Mississippi would be of no effect. In fact, the problem becomes, on examination, a fairly simple one. Mississippi was in the Union; can Congress, by an act that is in no sense a compact, quietly declare that the State shall not alter her Constitution in a particular manner? If so, we no longer have the semblance of state rights, but a mere consolidated government. It must be remembered that the act in question simply stated that Mississippi was then (1870) entitled to representation in Congress, on the fundamental condition that she should not in the future change the Constitution in the way indicated. This condition is a mere threat, and in no sense a compact; its legality must be determined in the light of the legislative competence of Congress.

(2.) Is there any portion of the national Constitution which would render illegal this suffrage clause in the Mississippi Constitution? The Fifteenth Amendment forbids discrimination only on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. There is no indication on the face of the Mississippi law that it is intended to work such discrimination. If we are justified, however, in reading this law in the light of the words of the president of the convention, there was an intention to make race discrimination; for in that speech there is no mention of the evils that result from the suffrage in the hands of ignorant whites. The complaint is racial incompatibility. It is trivial to attempt to base a legal interpretation upon such words; but it may be interesting, as showing how easily a clause of the Constitution which seems to make a breach depend on the intention of the lawmakers may be avoided.

Let us consider, in the next place, whether the United States may interfere,

under the Fifteenth Amendment, in case this law, impartial on its face, is partially administered. That it may, and probably will, be put into operation so as to preclude the negro from voting, while his equally ignorant white neighbor is allowed the privilege, appears from the fact that the inability to read does not constitute an absolute basis of exclusion; for the inspectors may allow a person to vote who can understand or give a reasonable interpretation of a section of the Constitution when read to him. It is apparent that an inspector may very easily reject as unreasonable an interpretation from a colored man, and accept one no whit better from a white man. Such discrimination in practice would be very hard to discover. Yet that the United States government would have the legal right to prevent such virtual disfranchisement on account of race and color may be inferred, perhaps, from the decisions of the United States courts in the interpretation of the clause of the Fourteenth Amendment which forbids any State from denying to any person the equal protection of the laws. The court has in more than one instance given relief where a law, valid on its face, has been so administered as to deprive certain persons of equal protection of the laws.

The judiciary committee, in making the report above referred to, spent little time in consideration of the question whether the Fourteenth Amendment precluded the convention from altering the basis of suffrage. It was rightly argued that the amendment was built upon the supposition that each State had the right to determine who should be entitled to the privilege. The committee declares that the clause of the amendment which relates to the franchise was inserted to give the State the choice of retaining the colored race as part of the electoral body with full representation, or its exclusion with diminished representation. The conclusion of the committee, though not clearly expressed, seems to be that

any law which does not directly disfranchise the negroes, or perhaps exclude any class from the suffrage, would not be contrary to the Fourteenth Amendment, no matter how many persons were actually deprived of the right to vote. In other words, the amendment is reduced to its lowest terms, and interpreted as simply an effort to compel, indirectly, the Southern States to grant suffrage to the negroes. There is even some indication that the committee thought that the alternative clause of the Fourteenth Amendment was made inoperative by the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment, and that now any restriction may be placed upon the franchise, provided it is not a discrimination on account of race or color. Such an interpretation will bear investigation; for if the judiciary committee did not mean to give such a judgment, there are many people who apparently do. On the other hand, the daily press occasionally seems even to argue that, while the last amendment covers directly the ground which the suffrage clause of the Fourteenth covers indirectly or in alternative, still a Southern State which has denied or abridged the suffrage on account of race or color may be punished by a reduction of its representative population. The truth is that it is the duty of Congress to enforce the Fifteenth Amendment, and it has not the right to recognize a breach by enforcing the alternative mentioned in the Fourteenth. If the suffrage clause of the latter is still in force, it has to do with cases where the denial or abridgment of the right to vote is for some other cause than race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

We come fairly to the question, therefore, whether or not this clause in the last Mississippi Constitution gives legal authority for Congress to interfere under the Fourteenth Amendment. And first we may inquire, Is the establishment of an educational qualification a denial or abridgment of the right to

vote, and does a State, by adopting such a basis for suffrage, subject itself to a loss of representation? Judge Cooley, than whom there can be no higher authority save the Supreme Court itself, seems to hold to the opinion that a reasonable educational qualification would not be a denial of the right to vote. Other authorities might be cited.

I desire to give a short historical statement, without a long argument, to prove that the history, as I read it, must be accepted as the final basis for construing the Fourteenth Amendment. It is certainly much to be doubted whether the Supreme Court would construe as an abridgment or denial of the suffrage an act which makes the right to vote dependent on ability to read. That tribunal has handled all the nationalizing legislation of the reconstruction period in a gingerly manner, and has persistently refused to be infected with the popular enthusiasm for centralization and vigorous law which was a natural consequent of the suppression of the rebellion. A bare majority of the court in the Slaughter-House cases put meaning upon the words "privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States" which would have surprised many of the Republican members of the Congress which was responsible for the expression. The conservative tendencies of the court may even more palpably restrain it when it comes to interpret the clause the meaning of which we are here discussing. This, at least, seems certain, that no more vigor will be read into the words than what is necessary and inevitable.

Before entering upon an examination of the intention of the framers of the amendment as evinced by their words, it may be said that such testimony is not conclusive. In the first place, the Constitution needs careful construction, and must, so far as possible, be judged as a whole. Moreover, what the framers of the Constitution may have intended



to say is of no great consequence if they actually said something else. And again, statements made in Congress when an amendment is proposed can form at the best but a small fraction of what was said concerning its adoption, and can give but comparatively slight evidence of the intention of its framers. For the members of Congress are not the actual makers or the lawgivers of a constitutional amendment, but the legislatures of the States, possibly even all the people who elect these legislatures, are the real constituting authority; and were one to base his interpretation simply on the intentions of framers extraneously expressed, he would have an interminable task to discover them. The original Constitution was not made the fundamental law of the land by the Philadelphia convention, but by the people who ratified it. And yet, if phrases are ambiguous, it is quite allowable to endeavor to discover their meaning from words used in debate. The statements of James Wilson or Alexander Hamilton are not decisive, but they are illuminating. The debates of the Philadelphia convention are constantly examined in search of aids to interpretation. The statements of Thaddeus Stevens, William Pitt Fessenden, Benjamin Wade, or Jacob M. Howard may not be read with the same reverence as are the words of the "fathers," but these men played a great part in forming the Fourteenth Amendment. Beyond doubt, the Republican party throughout the country was actuated by much the same motives and moved by much the same arguments as were its leaders in Congress.

We of course remember that by the Constitution three fifths of all the slaves were included in the representative population of a State. A serious party and political problem faced the Republicans at the end of the war. If the Constitution remained unchanged, all the blacks would be counted. This would increase the representation of the Southern States,

to the manifest detriment of the Republican party, and unjustly, it was claimed, inasmuch as the negroes, though now free, were not given the right to vote. The purpose of this suffrage clause of the Fourteenth Amendment was, in the beginning at least, to deprive the South of this advantage. Many did not believe the South would actually give the negro the right to vote; but if it were not granted, the Democracy must not reap the political advantage of emancipation. As time went on in the discussion of the amendment, enthusiasm in the cause of freedom brought quite a number of the Congressmen under the spell of philanthropy and brotherly love. There was a serious desire to get the ballot for the freedman, and there was much declamation to prove his worth. It is difficult to tell how far this feeling, which ultimately produced the Fifteenth Amendment, had developed by the time the Fourteenth Amendment was adopted in Congress. It is plain, however, that the whole contest awakened a wide sympathy, if not sentimentality, and that the feeling was not all directed to the freedmen, but compassed the unenfranchised North and South. We find statements about the "natural right" to vote. Advocates of woman's suffrage seemed to be winning converts.

The form in which the Fourteenth Amendment first passed the House was not that in which it was finally adopted. The crucial portion of the first form reads as follows: "*Provided*, That whenever the elective franchise shall be denied or abridged in any State on account of race or color, all persons therein of such race or color shall be excluded from the basis of representation." A careful reading of this clause will bring out the full meaning of it. It compelled the Southern States either to give at once full suffrage to *all* the negroes, or to lose representatives. But some other ground for disfranchisement than one based on race or color might be dis-

covered. This, it was apparent, was a grave objection. The Southern States might easily by law prevent the negroes from voting, and yet be entitled to their full representation on the ground that the discrimination was not made because of race or color. It was admitted by Mr. Stevens and Mr. Conkling in debate that this amendment did not prevent the establishment of any qualification whatever, provided it was impartial in its terms and actions. Mr. Stevens said, in response to a question, that a property qualification would not make a State liable to the penalty of the amendment, even though the result would be the practical disfranchisement of all the blacks. Now this was strongly objected to by many Republicans, who maintained that the Southern States could easily avoid the law. "A State," said Mr. Farnsworth, "may enact that a man shall not exercise the elective franchise except he can read and write, making that law apply equally to the whites and blacks; and then may also enact that a black man shall not learn to read and write, . . . and thus prevent his qualifying to exercise the elective franchise according to state law. . . . It seems to me, therefore, necessary that we should, by some provision in this amendment, settle this beyond a peradventure, so that none of these shifts or devices may defeat the purpose of the enactment." Mr. Farnsworth voted for a substitute for the original article which made representation depend on the number of voters, and not on population. Twenty-five Republicans out of a total Republican vote of 129 supported this substitute. In addition to such remarks as these, special reference may be made to the speeches of Mr. Baker, Mr. Jenckes, Mr. Shellabarger, Mr. Eliot, Mr. Pike, and Mr. Ward. Many demanded an amendment that would exclude the negroes from the basis of representation, if for any reason whatsoever they were not permitted to vote.

It is noteworthy that Mr. Broomall, in the debate on the amendment in its first form, introduced an amendment of his own, the important clause in which is almost identical with the one in the Fourteenth Amendment as it now stands. Mr. Broomall was a Republican, and, his own amendment being rejected, voted for the amendment as presented by the committee. Advocating his own amendment, however, he used these words: "If Massachusetts should declare by law that she will not let her citizens who cannot read and write vote, and if by that there is the one hundredth part of her male population denied the elective franchise, why, Massachusetts must submit to have that proportion of her population excluded from her basis of representation."

The amendment in the form introduced by the joint committee on reconstruction (as quoted before) was passed by the House, but was rejected by the Senate. It is not perfectly evident why the Senate rejected it. A careful examination of the speeches of those Republicans who spoke in opposition to it fails to bring out any very clear line of reasoning or objection. Some believed that the amendment did not go far enough, and countenanced discrimination which in no way should be recognized by a national Congress. Many were in favor of going further, and establishing suffrage inviolably in the negro. It would appear as if the Republicans feared that the sentiment of the country was not yet in favor of complete and immediate negro suffrage. This action, then, ought not to carry undue weight; but I pass on to a consideration of the amendment in the shape in which, with a few immaterial changes, it became a part of the Constitution. (Introduced into the House April 30, 1866.)

Mr. Farnsworth, whose words are quoted above, supported the second section of the article on the ground that the objections to the first form were not applicable to this; in other words, that



the Southern States could not reduce their voting population for any reason, and still be entitled to full representation in Congress. The most complete testimony as to the meaning of this section of the amendment is found in the debates of the Senate. Because of the illness of Mr. Fessenden, who was chairman of the committee of fifteen, Jacob M. Howard, a Senator from Michigan, introduced the resolutions, and explained with some care the meaning of their various provisions. He seemingly interprets "privileges and immunities of citizens of the United States" much more liberally than did the Supreme Court in the Slaughter-House cases. He declares that those words include the restrictions in the first eight amendments. It may be argued that if the Supreme Court did not consider itself bound by the statements of the committee in one case, it would not in another. It may, however, be said that there is some ambiguity in the first clause, and that there was in the Senate itself some confusion and misunderstanding concerning the general phrases there used. But no one can find, I believe, any difference of opinion as to the meaning of the second clause. The true basis of representation was acknowledged to be persons, and not simply voters; but this principle was varied by the alternative clause, which it was thought would have the effect of compelling the Southern States either to grant manhood suffrage or to lose proportionately. Yet it is perfectly apparent that to avoid the appearance of rank partiality, and to win Northern voters by fairness and justice, the amendment was made general in its terms, including North as well as South, and directed against any kind of denial or abridgment. Mr. Howard discussed this subject somewhat thoroughly. He referred to the fact that the South had gained practically by emancipation. Two fifths of its blacks were no longer cut off from representation, and yet in reality

none were allowed to vote. He continued as follows: "The committee thought this should no longer be permitted, and they thought it wiser to adopt a general principle applicable to all the States alike, namely, that where a State excludes any part of its male citizens from the elective franchise, it shall lose representation in proportion to the number so excluded; and the clause applies not to color or to race at all, but simply to the fact of the individual exclusion. . . . It will be observed, however, that this amendment does not apply exclusively to the insurgent States nor to the slaveholding States, but to all States without distinction. It says to all the States, 'If you restrict suffrage among your people, whether that people be white or black or mixed, your representation in Congress shall be reduced in proportion to that restriction.' It holds out the same penalty to Massachusetts as to South Carolina, the same to Michigan as to Texas." Now it is very difficult, in the light of such statements, to understand how the Supreme Court can ever interpret this portion of the Fourteenth Amendment as applicable to the black man alone, or as intended to accomplish only one purpose, the enfranchisement of the blacks, especially when we remember that the Senate had just rejected a proposed article of amendment which was directed only to the securing of negro suffrage by this indirect method of threatened reduction of representation. It may be a good rule to look at the remedy sought, and not to the interpretation of legislators; but, in order to discover the end sought, the history of these bills in Congress must needs be carefully studied.

Mr. Howard gave even a more explicit interpretation of the clause we are examining. Mr. Clark asked him the following question: "If the Senator will pardon me for a moment, I wish to inquire whether the committee's attention was called to the fact that if any State

excluded any person, say, as Massachusetts does, for want of intelligence, this provision cuts down the representation of the State." Mr. Howard answered: "Certainly it does, no matter what may be the occasion of the restriction. . . . No matter what may be the ground of exclusion, whether a want of education, a want of property, a want of color, or a want of anything else, it is sufficient that the person is excluded from the category of voters, and the State loses representation in consequence." Further along in his argument, in answer to another question, Mr. Howard made a response precisely to the same effect. This interpretation of the work of the committee was not denied by any one of its members who listened to the argument. Mr. Wade objected to the amendment on the ground that if a State established an educational qualification for suffrage it would lose its full representation. "I believe the Constitution of that State [Massachusetts] restricts the right of suffrage to persons who can read the Constitution of the United States and write their names. I am not prepared to say that is not a wise restriction. At all events, a State has the right to try that experiment; but, under the report of the committee, she must lose, in the proportion that she has such persons among her inhabitants, her representation in Congress." Mr. Henderson, referring to the amendment in the form in which it had been rejected by the Senate, said: "The States, under the former proposition, might have excluded the negro under an educational test, and yet retained their power in Congress. Under this, they cannot. For all practical purposes, under the former proposition, loss of representation followed the disfranchisement of the negro only; under this, it follows the disfranchisement of white and black, unless excluded on account of 'rebellion or other crime.' The former might have had the effect to keep the negro uneducated, in

order that he might be permanently excluded under that pretension."

Such statements as these are nearly absolute proof that Congress intended to apply the penalty of loss of representation if the number of voters was cut down by means of an educational qualification. A denial of such conclusions as are given in the above extracts does not appear in any of the speeches of the session; at least a very careful search has disclosed none.

Possibly, the most curious part of the whole wearisome discussion over the Fourteenth Amendment is that its framers apparently never considered fairly how the clause for the reduction of representation was to be enforced. We know, in these latter days, that avoidance of the obnoxious amendment has presented no insurmountable obstacles to the South. How can it be determined what proportion of the population is excluded from voting by any clause denying or abridging the suffrage? Admitting, for the sake of argument, that the Fourteenth Amendment is aimed against such discrimination as that outlined in the new Mississippi Constitution, how can it be determined how many have been denied the privilege of voting? In order to be entitled to the suffrage, a person must be able either to read the Constitution, or to give it reasonable interpretation when read to him. Of course this alternative will allow the judge of elections to admit to suffrage those of his own party, and to exclude others on the ground that their interpretation of the Constitution is unreasonable. Aside from this, however, the practical difficulties are immense; for it will be hard to determine how many are prevented from voting because of this limitation, and how many do not vote for any other reason. The denial in its present shape cannot be said to apply to any except those who actually go to the polls and are there refused the right to deposit a ballot. When we



come, therefore, to the practical application of this clause of the Fourteenth Amendment, and remember the labor and travail with which it was brought forth, we are reminded of the mountains in labor and their ridiculous offspring.

Had the alternative clause been omitted in the Mississippi Constitution, and the suffrage been confined to those who could read the Constitution, possibly the tables of illiteracy in the federal census might lawfully be taken as the basis of exclusion. The influence of Mississippi in national politics would be sadly curtailed if such a rule were applied. The census of 1880 gives the aggregate population of the State as 1,131,597. Of persons ten years of age and upwards there are enumerated 753,693, and of these 41.9 per cent cannot read. There are no tables showing the number of men over twenty-one years of age who cannot read; but of the colored men who have reached their majority 76 per cent cannot write, and of the white men 11.5 per cent cannot write. If we should count all who cannot write as also unable to read, we should find that 46 per cent of the male citizens over twenty-one years of age were included in the list. This would mean that the representation of Mississippi might be cut down nearly 50 per cent. Of course it is not fair to count all as unable to read who cannot write; yet few, perhaps, who have not mastered the penman's art can read the Constitution, if they are expected to read it intelligibly. In another column of the census reports, we find that of persons enumerated over ten years of age 7.6 per cent can read who cannot write. It might be just, therefore, to decide that not far from 40 per cent of all males over twenty-one years of age cannot read the Constitution. The recent registration in the State shows a greater practical disfranchisement than that indicated by the figures here given. Only about 30 per

cent of the male citizens over twenty-one years of age have registered under the new law.

This whole discussion may seem theoretical and profitless, for we recur to the question, What can be done about it when there is no legal evidence as to how many are actually disfranchised, inasmuch as the new Constitution allows to vote those who can understand the Constitution or explain it? The provision is certainly a shrewd one.

It has been sometimes said that the Southern States could not thus cut down their voting population, because the negroes would vote down any proposition so to amend the Constitution. But the Mississippi convention avoided even that difficulty by refusing to refer the new Constitution to the people for their ratification. It was decided that reference was "unnecessary and inexpedient." This is, of course, a step backward in our constitutional history. From the adoption of the Constitutions in revolutionary times to the present, the tendency has been toward recognizing the necessity of popular ratification. An elaborate discussion of this subject is here unnecessary. It is interesting to notice that since the beginning of the century almost the only Constitutions that have not been submitted are those of some of the Southern States before or after the rebellion. No Northern State has established or altered a Constitution without popular ratification since 1818. Does this point to a realization of democracy at the North which has not been reached in the South?

If the Fourteenth Amendment is to be construed as Senator Howard explained it, Congress is called upon to ascertain the number of persons who are not allowed to vote in Mississippi, and to reduce the representation of the State proportionally. It is evident that there are serious difficulties in the way, but it is a serious matter to have the national Constitution silently nullified.

*Andrew C. McLaughlin.*

## THE CLOSE OF VON HOLST'S WORK.

IN the preface which Dr. von Holst wrote in English for his great work, he ventured to say that, as to his American predecessors, he had one great advantage over all of them in that he was a foreigner. "I of course," he said, "do not deny that there is a certain something in the character of every nation which a foreigner will never be able to completely understand, because it cannot be grasped by the judgment; it can only be felt; and in order to feel it one's flesh and blood must be filled with the national sentiment. But however often my shot may have missed the mark in consequence of this lack of the national sentiment, though it might greatly impair the value of the work for other foreigners, it cannot possibly be fatal to it with regard to American readers, for they have the necessary corrective in their American feeling. On the other hand, it is much easier for a foreigner to guard his judgment from being betrayed by his feeling. He has only to ward off his prejudices. This, though no easy work, can be done to a high degree; while it is impossible to strip one's self of one's national sentiment, because this is a constitutive part of the individuality."

The careful reader of this work will be in no doubt whatever that the author has done his best to rid himself of any preconceived prejudices that would preclude impartiality; but he is not so likely to agree that want of national sentiment is an advantage in the preparation of the work. The national sentiment that the author has specially in mind is doubtless what, in another place, he has described as the worship of the Constitution, which, during his abode in America for some five years, he seems to have discovered was common among all classes of the community; among statesmen as

well as the most ignorant and illiterate. He finds the evidences of this everywhere, and especially in the pages of the debates of Congress, where, up to the year 1861, "there were but few laws of a general character proposed which, while under discussion, were not attacked as unconstitutional by the minority. The arguments are scarcely ever confined to the worth or worthlessness of the law itself. The opposition, in an extraordinarily large number of instances, starts out with the question of constitutionality. The expediency or in expediency of the law is a secondary question, and is touched upon only as a confirmation of that first decisive objection." If Dr. von Holst had been American born, and if American institutions had been with him "bred in the bone" as they are with the American people, it is not likely that this particular criticism would have found expression in his book in exactly this form. An American understands that the Constitution was formed not alone for a union of the States, but as a precise measure of the power that should pertain to the nation, and as a final test of encroachment by any department of the government, and especially by the legislative department, upon the powers of the several States or upon the rights of the people. And with him it would be instinctive that the highest possible test of the expediency of any proposed law must necessarily be the conformity of that law to the Constitution. While, therefore, he might be satisfied, as this author is, that the constitutional question is raised in many cases as a mere make-weight to an argument upon other grounds, he would nevertheless understand that when raised in good faith and on plausible grounds it must always be the question of primary importance, since any enactment, however useful or



important it might seem to the law-making department, must still, if lacking in constitutional authority, fall lifeless from the approving pen of the President, so that the humblest citizen may disregard it with impunity.

The learned author begins his history with the first steps taken by the American colonies for joint action in protecting themselves against the abuse of English authority over them; but he deals very briefly with colonial action, and passes somewhat lightly over the establishment of the Articles of Confederation and the formation and adoption of the Constitution. Two chapters are found sufficient to bring us to the organization of federal government under Washington, and a single volume to trace the operations of that government to the era of nullification and the practical acceptance by political parties of the maxim that "to the victors belong the spoils of office." As one reads the work, he cannot fail to be impressed that it is more of a political than of a constitutional history; and indeed the translator has interpolated in the title the word "Political," which the author had not made use of, and has thereby made it express more nearly the real scope and purpose of the work. It is with elections, the doings of Congresses and Presidents, and the movements of political leaders that the author deals, rather than with the quiet and undemonstrative action of the judicial department, which, in testing political action by the Constitution as it has frequently been called upon to do, has in many cases affected the constitutional history of the country far more than have some great debates in Congress, or even popular changes in opinion which may have overturned one party and brought another into power. The most interesting parts of his history, in many cases, bear but indirectly upon constitu-

tional questions; and though we seldom feel that they are wanting in fairness or impartiality, we nevertheless find ourselves questioning constantly whether they do not give to political action undue relative importance when compared with judicial. There can be no correct appreciation of the Constitution unless it is clearly understood not only that the judicial department is independent of both the political departments, but also that, in respect to the constitutional questions properly brought before it, the decisions it makes are law for all. We may think sometimes that they misinterpret constitutional provisions, but we cannot dispute their authority.

The present volume<sup>1</sup> covers the exciting period when preparations were being made for the great struggle which would determine whether slavery should rule the Union, or should remain the same local institution which the Constitution had found it. The South had obtained a law for the return of its fugitive slaves, but it had proved of little value. Texas had been annexed to extend the area and increase the importance and power of the peculiar institution, but, to the great surprise of those who for years had labored unscrupulously to accomplish that measure, it was proving likely to strengthen the free rather than the slave States, and its authors were now looking about for the means of defeating this unexpected result. Further annexation of slave territory was sought for; and when this proved impracticable, the attempt was made by force to introduce slavery into portions of the newly acquired territory which had already been taken possession of, under the laws of Congress, by free settlers. Civil war in Kansas, and the exciting proceedings in Congress from 1854 to 1856 growing out of the attempt to make slavery national instead of local, the election of

<sup>1</sup> *The Constitutional and Political History of the United States.* By Dr. H. VON HOLST. Professor at the University of Freiburg. Trans-

lated from the German by JOHN J. LALOR. Volume V. 1854-1856. Chicago: Callaghan & Co.

Buchanan by votes mainly from one section of the Union, followed by threats of dissolution of the Union if the efforts of the slaveholders to control it should be thwarted, are graphically described, and the narrative will be read even at this day with keen interest. We see plainly in these pages that the people of the Union are being gradually brought face to face, arrayed in antagonistic political parties upon a geographical line; and the feelings excited are so intense, and the impossibility of discovering any method of settling the great issue which divides them so as to satisfy both parties without overriding the Constitution is so manifest, that civil war as the only alternative to a peaceful dissolution of the Union looms up with fearful distinctness.

It is perfectly natural that a foreigner, who sees in our federal government the representative of all authority in respect to the laws of nations and in dealing with foreign governments, should feel that it must be also the possessor and exponent of all political power within the territory over which it has been made the ruler, and that it must necessarily possess or be the final exponent of complete sovereignty. "Sovereignty," says Dr. von Holst, "is a unit." Assuming, as he does, that this unit is to be separated from all other sovereignties by territorial lines, and by those exclusively, he naturally assumes that the united people which has created a government over all the States must necessarily be sovereign over all in the sense of his definition; and to discover how it became sovereign he looks back to the proceedings which antedated the formation of the Constitution, and, by a sort of fiction to which the facts must be made to conform, he finds that the Congress of delegates which declared the independence of the States necessarily took to itself thereby the sovereignty which previously had been in the British government. It was the sovereign people of the

United States, therefore, which formed and adopted the Articles of Confederation; and the declaration therein that each State retained its sovereignty was baseless in fact and a blunder of the statesmen who formed them, because sovereignty was never in the States, and accordingly could not be reserved. So also the Constitution of the United States, although by the use of the most careful terms it had proceeded to assign to the federal government the powers which the United States as a sovereignty should possess, reserving others to the States, was itself adopted as a charter of government for a sovereignty which, inasmuch as sovereignty must be a unit, would necessarily be itself the embodiment of all authority whatever. Had Dr. von Holst followed carefully the decisions of the federal Supreme Court, which, as already stated, on all questions which come properly before it are final and authoritative, and are to be respected and obeyed by all citizens and all departments of government, either state or national, or had he not been so strongly impressed with the belief in the demagogogy of the discussions in Congress upon constitutional questions, he could hardly have been brought so readily to the discovery of a sovereignty of the sort he has in mind in a federal government, or in the united people which created it; since neither the government nor the people in their aggregate capacity ever at any time possessed, within the limits of one of the States, the power to pass a law to regulate any one of the domestic relations, or to lay out a common highway, or even to punish a common disturber of the peace.

Said Daniel Webster in one of his great speeches, "That the States are sovereign in many respects nobody doubts;" and the several departments of the federal government, from the time of Washington to our own time, have had no difficulty in accepting the postulate that the sovereignty of the Union, though



complete and a unit within its proper limits, has bounds besides those which are territorial, — bounds clearly discoverable in the Constitution itself, where they are carefully prescribed when the powers of national government are enumerated.

"Verily," says the author in closing this volume, "signs and wonders would have to be seen if this Union [the Union under the Constitution of 1789] was to outlast another presidential election." The signs and wonders were not to appear, but the Union was to outlast many a presidential election; and

radical as were the changes that were made during the period of reconstruction, the Constitution of 1789 was still to remain the charter of our government. Changes which might or might not be radical were anticipated when the Constitution itself was made, and were provided for; and however great or important any of them may prove to be, they work no revolution; they do not overturn the work of the fathers; but in contemplation of true constitutional law, they only, in view of such changed conditions as may call for them, tend to perfect it.

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#### ANALYSES OF NATURE.

WHEN Wordsworth said "the world is too much with us," his narrow use of the word "world" added force to his lament. The world of those who coined the word was the cosmos of the Greeks; the world of Wordsworth's poem was the maddening crowd of men, with its dust and smoke of fashion, greed, and crime. It is to the credit of this generation that Wordsworth's world is willing to forget itself in odd hours, and to go out into the wider and cleaner world, not only to gaze upon its beauties and marvels, but to try to find below and behind them the law of their being. Essayists and poets without number have analyzed man — in other words, talked about themselves — since the world began; but the analyst of to-day finds as many readers when he writes of birds, butterflies, and flowers as when he discusses marriage or poor relations.

The man who analyzes man, whether in verse or prose, must, in order to hold his audience, not only know his subject through and through to its very core

and be in sympathy with its motive, but he must have a command of language sufficient to convey his ideas directly and pleasingly. The same ought to be true of men who analyze nature.

It cannot be said that the four writers whose nature-studies are offered to readers this autumn are at all equally matched, either in their knowledge of the world of birds and flowers and their sympathy with its motive, or in their ability to write intelligible and agreeable English. The author of *Field-Farings*<sup>1</sup> is one who "loves to dock the minor parts o' speech." She tells of the "winds o' March" and the "moon o' May." She revels in quaint, stilted, and incomprehensible language. Her cloudy skies are all "apall with dun mist;" her swales are "all atangle with long briers;" and her birds are "aperch" upon "Sir Walnut," "Master Hickory," or "Mistress Tulip-tree," the "Madonna of the forest." If one can harden himself to constant intercourse with fairies, "tragedy queens," "woodland senators,"

<sup>1</sup> *Field-Farings*. A Vagrant Chronicle of Earth and Sky. By MARTHA McCULLOCH

WILLIAMS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1892.

"belated dryads," ice-queens shedding "silvern tears," and with "sylvan Cinderellas," and at the same time train his senses to endure unexpected contact with "grieving graveyard cedars' ghostly cones," "dead summer's winding sheet," and a "sun-bright, gray-green ghost," he may enjoy many hours of wandering in the oak woods and beside the cool creeks of Kentucky. The land of the gum-tree and the coon is one well worth appreciative treatment. Something in Field-Farings makes the reader believe that its author is appreciative, and that she knows more of nature than her hysterical hobnobbing with spooks suggests at first sight.

If Miss Williams gushes too much, Dr. Abbott, in his *Recent Rambles*,<sup>1</sup> moans too much. A true interpreter of nature should not be dyspeptic, lazy, superstitious, or aimless. Dr. Abbott says, "Whether ignoble or not, I always yield to the temptations of aimlessness;" and this book, the least attractive of his writings, bears the imprint of this sentiment in most of its chapters. Because a bay-breasted warbler flew in at his window one evening, he thinks there is a bond between him and its species. He says: "Of its import I know nothing. None the less does it bind me, and I have an inkling now of the mystery of superstition." A number of bats, driven from their shelter in a hollow tree to hover by day outside their home, oppress him so that he writes: "It was a thoroughly weird, unearthly, and disturbing sight that gave a sombre tint to the remaining hours of the day; . . . and unto this day I never see a bat but I recall that host of fluttering imps that, by their mysterious antics, closed in sadness a merry May-day out of town." He not only pleads guilty to laziness, but seems to glory in it, while apparently expecting his readers to enjoy his sitting by

the hour on an uncomfortable stone and musing about almost nothing in a moody and disconnected way. His theories that idleness is what the human race pines for, and that by sitting still and allowing one's brains to sizzle by the hour together in what he calls unconscious cerebration one can grow wiser and happier, are sufficiently disproved in his own books, and even by this one. Chapters in which he tells of going somewhere and seeing something are entertaining, and occasionally really worth reading; but those in which his boat merely drifts, or his legs refuse to perform their proper duties, are dull and indigestible. The half-tone reproductions of photographs with which the book is well dotted are much more pleasing than the text. The frontispiece shows Dr. Abbott himself "in touch with Nature," seated upon a log by a charming reach of water which is framed in soft foliage and dappled with lily-pads.

Mr. Bradford Torrey neither gushes nor moans. When he treads the Foot-Path Way,<sup>2</sup> he is a frank, sensible man who sees what is around him, loves that which is beautiful whether in man or nature, and knows how to chat both cheerily and wisely of the ways of the wood and of the world. It would surprise his friends as much to find him communing with "gray-green ghosts" as to have him record coarse sayings, or confess to brusque treatment of a fellow-man. Moreover, no one can read his chapters on humming-birds, the Melrose robin-roost, and the Passing of the Birds without feeling confident of his scientific accuracy and keenness. Idleness and aimlessness are qualities which have no part in a mountain-climber's make-up, yet no one can understand Nature or hope to be "in touch" with her who has less of the spirit of the mountaineer than has Mr. Torrey. His *Five Days*

<sup>1</sup> *Recent Rambles; or, In Touch with Nature.* By CHARLES C. ABBOTT, M. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1892.

<sup>2</sup> *The Foot-Path Way.* By BRADFORD TORREY. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1892.



on Mount Mansfield carry one into pure air and prompt pure thought. As he truly says, "it does a man good to look afar off." A long brisk walk on a mountain side is far more likely to make new thoughts surge through the brain than moping in the woods is to encourage unconscious cerebration which is worth anything. Dyer's Hollow, as Mr. Torrey names his chapter on Long Nook in the Truro sand-hills, is one of his pleasantest papers, as our readers already know. It has about it a flavor of rosemary and thyme, and the charm of a pressed rose which keeps its fragrance through the years. Something of the same quality of pressed sweetness pervades much of his writings, and makes the reader feel that another year they will be just as cosy companions as they are now.

While Bradford Torrey has the knack of gathering into his pages song, sunshine, and the sweet air of sea or mountain, he does it grip-sack in hand and with Boston time ticking in his pocket. The woods are his friends, but he is not wholly theirs. Again, while he has a keen and quick insight into Nature, and writes many a pleasant line about her secrets, the reader always feels that it is Mr. Torrey who is talking, and not Nature herself. With Thoreau it is different. The more one reads his pages, the more fixed becomes the impression that the Thoreau who speaks is not a Harvard Bachelor of Arts, a classmate of jurist and surgeon, preacher and teacher, but a being of the forest; made of finer stuff than common men; seeing things material and spiritual, not through a glass darkly, but through clear air; moved by higher and nobler impulses than others; and doing only enough of this world's labor to keep his account with mankind honestly balanced.

Autumn,<sup>1</sup> the latest of Thoreau's jour-

nals, and the best of Mr. Blake's selections, contains these words: "I seem to be more constantly merged in Nature, my intellectual life is more obedient to Nature than formerly, but perchance less obedient to spirit;" and on another day: "It chanced that I heard just then the tolling of a distant funeral bell. Its serious sound was more in harmony with that scenery than any ordinary bustle would have been. It suggested that man must die to his present life before he can appreciate his opportunities and the beauty of the abode that is appointed him."

Most of our naturalist poets and essayists go to Nature on their holidays only, feeling a kind of premeditated thrill through their weariness of limb and brain. Thoreau says: "You would fain perceive something, you must approach the object totally unprejudiced." "To conceive of it with a total apprehension, I must for the thousandth time approach it as something totally strange." Merging himself in Nature, and going to her day after day, always with his eyes and heart wide open, Thoreau accumulated an immense fund of fact. He might have jotted these things down dryly, he might have gushed, he might have written pages where lines were enough, he might have been merely a pleasant essayist. As a matter of fact, he thought as a philosopher about things which he saw as a scientist, and of which he wrote as a poet. While the journal form is angular and interrupted, though suggestive of the man who writes, the journal substance, well sifted as this is, comes freer from dross than almost any other product of an author. It is only one step removed from the living thought as the man met it in his mind. Thoreau's journal is made up of two elements, his records of facts and his speculations. Mr. Blake says frankly in his preface that he cares more to make clear the character and genius of his friend than to reprint his scientific observations. Both elements are, however, so richly

<sup>1</sup> *Autumn*. From the Journal of HENRY D. THOREAU. Edited by H. G. O. BLAKE. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1892.

represented here that those who read Thoreau mainly for his nature-sketching will find enough to meet their expectations in this book. Those who seek fresh expressions of Thoreau's philosophy will also be satisfied.

He says: "If you are intemperate, if you toil to raise an unnecessary amount, even the large crop of wheat becomes as a small crop of chaff." "I see that they (my neighbors) look with compassion on me; that they think it is a mean and unfortunate destiny which makes me walk in these fields and woods so much, and sail on this river alone. But so long as I find here the only real Elysium, I cannot hesitate in my choice. My work is writing, and I do not hesitate, though no subject is too trivial for me, tried by the ordinary standards." "It is a bright, clear, warm November day. I feel blessed. I love my life. I warm towards all Nature." "Mortal, human creatures must take a little respite in this fall of the year. Their spirits do flag a little. There is a little questioning of destiny, and thinking to go like

cowards to where the weary shall be at rest. But not so with the skunk cabbage. Its withered leaves fall, and are transfixed by a rising bud. Winter and death are ignored. The circle of life is complete. Are these false prophets? Is it a lie or a vain boast underneath the skunk-cabbage bud pushing it upwards and lifting the dead leaves with it?"

These extracts, taken from days wide apart, show clearly enough what guided Thoreau. He did what not one Christian in a million does, — took no thought for the morrow, but labored from day to day to meet his simplest needs. All the strength which was not needed to raise his crops, gather his firewood from the river's drift, cook his food, and make his clothes was given to his patient, loving study of the beautiful world which is not too much, but too little with us. His verdict upon his own life was that he loved it, and that too in spite of his neighbors' contemptuous pity, the public's inability to read his books, and his own uncertainty as to anything ever coming of his intellectual labor.

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#### COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

*Poetry.* Seventeenth Century Lyrics, edited by George Saintsbury. The Pocket Library of English Literature. (Macmillan.) We can hardly see how this selection of lyrics from England's lyric century could be bettered. If there are omissions to be regretted, the limits set by the size of the volume must be remembered, and there is surely nothing included that could well be spared. The editor has wisely rejected no superlatively good poem because it was too familiar, nor admitted those of less account simply that they might give an air of novelty to his selection. He has drawn from the works of some three-score poets, and he can rightly claim that his selection is richer and more varied than any previous one on a similar scale and

plan. To turn to this book from our workaday world is to find rest and refreshment, not only from the exquisite music of the verse, but from the spirit of youth and springtime, of buoyant hope and gay courage, — in short, of that joy in living which the later poets of our race seem to have wellnigh lost. — *City Festivals*, by Will Carleton. (Harpers.) A poet who boasts his millions of readers and dedicates his book to God and others may be pardoned for reciting his poetic creed by way of preface, and the reader, after thoughtfully studying it, wonders why more do not take to poetry, — the recipe is so simple. — *Poems*, by Edith Willis Linn. (C. W. Moulton, Buffalo, N. Y.) There are two poems in this little book, *Husband of Wife*



and Wife of Husband, which, though not very finished in form, are noticeable for their insight, and are of a kind likely to be remembered by the careless reader. For the most part, the verses are simple, unaffected, and fluent. — *Songs of a Day and Songs of the Soil*, by Frank L. Stanton. (John B. Alden, New York.) A collection of newspaper-printed poems, introduced generously by Joel Chandler Harris. They are marked by affectionate sentiment, sometimes by a fervid but not unseemly passion, by religious feeling, and in general by a warmth which is under the restraint of a simple diction. — *The Wings of Icarus*, by Susan Marr Spalding. (Roberts.) A hundred pages of verse, largely in the sonnet form, characterized by a fine perception of the harmonies of life. Delicate understanding of common things and a power to detect subtle grace give the writer's voice a penetrating sweetness. Such little poems as *Dear Hands*, *Byways*, *Fate*, *A Battle-Ground*, and others that might be named reflect states and not merely moods of mind, thus giving the book a value more than individual, since the verse becomes the poetic expression of many. — *Flower o' the Vine*, by William Sharp; with Introduction by Thomas Janvier. (C. L. Webster & Co.) Mr. Janvier has written a delightful introduction, with its sincere spirit and its prettily affected manner. In spite of his deprecatory words, the reader will not go amiss who reads it before he settles himself to the enjoyment of Mr. Sharp's poetry; for while the latter may stand on its own high merit, it is helped by the personality of the poet. Sincerity of poetic feeling, in spite of much commerce with poets, living and dead, spontaneity, freedom, grace, — these are marks of this new poet. — *The Queen's Quire*, being a Book of Songs, Sonnets and Ballads, written by Elisabeth Dupuy. (St. Louis News Co.) A little book of less than fifty pages, written apparently after a full course of Rossetti. There is occasionally a felicitous phrase, but the poet always seems to be somebody else. — *The Song of America and Columbus*; or, *The Story of the New World*. A Greeting to Columbus and Columbia, and Descriptive Narrative of the Voyages and Career of Columbus and the Precursors of his Great Discovery, with the Sequel as seen in the United States. By Kinahan

Cornwallis. (The Daily Investigator, New York.) It's all in rhyme, and there's more to come. The style of the work tempts us to the use of the apostrophe. When we have read the book through, we are ready to burst forth in the same spirit and sing, O Kinahan Cornwallis, not even the great Corliss ever got up so much steam as you on the Columbian theme! — Messrs. Scribner's Sons have brought out in their beautiful Cameo Edition Dr. J. G. Holland's two long poems, *Kathrina* and *Bitter Sweet*. — *The Merrimack River, Hellenics and Other Poems*, by Benjamin W. Ball; edited, with an Introduction, by Frederick F. Ayer. (Putnam's.) Mr. Ball is a thinker, a scholar, a brooder over life, and he is a man of poetic mind. Thus his poems are to a large extent notes on life, reflections of study and thought, and sometimes contain penetrating expressions full of meaning; the form is often fine, and the reader gets the impression of a wealth of poetic resources.

*Travel and Chorography*. From the Arctic Ocean to the Yellow Sea: the Narrative of a Journey in 1890 and 1891, across Siberia, Mongolia, the Gobi Desert, and North China. By Julius M. Price. (Imported by Scribners.) Mr. Price made a ten-months' journey from London to Shanghai, in the service of the Illustrated London News; but he took a most unfamiliar route, going by sea along the north coast of Russia and Siberia to the port of Karoul at the mouth of the Yenisei, thence up the river to Irkutsk, then through Mongolia and the Gobi Desert to Peking, and from there to Shanghai. It was a most untraveled route for the tourist, and Mr. Price sent back a large collection of pictures with his journal. The book is thus profusely illustrated, and the narrative itself is a good newspaper report of the progress. Beyond this statement we should hardly care to go, for if Mr. Price had undertaken to write an account of his journey over well-trodden ways, we doubt if he would have said anything worth much attention. — *Folly and Fresh Air*, by Edw. Philpotts. (Harpers.) A humorous description of a trout-fishing excursion to Devonshire, written somewhat in the manner of Mr. Burnand of Happy-Thought Hall. The author, who is, we are sure, an Englishman, has a keen sense of the ridiculous, and a real feeling and

love for nature. The book is very well written, and will be a pleasant companion for the lovers of "out of doors" in these United States. — Russian Traits and Terrors, by E. B. Lanin, with an Ode by A. C. Swinburne. (B. R. Tucker, Boston.) A collection from the Fortnightly Review, in which Lying, Fatalism, Sloth, Dishonesty, Sexual Morality, Prisons, Jews, Finance, and the Census are discussed. The arraignment of a nation in this fashion is so uniformly, monotonously severe that the reader almost necessarily puts himself into an antagonistic frame of mind. — Abroad and at Home, Practical Hints for Tourists, by Morris Phillips. (Brentano, New York.) Mr. Phillips gives in a brisk manner, and in a friendly rather than guidebook fashion, information about hotels, cabs, railways, restaurants, and other necessities for travelers in London, Paris, and winter resorts in the United States. He aims to make the inexperienced traveler a little more at home than he can be by the study of the ordinary guidebook. Interspersed are slight sketches, like An Hour with Spurgeon, A Visit to Bleak House, The Rt. Rev. the Moderator, James McGregor, D. D. — Chicago, the Marvelous City of the West: a History, an Encyclopædia, and a Guide. Written and compiled by John J. Flinn. (The Standard Guide Co., Chicago.) A flexibly bound book of more than six hundred and fifty pages, devoted to the Glorification of Chicago and the Enlightenment of the Stranger. A brief section treats of the city historically; then follows, by topical and alphabetical arrangement, a survey of the city. The third section, entitled The Encyclopædia, is on the plan of the various city dictionaries, and is followed by a chapter on the World's Fair, and finally by The Guide, which is a systematic inventory of the city, requiring thirty-one days for its execution. The Keeley Gold Cure figures very conspicuously, but perhaps the most delightful piece of brag is the list of Tributary Cities and Towns, beginning with Cincinnati and Cleveland, and not overlooking St. Louis. The large number of illustrations and the full map render still more complete this exultant and extremely interesting advertisement of the business of a great city. — Annuaire des Îles Saint-Pierre et Miquelon pour l'Année 1891. (Imprimerie du Gouvernement, Saint-

Pierre.) This year-book, besides giving the official directory, contains a long preface setting forth the geographical position, the geological formation, the natural productions, the fisheries, the commerce, meteorology, and finally an historical sketch. — The Barren Ground of Northern Canada, by Warburton Pike. (Macmillan.) A hunter's record of experiences in the vast untrodden region where the caribou is found in innumerable herds, and the musk-ox still lifts his shaggy front. Mr. Pike made two journeys from Lake Athabasca, in the second pushing far to the north, bringing to light a chain of lakes, and coming very close to starvation. He is a rough-and-ready writer, with a manner which is dogged almost to moroseness; but evidently he understates the hardships he encountered, as if he had a slight contempt for his reader.

*Philosophy and Science.* In the series of Modern Philosophers, edited by E. Hershey Sneath (Holt), a recent volume is The Philosophy of Spinoza, by G. S. Fullerton. The plan of the series is held to, of taking certain continuous writings of the philosopher which hold the main content of his system, and giving these with notes and such introductory matter as is required to set forth the personal history of the philosopher, and to indicate the place of his system in modern philosophy. — In the Evolution series (Appleton), two new numbers are, Form and Color in Nature, by William Potts, and Optics as Related to Evolution, by L. A. W. Alleman. These numbers are separate lectures delivered before the Brooklyn Ethical Association, and the discussion which followed the delivery is also given in a condensed form. The speakers are all apparently believers in the absolutely mechanical structure of the universe. — The Oak, a Popular Introduction to Forest-Botany, by H. Marshall Ward, is one of the volumes in Lubbock's Modern Science series. (Appleton.) It treats, in untechnical language so far as possible, of the acorn and its germination, the seedling and young plant, the tree in its root-system and its shoot-system, its fruit and seed, and then discourses of oak timber, of the cultivation of the oak, and of its relationships. The book is abundantly illustrated, and has a special interest for foresters. — Materialism and Modern Philosophy of the Nervous System, by William H. Thomson. (Putnams.) A lively



and interesting consideration of the problem of the brain and the fact of intermittent consciousness. — *First Steps in Philosophy, Physical and Ethical*, by W. M. Salter. (C. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.) Mr. Salter aims to clear thought of obscurity and assumption, whether in the realm of the outer world or in the domain of human consciousness. Thus he seeks to set forth the true relation to thought of matter and duty. — *The Grammar of Science*, by Karl Pearson. (Walter Scott, London; Scribners, New York.) The author's apprehension of science as the interpretation of the universe renders his book, in his conception, an inquiry into the fundamental processes by which life in all its forms is classified. He is a most resolute agnostic, and the determination with which he will have nothing to do with any but sense impressions and the world constructed out of them is present from first to last. He handles biological and physical facts with great freedom as illustrations of his inquiry into the fundamental concepts of modern science, and the reader cannot complain of looseness of statement or reasoning. — *Mineral Resources of the United States, 1889, 1890*, by David T. Day, is a volume of the reports of the United States Geological Survey. (Government Printing Office, Washington.) It is arranged topically, and under topics by States, and a full index makes the work very available from every point of view. — *A Guide to Electric Lighting, for the Use of Householders and Amateurs*, by S. R. Bottone. (Macmillan.) A liberally illustrated small volume, in which the various batteries, dynamos, lamps, accumulators, leads, switches, holders, fuses, ammeters, voltmeters, motors, are described and characterized, and the application of electric lighting with its cost is considered. A householder needs to be a somewhat proficient amateur to make much use of the book. — *Matter, Ether, and Motion, the Factors and Relations of Physical Science*, by A. E. Dolbear. (Lee & Shepard.) A notable attempt at simplifying the complexities of physical science, and setting forth the essential unity which underlies the diverse manifestations of the material world. The author undertakes, as he says, to present in a systematic way the mechanical principles that underlie the phenomena in each of the different departments of the

science, in a readable form and in an untechnical manner. The reader must not suppose that Mr. Dolbear is merely a colorless medium for the transmission of accepted views. He is an independent thinker, with acute powers.

*Hygiene and Domestic Economy. First Aid in Illness and Injury*, comprised in a Series of Chapters on the Human Machine, its Structure, its Implements of Repair, and the Accidents and Emergencies to which it is Liable, by James E. Pilcher. (Scribners.) The notion of mechanism is sustained throughout, and the author manages by this means to relieve his work of too technical a character, and to convey to the lay reader a somewhat more vivid conception of the parts of the human body and their functions than an ordinary physiological treatise would suggest. The main object is to furnish a handbook for soldiers, hunters, travelers, and others likely to be remote from surgeons, physicians, and hospitals; but the book is so clear, so well illustrated, and so comprehensive that it might well serve for family use, especially in the country. — *Earth-Burial and Cremation: the History of Earth-Burial with its Attendant Evils, and the Advantages Offered by Cremation*. By Augustus G. Cobb. (Putnams.) Mr. Cobb points out the causes of the substitution of earth-burial for cremation in the early Christian centuries, though his discourse on that point is somewhat rambling and inconsequential. He is more at home when he comes to treat of the scientific aspects of the question, and presents his case strongly; but his book is not a dispassionate examination of the subject; it is the plea of an attorney. — *Temperament, Disease, and Health*, by French Ensor Chadwick. (Putnams.) A small book, in which the author, maintaining first that there is associated with temperament a specific rate of change, and secondly that the failure to keep up that rate is the primal cause of organic disease, enlarges upon the bacterial theory of disease, and then makes the practical application that one should attend to his skin. Whether or no one accepts the author's somewhat comprehensive theory of disease, one is ready to admit that his prescriptions for prevention are efficacious, though they may not be exclusively so. — *The Problem of Domestic Service*, by Mrs. C. H. Stone. (Nelson

Printing Co., St. Louis.) A sensible little pamphlet, in which the writer makes practical suggestions, all looking toward the training of girls in service. She has no pet scheme to urge, but seeks, by going to the root of difficulties, and taking into account the facts of human nature, to point the way to needed reform. — *The Technique of Rest*, by Anna C. Brackett (Harpers), is the outgrowth of an article bearing the same title, which appeared in *Harper's Magazine* for June, 1891, and which the author called "an attempt to help some of the women who are tired." The result is an admirable little book, full of wise counsel based on the idea that "rest is only harmony between the inside and the outside conditions of life," between the divine freedom within us and the hard necessity which surrounds us.

*Linguistics.* Max Müller and the Science of Language, a Criticism by William Dwight Whitney. (Appleton.) Professor Whitney takes up the latest revised edition of Müller's book and criticises it in detail, returning to the strictures he has previously made, and bringing into one vigorous arraignment his charges against the author's scholarship. He denies that the work is a scientific one, and asserts that it should rather be called "Facts and Fancies in regard to Language and Other Related Subjects." — *English Words, an Elementary Study of Derivations*, by C. F. Johnson. (Harpers.) Those who, forty years or so ago, were delighted with Trench's *Study of Words* and his other books of the same sort were not so well off as are the readers of this day who pick up Professor Johnson's book; for the latter are not worried by too much moralizing, and they get the benefit of the numerous researches in the subject which have followed Archbishop Trench's early popularization of an infant science. The book is less adapted to textbook use than it is to the edification of the general reader. — *The English Language and English Grammar: an Historical Study of the Sources, Development, and Analogues of the Language and of the Principles governing its Usages*; illustrated by Copious Examples from Writers of all Periods. By Samuel Ramsay. (Putnams.) Mr. Ramsay has written a very interesting book, presenting in the first half a readable, not too learned, yet close account of the sources of

English word-making, the alphabet, Grimm's Law, pronunciation, and spelling, and in the latter a systematic statement of English grammar as based upon usage. The work is especially valuable because of its abundant reference to the best English; for the author does not determine his principle and then look about for examples to prove it, but deduces his principles from the most authoritative usage.

*Economics and Sociology.* *The Farmers' Tariff Manual*, by Daniel Strange. (Putnams.) The seventy-third number in the *Questions of the Day* series. The author passes in review the various commodities affected by protection, and decides that in no case is the result of common benefit. He then turns to the farmer, and seeks to demonstrate that, as there is no protection for exports, he gains nothing in what he sells, and loses on all that he buys. — *Taxation and Work, a Series of Treatises on the Tariff and the Currency*, by Edward Atkinson. (Putnams.) Mr. Atkinson is unfailingly lively and hopeful. His studies, which range over a wide field, are presented in a direct, personal manner which attracts the reader, and the situation is rendered more interesting by the answers which Mr. Atkinson elicited from various public men to the question "What is the principle of protection?" — *Annals of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, 1795-1892*. (Press of Rockwell & Churchill, Boston.) An octavo volume of over six hundred pages, in which the proceedings of the association through its long and serviceable career are succinctly recorded, and the lives of the men who have made it what it is, the stronghold of New England workmen, are narrated, some at length, but most in single paragraphs. There is a sturdiness about this labor institution that at once impresses one, for its foundations are laid in work, and not in windy agitation. — *Property, its Origin and Development*, by Ch. Letourneau. The Contemporary Science series. (Imported by Scribners.) The author styles himself an "evolutionary sociologist." His book is a statement of the facts revealed by archaeology and history as to the ways in which property has been held and transmitted up to the present time. Incidentally, considerable light is thrown on the position of women in different countries and times. As was to be expected, the treat-



tise ends with a consideration of the social problem relating to property in our own days ; and in this part, though the author endeavors to avoid all personal theories and views, it is evident that he considers the accumulation of property in few hands the most threatening of the tendencies of the present time, and has grave fears that our civilization will end as all preceding ones have ended, because of the striking inequalities in the social position of people. His remedy for the present troubles lies in heavier taxes on inheritances. He does not consider a method of preventing the accumulation of great properties by a sliding scale of taxation according to income, though he refers to such a plan. The book is a very readable presentation of the views held at this time by scientific sociologists in regard to the relation of capital to labor, a subject which the author shows to be as old as history.

*History and Biography.* Centennial Celebration of the Inauguration of Washington, edited by C. W. Bowen. (Appleton.) This ponderous volume is the most elaborate record of any given to our recent commemorations. In the account of the ceremonies of 1789 and 1889, the contrast is not unfavorable to the earlier one. There was more parade, larger numbers, and a more lavish expenditure of money in the later one, but the result hardly exceeded the impressive dignity of the original celebration. The wealth of the book is in the photo-reproductions of portraits of the Washington period ; and in this respect it easily takes the leading place as a portrait gallery of the first days of the republic. The pictures are grouped on the ample page, but the insets are scattered somewhat arbitrarily through the volume, and a few of the portraits, capitably executed, are inserted in the text. The portion of the volume likely to be most resorted to is the elaborate and long final chapter, in which the editor has used the notes accumulated in his search for pictures of the prominent men and women of that time. The task involved long-continued and perplexing investigations and correspondence, and Mr. Bowen was properly not content with using anything but an original for his reproductions, if access to such was possible. In hunting down the artists of anonymous or doubtful pictures, he has been abundantly successful. Wash-

ington and Franklin take the first places in the number of portraits. There has been a good deal done before for those of Washington, and the additional detail about them here is not very great ; but of those of Franklin there has never been so large a gathering before. There are a good many persons who find delight in the study of these old portraits, and Mr. Bowen has given them admirable help. — The Duchess of Berry and the Court of Louis XVIII., by Imbert de Saint-Amand ; translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin. (Scribners.) All the brightness and gayety in the life of the French court during the first years of the Restoration centred about the young wife of the Duke of Berry, so entirely happy in the present, so confidently hopeful as to the future. M. de Saint-Amand sketches these years in his usual picturesque, readable fashion, if a little after the manner of a court-newsman, but the main interest of his work will be found in the vivid account of the cruel tragedy with which they ended, and of the public unrest which followed, culminating in the excitement and almost frantic joy which attended the birth of the child of miracle, Henri Dieudonné. This story, which for several reasons is well worth the telling, closes here with the death of Louis XVIII., but future volumes will continue the tale. Owing to haste or carelessness on the part of either author or translator, very obvious blunders are occasionally evident throughout the book, as, for instance, when the future Queen of the French, mis-called Queen of France, is declared to be a sister of Marie Antoinette, and when, by some inexplicable confusion of words, the same lady and her sister, the Queen of Sardinia, are, so to speak, rolled into one. — The Two Republics of Rome and the United States of America, by Alonzo T. Jones. (Review and Herald Publishing Co., Battle Creek, Mich.) A volume of nearly nine hundred pages, in which the author, reviewing the history of Rome and the transition from a civil to an ecclesiastical government, as also the rise of Protestantism, aims to show that the system imbedded in our civil polity is diametrically opposed to that of Rome. The whole weight of this ponderous book appears to be lent to the abolition of Sunday laws. It looks as if the mountain were called in to crack a nut. — The New Empire, Reflec-

tions upon its Origin and Constitution, and its Relation to the Great Republic, by O. A. Howland. (Baker & Taylor Co., New York.) A thoughtful and interesting study, by a writer of eirenic temper, of the development of Canada as a part of the British Empire, its present tendencies, and the possible relations it may hold with the United States. He is at once opposed to Imperial Federation as it is commonly preached, and to organic union with the United States. — Diary of George Mifflin Dallas, while United States Minister to Russia, 1837 to 1839, and to England, 1856 to 1861; edited by Susan Dallas. (Lippincott.) Mr. Dallas was a dignified, urbane gentleman who represented our government acceptably at two courts. He kept a full diary, in which he recorded not only those incidents which pertained to his official relations, but a great deal of current history. If there were no newspapers of the period covered by his diary, the book would be more useful. As it is, a good deal of the matter is somewhat superfluous, and the reader will not often stumble upon very acute reflections; but the fullness of the record makes the work a fairly readable survey of the social and political life of two countries for two short periods. Mr. Dallas's personality is not very vivid in this diary. — Spurgeon our Ally, by Justin D. Fulton. (H. J. Smith & Co., Chicago.) Mr. Fulton, who always has his sleeves rolled up, recognizes in Mr. Spurgeon a congenial spirit, and he has written a fighting book, not only to demonstrate that Spurgeon was at one with him in his hostility to the Roman Church, but to break the force of his supposed indulgence in lax views on the communion question, and to use him as a club with which to knock down his adversaries.

*Theology, Ethics, and Ecclesiology.* The Christian Literature Company of New York deserves well of the Church and of all students for its enterprise in bringing within reach the writings of the Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers. The fourth volume of the series contains the Select Works and Letters of St. Athanasius in an octavo volume of six hundred pages. The admirable prolegomena furnished by Principal Archibald Robertson, learned in form and appearance, not only put the reader in possession of the essential historical facts, but provide a lucid clue to the understanding

of the situation. The text itself is put into intelligible though not always luminous English, as witness such a sentence as this: "For evil does not come from good, nor is it in, or the result of, good, since in that case it would not be good, being mixed in its nature or a cause of evil," where by substituting the word "good" for the latter "it" the meaning is at once cleared. The whole subject of the Arian controversy is so vital that the opportunity which is here offered for an historical study ought to be valued highly by theological and historical students. Much is involved beyond a dialectic. — Indications of the Second Book of Moses, called Exodus, by Edward B. Latch. (Lippincott.) As in previous books by Mr. Latch, there is an attempt at discovering a cryptic sense of Scripture, by which the Hebraic annals are made to involve a prophetic history of the world. — The Evolution of Christianity, by Lyman Abbott. (Houghton.) From the point of view which one takes, the earth is now a solid, now a gas; and so in a survey of Christianity, to one the most apparent element is its positiveness, to another its mobility. Where shall one put the emphasis? Was the faith delivered once for all to the saints, or was it once delivered to them to be expanded, to grow, to enlarge them and be enlarged by them? Dr. Abbott is one of those who are most impressed by the everlasting dynamics in Christianity, and, dwelling upon that, he may appear to some to ignore the everlasting statics. Happy he whose poise of thought is not thereby transmuted into immobility. — God's Image in Man, by Henry Wood. (Lee & Shepard.) Mr. Wood, accepting the fundamental truth that man was made in the image of God, proceeds in a series of thoughtful chapters to consider the being of God as disclosed through nature, law, the Scriptures, the Christ, the consciousness of man himself, and everywhere finds it possible to translate the idea of fatherhood into these various terms. He aims to get at the reality of this relation, and he succeeds certainly in clearing away much of the scholastic and traditional incumbrance. His insight is often keen and illuminating, and though his thought is not always pitched at the same high key, his writing is sure to interest the growing number of persons who, at one with historic belief, are dissatisfied with much of the theo-



logical reasoning which undertakes to substantiate this belief.

*Fiction.* Roweny in Boston, and Mrs. Keats Bradford, by Maria Louise Pool. (Harpers.) These two books form really the first and second volumes of a novel which centres about the experience of a young New England girl with a genius for painting, who goes to Boston in a self-reliant spirit, makes so strong a beginning in her art as to be sent by her teacher to Paris, marries there a cultivated Bostonian, finds life with him intolerable because of the subordination of her real vocation, returns to Boston and her home, and finally, on the last page of the second volume, enjoys a reconciliation with her long-suffering husband. The merit of the work lies chiefly in the close portraiture of New England country life, and in the humorous delineation of character. Miss Pool finds it difficult, we should say, to restrain her tendency to caricature, but the pictures both of Mrs. Tuttle and of Sarah Kimball, as well as of some minor characters, are exceptionally faithful. So also is the character of Miss Phillips, with her successive fads amusingly sketched. It is when Miss Pool resorts to the conventionalities of the fashionable novel that she fails, as in the dealings between Mrs. Bradford and Mr. Soule. But the two books are worth reading for the many touches of nature. With more constructive skill the author may well produce a sustained piece of fiction. — In their series of translations from Balzac, Messrs. Roberts Brothers have published *Pierrette*, including also the *Vicar of Tours*. Both stories are in the section *Scenes from Provincial Life*. Twenty-two volumes, counting the *Life*, have now appeared. — There have been those who tested new acquaintances by their appreciation of Jane Austen's works, and there are some who, in a lesser degree, are influenced by expressions of opinion in regard to the novels of the Baroness Tautphœus, who has been personally almost as little known to the literary world of her time as Miss Austen was to hers, and whose list of works is even shorter. Of her four novels, *Cyrilla* achieved but a moderate success, and *At Odds* was, comparatively speaking, a failure, but *The Initials*, first published in 1850, and *Quits*, seven years later, have a perennial freshness and a never-failing charm. Their American admirers have long regretted

that no good edition of these books could be easily found here, and so the altogether attractive reprint of *The Initials* issued by Messrs. Putnam's Sons will be as welcome to them as to a new generation of readers. — *Sybil Knox, or Home Again*, by Edward E. Hale. (Cassell.) One gets a good many things in this lively story. He gets the story itself, with all its involutions and clever dovetailing of remote incidents; he gets the adventures of an expatriated American woman returning to her homestead and finding a new life among American women; he gets a narrative of rascality among railway managers; and off and on he gets bits of shrewd wisdom about life in America under American conditions. — *When a Man's Single*, by J. M. Barrie. (The Waverly Co., New York.) The adventures of a young Scotsman who has a turn for journalism, and makes his career first in the provinces, then in London. There is a teasing quality in the tale, as if Mr. Barrie were half afraid of disclosing too much. The story is slight; the entertainment is in the glimpses of journalistic experience. — *A Maiden of Mars*, by General F. M. Clarke. (C. H. Sergel & Co., Chicago.) When novelists, by one device or another, betake themselves to the favorite hunting-ground of some minds, they seem somehow to take leave of human interests. These manufactured folk are a dull lot. — A reissue of Herman Melville's works has been begun, and *Typee* and *Omoo* have appeared. (United States Book Co.) Mr. Arthur Stedman writes a biographical and bibliographical introduction to *Typee*, in which he sets forth Melville's personality in a clear and discriminating manner; telling the little that is to be told frankly and unaffectedly. It is difficult to believe that *Typee* will not enjoy a new life and captivate another generation. Indeed, it is so pagan in its way that we fancy it may find readers who will like it especially for this element. Moreover, it holds in solution a South Sea life never again to be seen. Melville saw it as Powers saw the Greek Slave. Out of New England came the missionary and the artist, and the latter was moved to a certain abandon in his art because of his instinctive antagonism to the former. — A recent volume in the reissue of William Black's novels (Harpers) is one containing the two

tales of *The Maid of Killeena* and *The Marriage of Moira Fergus*. — *The Wide, Wide World*, by Elizabeth Wetherell. (Lippincott.) A new edition of this time-honored piece of American fiction is issued, with a large number of illustrations by Frederick Dielman. The story, aside from its strong flavor of evangelic teaching, has many intimate pictures of New England country life; and though these have a somewhat glazed surface, they do hold characteristics of a life which is already becoming obsolete. There is, moreover, a certain gentle breeding about the story which has made it acceptable to many, and Miss Warner wrote the book out of a genuine conviction, so that its piety has salt. — *Ruth Marsh, a Story of the Aroostook*, by F. Bean. (United States Book Co.) A short novel of rustic scenes, the situations and characters exaggerated, and a strong effort made by the author to be effective at every step. — *Manitou Island*, by M. G. McClelland. (Holt.) This is a novel of "reconstructed" Southern life. Were it not for the needlessly disagreeable plot, and the tiresome tangle of relationships involved by it, we should recommend the volume unreservedly. As it is, in spite of these defects we are glad to recognize it as a well-written and interesting story, which strikes a certain note of sombre reality that sets it apart from the rank and file of current fiction. — *The Downfall* (Cassell), translated from *La Débâcle* of Émile Zola, offers no new phase of this writer's mighty talent. It is probably too late for that. The novel, which of course commemorates the sickening decline and fall of the Second Empire, ranks with neither the best nor the worst of its predecessors. It is wholly decent, — at least in translation, — and it abounds in savage details. These often defeat the author's purpose in producing them, but occasionally aggregate in a powerful mass of impression, as when he describes the battle of Sedan. Another characteristic of this realistic romanticist, by the way, shows itself in the fact that the battle brings the reader to far the highest pitch of interest, although a long inclined plane has to be descended before the last page is numbered. — Recent paper-covered novels are: *Verbena Camellia Stephanotis, and Other Stories*, by Walter Besant (Harpers); *Cynthia Wakeham's Money*, by Anna Katha-

rine Green (Putnams); *A Transplanted Rose*, by Mrs. John Sherwood (Harpers); *A Man's Conscience*, by Avery Macalpine (Harpers); *Sarchedon*, by G. J. Whyte-Melville (Rand, McNally & Co.).

*Literature and Criticism.* The predilection of Johnson, Boswell, and Lamb has been justified in the brilliant success of Mr. Laurence Hutton's *Literary Landmarks of London*. (Harpers.) The book has become a standard work, as we had the pleasure of prophesying it might (in 1885, the year of original publication), and it has now passed into an eighth edition, with portraits added for the first time. Nothing has been too heavy or too light for Mr. Hutton's patient investigation, from early insurance surveys to a manual by the younger Dickens; and this edition of the *Literary Landmarks* has, so far as possible, been brought along to the last chronological milestone. — A well edited and fairly well chosen selection from Lamb's *Letters* (McClurg) and a collection of the *Letters of Charles Dickens to Wilkie Collins* (Harpers) will let the comparatively-minded see how much better Lamb did the epistolary act than Dickens. — *Old Shrines and Ivy*, by William Winter. (Macmillan.) The first division of this book, *Shrines of History*, contains various English and Scottish travel-sketches, similar in style and tone to those which have gained such wide and favorable acceptance in the author's earlier volumes, *Shakespeare's Country* and *Gray Days and Gold*. The more noteworthy papers of the second part, *Shrines of Literature*, are the interesting and valuable introductions which Mr. Winter wrote for the stage-versions of certain of Shakespeare's plays, edited and privately printed by Augustin Daly. The *Forest of Arden* is especially to be commended to those literalists who search in France for that Warwickshire woodland known to the poet from his childhood, and which, transfigured by his imagination, served as the enchanted scene of the most English of pastoral comedies, to be for all time the delight of readers of our race, and the despair of foreigners. — Messrs. Lippincott have brought out in five handsome volumes what may be called the *Works of Lord Chesterfield*; for they have not only reprinted Lord Mahon's edition of the *Letters* published in 1845, but also the supplementary volume



issued in 1853, containing parliamentary speeches, miscellaneous addresses, essays from various periodicals, poems, etc. The omitted passages from certain letters first printed in this volume are in this edition inserted in the letters to which they belong. As this the standard edition of Chesterfield's writings has for some years been a rather scarce work, the lovers of eighteenth-century literature, a not inconsiderable body of readers, will welcome this admirable reprint of Lord Mahon's volumes.

*Books for Young People.* Little-Folk Lyrics, by Frank Dempster Sherman. (Houghton.) A little volume of playful verse, in which the writer almost unconsciously, one may say, for the most part dramatizes as an imaginative and fanciful child. He is not quite so original in this as Mr. Stevenson in his inimitable *A Child's Garden of Verse*, but he is by no means without his own special skill and charm. The verses are such as a happy, healthy-minded child will enjoy in companionship with an older friend, and the older reader will find a common ground on which they may meet. There is a genuine touch of poetry in the book, and now and then, as in *The Archer*, a strong conceit. — *The Clocks of Rondaine, and Other Stories*, by Frank R. Stockton. (Scribners.) A baker's half-dozen of stories which have the grave manner of this story-teller who has cultivated the art of seriousness until he has almost imposed on himself. We should like to watch some unsuspicious reader, unused to Mr. Stockton, at the moment when the author's drollery began to dawn upon him. — *Flying Hill Farm*, by Sophie Swett. (Harpers.) A lively book, detailing with humorous minuteness the fortunes of various young people. Some of the situations seem a little strained, in the writer's anxiety to make her story interesting, but there is a healthy tone throughout, and a keen sense of the amusing. Boys and girls alike will get a deal of honest entertainment out of it. — *Young Lucretia, and Other Stories*, by Mary E. Wilkins. (Harpers.) Miss Wilkins does not dub these "stories for children," and we suspect mature readers will get the greatest pleasure out of them. Nevertheless they will go straight to the heart — all of her stories take that road — of the young because of the inimitable skill with which in many of them she sets forth the fleeting

sorrows and joys of her little people. It is noticeable that most of the stories turn upon some childish trouble, keeping in tune thus with her stories for the old, but there is more sunshine in these tales. The humor is delightful. — *Kent Hampden*, by Rebecca Harding Davis. (Scribners.) A skillful story of adventure some seventy years ago, the scenes of which are laid in and about Wheeling. A clever use is made of Henry Clay, but the hero of the book is a boy. We have really nothing to urge against a boy who saves his father's reputation, except our old-fashioned dislike to putting boys on monuments. — It is perhaps hardly fair to include here *East and West, a Story of New-Born Ohio*, by Edward E. Hale (Cassell), but the story is so sure to interest young readers that we name it with books for them. It narrates the experience of two young Salem people who separately and in different ways found themselves in the northwest territory during the first occupation of it. The bright picture of Salem life with which it opens is succeeded by spirited sketches of frontier experience and Indian fighting. — *An Affair of Honor*, by Alice Weber. (Lippincott.) A novel for young people. The author has undertaken to make as complex a tale, with the elements of character, mystery, sentiment, and humor, as if she were appealing to mature readers, while the heroine is a mere child. A good deal of painstaking has gone into the work, but we question if it was quite worth while. — *Uncle Bill's Children*, by Helen Milman. (Lippincott.) The story of the experience of a young man who carried off his sister's children to the seashore to relieve his sister. There is a good deal of honest fun in the description of the plague they were to him, and mixed with the fun considerable childish piety of the kind which in books affects the uncle seriously. One has no objection to other uncles reading the book, but finds his refuge when he thinks of other children reading it in the thought that flesh-and-blood youngsters will be likely to skip the religious innuendoes of Master Jack. The book is of English origin. — *Bimbi, Stories for Children*, by Louisa de la Ramé; illustrated by E. H. Garrett. (Lippincott.) This volume by Ouida is so free from the qualities which possess her books for mature readers that one likes to believe he

has stumbled here upon the real person, and that the Ouida of fame is a made-up character. There is, it is true, a sort of musk about these stories, even, but there is also a genuine sympathy with young life. The Nürnberg Stove and Moufflon will not readily be forgotten by young readers.

*Humor and Fun.* A Letter of Introduction, Farce, by W. D. Howells. (Harpers.) In the pretty little Black and White series. Mr. Howells's yearly contribution to the gayety of the nation is this time built, as his light fabrics are, upon a very light foundation, but it enables him to work airily the familiar incident of the Englishman learning the American tongue. — The Dragon of Wantley, his Rise and his Downfall, a Romance, by Owen Wister; illustrations by John Stewardson. (Lippincott.) There is a hint in the dedication that a more subtle significance attaches to this book than is apprehensible by the uninitiated reader; but how much soever laughter it may hold for Mr. Wister's playmates, the general public will get its full share of entertainment. It is a bur-

lesque and grotesque piece of nonsense, told with spirit and fun and in good taste. It is mere fooling, and does not have the biting and lasting element of satire; perhaps for that reason we must amuse ourselves with it now, and leave our descendants to their own sources of mirth. The pictures are as spirited and telling as the story. We are not sure but they deserve even higher praise. — The Bull Calf, and Other Tales, by A. B. Frost. (Scribners.) An oblong book, containing a series of jocular pictures with slight legends beneath. The process used occasionally leaves one in doubt what the lines of a figure mean, but the humor is generally forcible enough to knock the idea into the head without a previous surgical operation. — A Book of Cheerful Cats and Other Animated Animals, by J. G. Francis. (The Century Co.) A merry book, in which every quality of the cat save its grace is amusingly travestied, and the domestic animal, with a few of its friends and relatives, is made to masquerade in human scenes. There is genuine fun in the book, and not a little wit.

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#### THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Renan.

COLERIDGE once mistook for a philosopher a silent, thoughtful-looking man who eventually revealed himself as a Norfolk farmer by exclaiming, on the appearance of dumplings at dinner, "Them's the fellows for me!" Renan, on the other hand, would have been taken for a man without two ideas in his head beyond eating and drinking. The foreigner in Paris, drawn by admiration for his talents to the stuffy little room at the Collège de France assigned to the Hebrew lectures, was stupefied at finding a burly man with flabby face, reminding one of Luther, and very pronounced double chin, all the more marked because close-shaven; an exterior, in short, far from bespeaking the refined writer, the acute thinker, the greatest stylist of his age. Discoursing, moreover, in the easiest conversational tone, he would lol back in his chair, or sprawl his arms on the table, as, with shoulders up to his ears, he stooped to read a Hebrew text. A sec-

ond glance, it is true, showed the silkiness of his long brown hair, and the shapeliness of hands which he used very effectively for emphasis. His forehead, too, was fairly high, though not broad; his eye, deep-set behind bushy brow and lash, was full of animation; and his voice was mellow. At home or in society his attitude was far from imposing. He would either lean forward, his hands resting on his knees, or would throw himself back in his chair, his hands crossed on his breast. In either case his eyes were half closed, yet no man was a better listener. To see him in the streets — but of late years he walked only too little for his health, and he avoided omnibuses through aversion to the scramble for a seat — you were reminded of Dr. Johnson sailing down Fleet Street. In a Protestant country, he might have passed for a country parson of limited means and equally limited intellect. In France, he resembled a retired tradesman vege-



tating on a small competency. Had he donned cabman's uniform, he would have passed muster as an average specimen of the Jehu; and there are said, indeed, to be unfrocked priests in the fraternity. He was in reality a typical Breton priest minus the robe. His paternal ancestors were Breton fishermen, — all, he says, as poor as Job, — and Renan had inherited their physique, his good points doubtless being due to his mother, who came of a good middle-class Bordeaux family. Strange that such a mind, with its delicacy, acuteness, and many-sidedness, should have had so uncouth an embodiment. And Bonnat, at the last Paris Salon, even exaggerated this coarseness. Not only was there the ungraceful leaning-forward posture, but the very nails were jagged and uncleaned. Renan looked, too, nearer eighty than seventy, and I heard the figure compared to an old man in a workhouse, sitting on a bench in the sun. The broadcloth dress had a shine suggestive of threadbareness. Now it was all very well for Cromwell to insist that Lely should insert all his warts and blotches, but there seemed no reason why Bonnat should give the impression of senility and slovenliness. An artist should not flatter, but he need not allow his sitter an unpleasing pose or exaggerate uncomeliness. But the mischief is now irreparable. Renan has passed away, leaving the world less interesting by his absence, and those who want to know his outward presentment must go to Bonnat's portrait.

Who will be — It is popularly supposed that  
Poet Laureate? it belongs to the Queen to decide  
the question of the successorship

to Tennyson's vacant chair, but that does not prevent us all from giving her advice, and continuing to give it after she has made her choice. It is a comment on the rise of public opinion into the place of sovereignty that we are just as ready to have a plebiscite in America on the laureateship in England as we are to instruct publishers of magazines whom to appoint in the place of dead editors. If any body of voters should be respected, the Contributors' Club has the first place.

It seems to me that there are only two English poets whose achievement entitles them to consideration, — Mr. Swinburne and Mr. William Morris. The latter, however, has turned anarchist, and is out of the

question. Mr. Swinburne is a lyrical poet of the first order; no poet since Shelley has wakened such subtle and various music; and though he once said something about a poet laureate being a hummingbird on a queen's wrist, and in his early youth was too fond of unconventional themes, he is Tennyson's natural successor, if genius counts for anything. The duties of the laureateship are not onerous; at least Tennyson has not set a high standard in his purely official poems. They have been very ordinary, with a few exceptions. The Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington, the dedication of the Idyls to the Prince Consort, and one or two other pieces in this kind are poems which Tennyson would doubtless have written even if he had not been court-singer. They sprung from exceptional and splendid moods; the occasion was merely a coincidence. One of our newspapers has said that if we had in this country such a post as the laureateship, there would be at the present time no one worthy to fill it. There are at least half a dozen men in America who write better *occasional* verse than Tennyson has produced. For example, Tennyson never wrote a strictly perfunctory poem of so high an order as the little elegy on his death which the Rev. Henry van Dyke printed in the New York Tribune the other day. Compare any passage of the Ode Sung at the Opening of the International Exhibition, in 1864, with this noble stanza: —

" Silence here — for love is silent, gazing on the lessening sail;  
Silence here — for grief is voiceless when the mighty poets fail;  
Silence here — but far above us many voices crying,  
Hail!"

But to return to the English minstrels. There is no lack of aspirants for the official wreath. Among the rest are Mr. Lewis Morris, Mr. Alfred Austin, and Sir Edwin Arnold. Mr. Lewis Morris is the author of several long and tiresome narrative poems. If one had to choose between reading his *Epic of Hades* and going there, one would prefer to go there. Mr. Alfred Austin is a well-meaning and amiable gentleman who composes harmless verses, addressed chiefly to ladies of quality, — Lines to Lady Pimple, on hearing of the Death of her Ladyship's Pug at Pimple Place, Pimple Park, Cholmondesley, Surrey. Sir Edwin Arnold has written several admirable things, among

which I should not include his lively ballad of Mrs. Potiphar. I should say that none of these three gentlemen (who are understood to be very hopeful in the matter) runs the slightest chance of cooling his forehead with the laurel that came to Tennyson

"from the brows  
Of him that uttered nothing base."

If the laureateship is not given to Mr. Swinburne, so much the worse for the laureateship.

I have not mentioned Mr. Robert Buchanan, for nobody has thought of him in this connection excepting Mr. Robert Buchanan himself. *He* has thought of him. His prospects, however, are much less bright than those of several gentlemen who have not thrust themselves forward in the matter, — Sir Theodore Martin and Mr. William Watson, for instance, the latter a young English poet of whom the world is to hear more hereafter.

Food in Literature. — "Algernon," said Mrs. Cœlebs (*née* Lucilla Stanley of Stanley Hall) to her eldest son, at home from Cambridge on the long vacation, "I should be very pleased to have your conversation less devoted to eating and drinking. The sustenance of our system is a necessary consequence of our mortal nature, but it is hardly the topic to engross our immortal nature. And moreover, my son, it is not quite befitting the elevated tone which a man of education and refinement should strive to cultivate to give his entire thought to the pampering of these vile bodies of ours."

Perhaps the good lady was right. It is an open question whether the interests of a true gastronomy are advanced by much talk about eating at the time of eating. There are certain dishes of which the praise is best muted by expressive silence.

Hood in his matchless Ode to Rae Wilson says : —

"T is not so plain as the old hill of Howth  
A man may have his belly full of meat  
Because he talks with victuals in his mouth."

But is it not true that all real readers are pleased with a good description of eatables? If not, why is the description so common in authorship? I put this point to a friend, the other day, and his reply was, "You won't meet with a first-class novel, certainly not a first-class novelist, without finding gustatory enjoyment making part of the work."

This set me to thinking over the matter. I began, of course, with Scott. Waverley gave me the dinner at Tully Veolan, where the Blessed Bear of Bradwardine figures, the grand banquet of Fergus MacIvor, and Waverley's supper in the cave of Donald Bean Lean. Guy Mannering followed with the hearty feasting at Charlie's-Hope farm, Counsellor Pleydell's "High Jinks," and the famous supper at Colonel Mannering's, ere which the learned advocate "gave his poor thoughts to the housekeeper" in regard to the wild ducks; and, more famous still, Dominic Sampson's experience of the cookery of Meg Merrilies in the ruins of Derneleugh. For *The Antiquary*, it is enough to mention Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck; for *The Legend of Montrose*, Dugald Dalgetty, Rittmeister, who regards "provant" as of the *principia* of the military art. Then, in *The Bride of Lammermoor*, one has but to name Caleb Balderstone to bring up the Barmecidal banquets he prepares, and the actual wedding feast of which so large a part goes to Wolf's Crag through his agency.

*En passant*, the word "Barmecidal" suggests at once the unrivaled fictions of the Arabian Nights in which is displayed all the wealth of Oriental cookery. Who has not dreamt of "lamb and pistachio nuts," and "cream tarts with pepper"?

To return to Sir Walter. The Monastery is redolent of good cheer, and The Abbot is not destitute of it, as witness the tavern meal of Roland Avenel and Adam Woodcock, at which the ballad of the latter was so unceremoniously interrupted. We cannot name Ivanhoe without recalling the hearty appetite of Athelstane, and the jovial supper of Richard and Friar Tuck. Nor can we forget, in *The Pirate*, the feasting of Magnus Troil, and the fasting of Triptolemus Yellowley as the foil to it. Peveril of the Peak introduces us to Chiffinch and his matchless supper to which Julian is beguiled. *The Fortunes of Nigel* contains Glenvarloch's experience at the ordinary, and the stately meal given by George Heriot. St. Ronan's Well turns partly upon the cookery of Meg Dods, and Redgauntlet contains at least four special mentions of meals with the materials thereof.

I omit the other novels of the series designedly, for the purpose of setting the reader of these lines to fill the void, and thus become better acquainted with fictions



which "no gentleman's *memory*" any more than his library "should be without."

To go back of Sir Walter to "those brave men who lived before Agamemnon," it is only needful to mention Daniel Defoe and John Bunyan. Robinson Crusoe may have had special reasons for describing his meals, and how he caught, killed, and cooked the same; but unquestionably no small part of the interest with which one reads the story of shipwreck turns upon the delight of men in peril of starvation coming upon a supply of food. The Pilgrim's Progress may seem very far away from such mundane ideas, but no matter what the allegory may aim at, there is the *menu* of the dinner in the House Beautiful, in proof of my position.

One may object to the mention of Fielding and Smollett, as being confessedly coarse and sensual, but no one can challenge Joseph Addison and Dr. Oliver Goldsmith. I would call Samuel Johnson into court, but I do not remember anything in *Rasselas* to sustain me; in fact, do not remember any other part of that little volume. Dr. Jonathan Swift has not left us in doubt as to what was eaten at the courts of Brobdingnag and Lilliput, nor of the gustatory experiences of Lemuel Gulliver, Mariner. These writers may be challenged on the plea of prescription, as belonging to an age before literature had reached its present stage of delicacy, or fiction attained the place of a recognized department.

I request the court to save the point of my demurrer to this ruling, and will call the next witness. *Place aux dames!* Jane Austen, Maria Edgeworth, Mrs. Gaskell, Charlotte Brontë. Can we forget "the nice bowl of gruel" which Emma's father proposes, the little suppers of Cranford, the frank bits of youthful *gourmandise* which appear in the juvenile tales of Parent's Assistant and Frank, the indubitable enjoyment by Jane Eyre and Lucy Snow of feminine cates? There is hardly a more æsthetic story in the English language than Miss Sheppard's Charles Auchester. The very day I write these lines, one said to me, "Don't you remember the strawberries and white bread of Seraphael?" which I did, of course.

Next to ladies come peers. My Lord Lytton and the Earl of Beaconsfield will testify on their honor as noblemen. It is some time since I read Pelham and Paul Clifford, but I have a distinct recollection

of passages of dietetic interest in both of these. As for Disraeli, who can forget the many bits in Vivian Grey, the epicureanism of Coningsby, Sybil, and Tancred?

Let us pass to commoners, — Charles Dickens, William Makepeace Thackeray, Anthony Trollope, Charles Lever, Charles and Henry Kingsley, and Thomas Hughes. Does the opposite counsel wish to cross-examine any of these gentlemen? I rather think not. Shall we take general literature? Perhaps John Wilson may be ruled out on the ground that the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* are professedly and extravagantly convivial. But there are plenty of passages of description in the best of Christopher North's essays, and there are bits of the *Noctes* which no one with a decent digestion can read after ten o'clock at night without an immediate and wild desire for a raid upon the domestic pantry.

I reserve my best witness for the last. Is not Charles Lamb a classic, and is not his *Essay on Roast Pig* known to and loved by every student of English literature?

It is objected that these are Britons, — beef-eating, beer-drinking islanders. Let us cross the Atlantic, by all means, even at the risk of that state of mind when the mention of food becomes a torture worse than any known to the circles of Dante. The name of Washington Irving comes at once to the thought. Then follows James Fenimore Cooper, whose pen could make a ship sail and could detail a dinner with equal felicity. A more refined and delicate artist in words than Nathaniel Hawthorne it is hard to find, and what could be more charming than the touches scattered through the *Twice-Told Tales* and in *The House of the Seven Gables*? As this is the *Atlantic Monthly*, it would be presuming to appeal to *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, but it is enough to cite two of his *obiter dicta*, "Cream is thicker than water" and "Large heart never loved little cream pitcher," and to call up the unrivaled description of the Sprowles' party in *Elsie Venner*, to satisfy any unprejudiced mind where he stands.

Of course it is not contended that there is no good writing in which mention of eating and drinking is wanting. The third book of *Euclid* has no distinct reference to gastronomy, and the same may be said of *Fearne on Contingent Remainders*.

But the poets have not been neglectful of the topic. Begin with the oldest. Homer, even in Mr. Pope's mistranslation of him, has almost as much feasting as fighting. Likewise, Anacreon, Vergil, Horace, as even Macaulay's fourth-form schoolboy knows, compel the reader to look out in the dictionary the meaning of *deipnon*, *oinos*, and *epulae*. To come down to modern times, Chaucer and the Ballads are frankly full of the joys of the table, and even a bishop sang of "jolly good ale and old." Shakespeare and the Elizabethans need not be more than alluded to; but to come down to the sad and serious days of the Commonwealth, is there not in Milton's *L'Allegro* fond mention of

"country messes,  
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses,"

and does not Eve provide an elegant five-o'clock tea for Raphael when that angel "drops in" upon Adam?

I have trifled with the patience of the court too long. As was said on another occasion by a forbearing chief justice, "Mr. Contributor, there are some things this court may be presumed to know." I have only to cite the poetically ever-living laureate. He who wrote of Will Waterproof and Arthur's Round Table, of Audley Court and the Princess, is a good witness at the point where I rest my case.

Beauty for Ashes. — A year ago, more or less, I poured into the ears of my fellow Contributors a sorrowful tale, which, by way of an affected cheerfulness, I called *Playing Second Fiddle*. I had found myself overshadowed, locally at least, by the popularity of a favorite dog. I hope the ground and object of my complaint were not misunderstood: as if one could be jealous of a setter, or as if the least amiable of "literary men" would not rather play second fiddle to a dog than to any brother Contributor! What I cannot away with is the second fiddle itself. Mine is a proud spirit, I apprehend, though I have had much to break it. If humiliation be the road to humility, as the moralists affirm, I can only conclude that it must be a long, long road, ending only amid the shadows of that far-off country which in my boyhood I used to hear spoken of, euphemistically, as "the other side of Jordan."

This time, however, I have another story to tell. I am to speak, not of mortifica-

tion, but of something very, very different. And I speak of it triumphantly, though not without a proper measure of embarrassment. It is not easy for a modest man to sound a trumpet before him; but with wind enough it can be done, as many of us have before now demonstrated. Glory is not a thing to be despised or hidden under a bushel. One may say so much without meaning to go the full length of M. Renan and Mr. Matthew Arnold. Probably glory is *not* "the thing which has the best chance of not being altogether vanity." Charity and meekness are better; but if the graces hang beyond a man's reach, while glory drops into his lap, he may safely accept the windfall as a providential consolation. And if his glory be not, as Mr. Arnold says in his earnest way, "a most serious thing," he can at all events *take* it seriously by making the most of it. So I mean to do, by my reader's leave.

In the course of an aimless ramble, a few weeks ago, I wandered into an orchard; a pleasant spot, not too well kept, and (what is a great virtue in orchards, — one not half enough attended to, I think, in modern plantations) conveniently sequestered. A flock of sparrows was its primary attraction at that moment; but finding myself there, and remembering the wise old proverb, "When the fruit is on the ground tie up thy shoe," I turned aside to lay in a few apples. If one is to borrow favors of this kind, it is worth while to take the best, and I was looking about, accordingly, for the ripest and fairest, when the farmer, whom I had seen on previous occasions, but had never spoken with, appeared suddenly from behind the wall. I said good-afternoon with perfect composure (I *think* I did), and he greeted me with corresponding politeness. Then I explained my ornithological errand, and in a respectful, business-like tone remarked that his apples seemed to be hardly ripe as yet. "Oh, these are the best ones," he said, turning to a tree in one corner; and, in spite of my protestations, he insisted upon clambering into it and handing me down some of the choicest of the fruit. The good man was not heaping coals of fire on an enemy's head. Such pious sophistication would have been beyond his thought, even if my innocent proceedings had in the least angered him. Rather, as I imagined, he



had taken literally King Solomon's mystical phrase, and was seeking to "comfort me with apples." It was a mistaken kindness. I am something of a connoisseur in such matters, and the windfalls that I had selected were in a much fitter state for immediate consumption than anything to be found on the branches. But there was no declining hospitalities so generously proffered, and my side-pockets were presently in a state of repletion such as, in some quarters and at certain hours of the day, might have put me in danger of the police. Meanwhile, the farmer and I were fast becoming mutually acquainted. He had often seen me going by, he said. At first he had wondered who I could be, but somebody had told him that I was a naturalist. His boy knew considerable about birds, and had stuffed some. If I would come into the house, he would show them to me. I went in, of course, although my bulging pockets almost compelled me to squeeze through the door sidewise, and with a good conscience I praised the boy's work; for the hawks and owls were set up in a really creditable style.

All this has nothing to do with glory, the reader will say. True; but I am coming to that. In the midst of our conversation the orchard owner remarked: "I'll tell you what I heard What's-his-name down there say. He was talking about you. 'I don't know who he is,' said he; 'but whoever he is, he's got plenty of money.'" I thought of my neighbors slaving day and night to get rich, or rather to get the name of being rich, and I felt a thrill of triumph. Here was I, happy man, wearing the halo of wealth for the very reason that I had given over the chase after it, and turned myself loose in the fields, like a horse with his day's work done. It was a result I had never dreamed of; a renown equally welcome and unexpected. "Plenty of money!" — a sweet morsel, that, to roll under one's tongue. Of a truth, as was long ago said, "praise is comely," and M. Renan, after all, spoke well within bounds: Glory (if the gracious compositor will allow me that capital letter) is one of the most substantial of verities.

Rare as this morsel was, it was hardly digested before I received another. I was on my way to the railway train, and, with my blue bag in hand, I should have said

that I looked quite professional. At a casual glance, I might even have been taken for an editor. But as I stepped nimbly along — for I have one gait for the street and another for the old road — I met a provision-dealer's wagon. On the seat were a man and a boy. The former said something that I did not catch; but the boy's answer was pitched in a higher key. "Oh, he does n't do *anything*," I heard him say. "He just goes walking round studying birds and things. He knows every bird there is!" Here it was again, — true glory! I trust I did not betray any unseemly agitation as I passed on down the hill.

Beyond dispute, it does give a man *éclat* to be — or to seem to be — unemployed while other people are busy. The difference is a distinction; and distinction is glory. Sometimes I have thought it one great motive for being a naturalist that it furnishes so admirable an excuse for unlimited idleness. Sauntering and sitting on fences are part of the trade, so to speak. But of course it is not every passer-by who can be trusted to frame hypotheses so flattering as the two of which I have been modestly boasting. Another man took me, not for a millionaire, but for an artist. He was in a trotting-gig, and stopped his horse to speak to me. "Are you a painter?" he asked. I answered him to the contrary. "Ah!" said he; "excuse me, please. I had seen you looking at the scenery a good deal, and thought you must be some kind of an artist." He went on to explain that he had a "critter" of which he was very fond, and wanted to get some one to "paint its picture." The "critter" was a horse, it turned out; a wonderful trotter, who had made a mile in I don't remember how much under two minutes, — or perhaps it was under three, for this was before the advent of the "bicycle sulky," and for a man of unlimited means I am rather indifferently informed as to matters of the turf. Whatever its "record," the creature was no doubt worthy of a good portrait. I apologized for being unable to paint it, and the man drove on. That was not so very glorious, I must admit. To be mistaken for a painter! But two out of three is a pretty good average, and I shall continue to cultivate distinction in the only way that seems open to me, — by wandering in back roads and through woods and fields, star-

ing at a bird, plucking a flower, and behaving in general as if this were not a workaday world, but a kind of idle man's paradise.

A Question of Common Sense. — What will be done unto such of us as dare question the common sense of the Board of Lady Managers of the Columbian Exposition in asking their state sub-committees to do certain things?

As is well known, committees have been appointed by the state officials in each city, town, and no doubt village, whose duty it is to send to headquarters, with all possible accuracy and dispatch, a great mass of specified detail, the same to be "inserted in a catalogue of the organizations conducted by women for the promotion of charitable, philanthropic, intellectual, sanitary, hygienic, industrial, or social and reform movements." This gigantic encyclopædia, the circular takes needless pains to state, will be "the most complete record of woman's work ever given to the public. . . . No band of women is too large or too small to find a place in this historic record." In proof of this, circulars are sent to every club or association of women that the local committee can hear of, from Daughters of the Revolution down to anti-slang circles of schoolgirls; these circulars containing twelve questions, with blanks for their answers. These answers, or reports, are to be engraved upon the archives of the nineteenth century, at an expenditure of labor and money which, as a whole, is a tremendous outlay, — "a big boo for such a little colt."

Ours is a city of some importance. Of making many books there has never been anything like an end here, and the book-making is still going on. I doubt if our largest library would hold the books that have been written in the last forty years by women alone; nevertheless, our committee is requested to make out a full list of all the books, etc., that have been written by women, and a list of the women

who have ever written books. Copies of these books are to be sent, so far as possible, to the exhibition. Why not photographs of the writers? Already I see that long trains of freight cars dragging its load — much of it rubbish — to Chicago, a trailer attached for the classified statistics of our women's clubs and organizations generally. What a grand bonfire Chicago ought to have, to be sure!

Now of what earthly good is such a piece of work when it is done? What is the sense of it all? Why not catalogue the women who wear bangs, the women who discard corsets, the women who have read Robert Elsmere, the women who have pronounced views on the chaperon question, and their views? I for one should really like to know how many women there are in this land, past thirty, who have never had an offer of marriage, and their explanation of the fact. That would be a great deal more interesting and profitable to coming generations, the diggers in future mountains of statistics, than the record that Debby Smith is the president of our E. P. Roe Club, and that the aim of our Monogram Society is the marking of wearing apparel in the needlework of its members. What a stratum this old earth is likely to have æons from now, — a consolidated crust of the archives of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries!

Perhaps our lady managers, who are so zealous for the preservation of every book that has been written by a woman, do not know that two copies of every copyrighted book are entered at the Congressional Library in Washington. Surely one full set of the mass ought to be enough for the country. Great is the difference between books and literature; something this proposed exhibition of everything the women of the country have done in the way of book-making will illustrate. Are these lady managers, like reproving mothers, going to point to the result of it all and say, "Now see what you have done?"